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THE

WORKS

OF

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, *A.B.*

Late Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devon.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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THE

SCHEME

OF

CHRISTIAN AND PHILOSOPHICAL

NECESSITY

ASSERTED.

In Oppoſition to Mr. JOHN WESLEY's Tract that Subject.

" Adeò ſtat et permanet invicta ſententia, omnia neceſſitate fieri. Nec eſt hîc ulla obſcuritas, aut ambiguitas. In Eſaiâ dicit [Deus], conſilium meum ſtabit, et voluntas mea fiet. Quis enim puer non intelligit quid velint hæc vocabula, conſilium, voluntas, fiet, ſtabit?" Luther, de Servo Arbitrio, ſect. 19.

" Quæ nobis videtur contingentia, ſecretum Dei impulſum fuiſſe agnoſcet fides." Calvin, Inſtitut. l. 1. c. 16.

" Quid igitur, inquies, nullane eſt in rebus, ut iſtorum vocabulo utar, contingentia? Nihil caſus? Nihil fortuna?—Omnia neceſſariò evenire Scripturæ docent." Melanchthon, Loc. Com. P. 10. Edit. Argentor. 1523.

" There is not a fly, but has had infinite wiſdom concerned, not only in its ſtructure, but in its deſtination." Dr. Young's Cent. not fab. Letter II.

PREFACE.

YESTERDAY's poſt brought me a packet from London, including, among other papers, a ſmall tract, recently publiſhed by Mr. John Weſley, entitled, "Thoughts upon Neceſſity." I had no ſooner peruſed thoſe "Thoughts," than I reſolved to bring them to the teſt: and am now ſetting about it.

During ſome years paſt, I have, for the moſt part, ſtood patiently on the defenſive, againſt this gentleman. It is high time, that I take my turn to invade; and carry the arms of truth into the enemy's own territory.

Mr. Weſley's tract, above-mentioned, was ſent to me, by a well-known, and very deſerving, London clergyman. So much of whoſe letter, as relates to the ſaid tract, ſhall, for the amuſement of my readers, be ſubmitted to their view.

"I went, laſt night, to the * Foundery; expecting to hear Pope John: but was diſappointed. After hearing a Welſhman, for an hour and twenty minutes, on Pſalm lxxxiv. 11, preach up all the hereſies of the place; a man, who ſat in the pulpit, told him to 'give over;' for he ſeemed to bid fair for another half hour, at leaſt. But he came to a concluſion, as deſired. Then this man, who ſeemed a local preacher, ſtood up, with a pamphlet in his hand, and addreſſed the auditory in the following manner:

"I am deſired, to publiſh a pamphlet upon Neceſſity and Free-will: the beſt extant, that I know of,

* Mr. Weſley's principal meeting-houſe in London.

in the * Engliſh tongue; by Mr. John Weſley, price three-pence. I had purpoſed to have ſaid a good deal upon it: but the time is elapſed. But, in this three-penny pamphlet, you have all the diſputes that have been bandied about ſo lately. And you will get your minds more eſtabliſhed, by this three-penny pamphlet, than by reading all the books that have been written for and againſt. It is to be had, at both doors, as you go out.

"I beg leave" (adds my reverend friend), "to tranſmit you this here ſaid ſame three-penny wonder."

Upon the whole, this muſt have been a droll ſort of mountebank ſcene. Attended, however, with one moſt melancholy and deplorable circumſtance, ariſing from the unreaſonable and unſeaſonable prolixity of the long-winded holderforth: which cruelly, injudiciouſly, and deſpitefully, prevented poor Zany from puffing off, with the amplitude he fully intended, the multiplex virtues of the doctor's three-penny free-will powder.

Never do that by delegation, ſays an old proverb, which you can as well do in *propriâ perſonâ*. Had Doctor John himſelf got upon the ſtage, and ſung,

"Come, buy my fine powders, come buy dem of me;
"Hare be de beſt powders dat ever you ſee:"

Who knows, but the three-penny doſes might have gone off, "at both doors," as rapidly as peas from a pop-gun?

My buſineſs, for a few ſpare hours, ſhall be, to amuſe myſelf, by analyſing this redoubtable powder. The chemical reſolution of ſo ineſtimable a ſpecific into its component parts (a ſpecific,

"The like whereto was never ſeen,
"Nor will again, while graſs is green,")

* Query. Does the ſaid lay preacher, whoever he may be, know aught of any other tongue?

may,

may, moreover, be of very great and ſignal uſe. It were pity, that the *materia medica*, of which it is made up, ſhould remain a ſecret. Eſpecially, as the good doctor deſigned it for general benefit. To make which benefit as univerſal as I can, I do hereby give notice, unto all philoſophers, divines, and others, who have poiſoned their intrails, by unwarily taking too deep a draught of Neceſſity: that they may, at any time, by help of the following decompoſition, have it in their power to mix up, for their own immediate recovery, a competent *quantum* of the famous Moorfields powder: whoſe chief ingredients are,

An equal portion of groſs Heatheniſm, Pelagianiſm, Mahometiſm, Popery, Manichæiſm, Ranteriſm, and Antinomianiſm; culled, dried, and pulverized, *ſecundum artem:* and, above all, mingled, with as much palpable Atheiſm as you can poſſibly ſcrape together from every quarter.

Hæ tibi erunt artes. Follow the above preſcription, to your life's end, and you will find it a moſt pleaſant, ſpeedy, and infallible antidote againſt every ſpecies and effect of the baneful neceſſitarian nightſhade. It is the *felix malum*,

——Quo non preſentius ullum
(Pocula ſi quando ſævæ infecere novercæ,
Miſcueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba)
Auxilium venet, ac membris agit atra Venena *.

But though Mr. John Weſley is the vender, and the oſtenſible proprietor, of this efficacious threepenny medicine; the original diſcovery of the noſtrum is by no means his own. He appears to have pilferred the ſubſtance, both of his *arcana medendi*, and of his cavils againſt the true philoſophy of colours, from the refuted lucubrations with which a certain North-Britiſh profeſſor hath edified and en-

* Georgic. l. 2. 127.

riched the literary public. Let the ſimple, however, be on their guard, leſt Mr. Weſley's ſpiritual medicines have as pernicious influence on their minds, as the quack remedy, which he * recommends for the gout, had on the life of Dr. T——d, the late worthy dean of N——ch.

By way of direct Introduction to the following ſheets, allow me to promiſe an extract from the commentary of a very great man on thoſe celebrated lines of Juvenal:

" *Nullum numen habes ſi ſit pudentia; ſed te nos facimus, fortuna, deam, cœloque locamus.*

" *Dicit autem hoc poëta, ob fortunam: quæ non ſolum nullum numen eſt, ſed nuſquam et nihil eſt. Nam cùm ſciamus omnia in mundo, maxima et minima, providentiâ Dei gubernari; quid reſtat de fortunâ, niſi vanum et inane nomen? ——— Unde, rectè dicitur, tolle ignorantiam è*

* In Mr. Weſley's book of Receipts, entitled " Primitive Phyſic," he adviſes perſons, who have the gout in their feet or hands, to apply raw lean beef ſteaks to the part affected, freſh and freſh every twelve hours. Somebody recommended this dangerous repellant, to Dr. T. in the year 1764, or early in 1765. He tried the experiment. The gout was, in conſequence, driven up to his ſtomach and head. And he died, a few days after, at Bath: where I happened to ſpend a conſiderable part of thoſe years; and where, at the very time of the Dean's death, I became acquainted with the particulars of that cataſtrophe.

I am far from meaning to inſinuate, becauſe I do not know, that the perſon, who perſuaded Dr. T. to this fatal recourſe, derived the recipe immediately from Mr. Weſley's medical compilation. All I aver, is, that the recipe itſelf is to be found there. Which demonſtrates the unſkilful temerity, wherewith the compiler ſets himſelf up as a phyſician of the body. Should his quack pamphlet come to another edition, it is to be hoped that the beef ſteak remedy will, after ſo authentic and ſo melancholy a *probatum eſt*, be expunged from the liſt of ſpecifics for the gout. It is, I acknowledge, an effectual cure. Cut off a man's head, and he will no more be annoyed by the tooth-ach. Alas, for the *ingenium velox*, and for the *audacia perdita*, with which a raſh empiric, like Juvenal's *Græculus eſuriens*, lays claim to univerſal ſcience!

Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aleptes,
Augur, Schœnobates, Medicus, Magus! Omnia novit!

perſonis,

perſonis, fortunam de rebus ſuſtuleris. Quia enim homines rerum omnium cauſas non perſpiciimus, ut eſt mortalium cæcitas; fortunam neſcio quam vagam, irritam, inſtabilem, nobis fingimus. Quòd ſi cauſas rerum latentes & abditas nobis inſpicere daretur; non modò nullam eſſe talem fortunam videremus, verùm etiam omnium minima, ſingulari Dei providentiâ, regi. Et ſic fortuna nihil aliud eſt, quàm Dei providentia, ſed nobis non perſpecta. Et rectè divinus ille Seneca: fortuna, fatum, natura, omnia ejuſdem Dei nomina, varie ſua poteſtate utentis.*" i. e. "The poet, in this place, levels his arrows at fortune or chance: which is not only no goddeſs, but a mere nothing, and has no exiſtence any where. For ſince it is certain, that all things in the world, both little and great, are conducted by the providence of God; what is chance, but an empty unmeaning name? Hence it has been rightly obſerved, Take away man's ignorance, and chance vaniſhes in a moment. The true reaſon, why any of us are for ſetting up chance and fortune, is, our not being always able to diſcern and to trace the genuine cauſes of events: in conſequence of which, we blindly and abſurdly feign to ourſelves a ſuppoſed random, unreal, unſteady cauſe, called luck, or contingency. Whereas, were we endued with ſufficient penetration to look into the hidden ſources of things, we ſhould not only ſee that there is no ſuch power, as contingency or fortune; but ſo far from it, that even the ſmalleſt and moſt trivial incidents are guided and governed by God's own expreſs and ſpecial providence. If, therefore, the word, chance, have any determinate ſignification at all, it can mean neither more nor leſs than the unſeen management of God. In which ſenſe, the admirable Seneca makes uſe of the term: Fortune (ſays that philoſopher) and Fate, and Nature, are but ſo many dif-

* Lubini Comment. in Juvenal, Sat. 10. P. 454. Edit. Hanoviæ, 1619.

ferent names of the one true God, conſidered as exerting his power in various ways and manners."— But, with Seneca's good leave, as the words *fortune*, *chance*, *contingency*, &c. have gradually opened a door to the groſſeſt Atheiſm; and as they require much ſubtilty and prolixity of explanation, in order to their being underſtood in any other than an atheiſtical ſenſe; it is more than expedient, that the words themſelves ſhould be totally and finally caſhiered and thrown aſide.

I have only to add, that if, in the ſucceeding Eſſay, any reader ſhould imagine I expreſs my meaning with too much plainneſs; it may ſuffice, to obſerve, that there is no end, to the capricious refinements of affected and exceſſive delicacy.

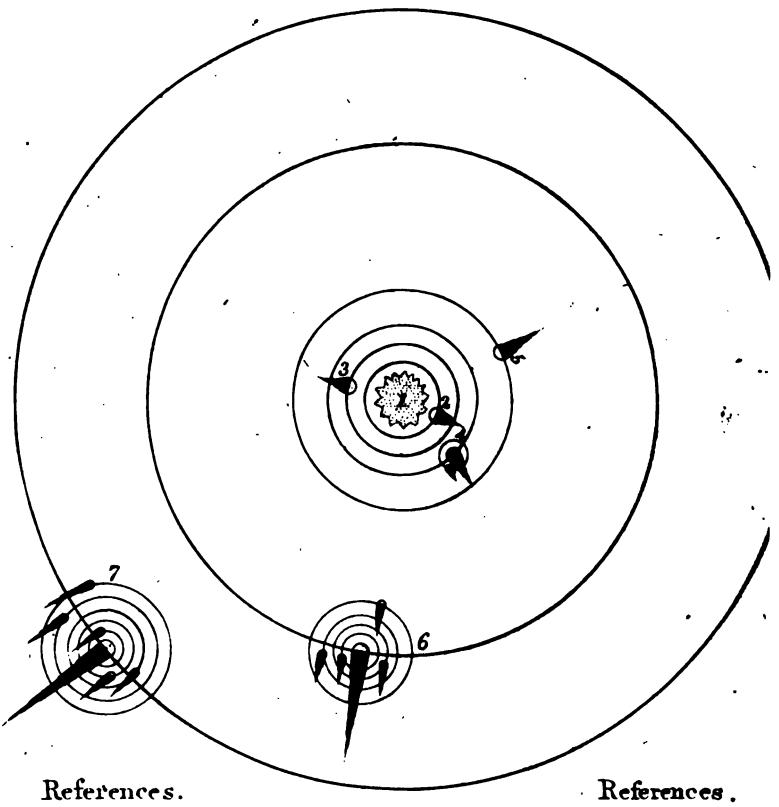
Quod verum, atque decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in hoc ſum.

Language, like animal bodies, may be phyſiced, until it has no ſtrength left. We may whet it's edge, as the fool ſharpened his knife, and as ſome are now for reforming the Church, until we have whetted the whole blade away.

Broad Hembury, January 22, 1775.

Engraved for Toplady's Works. *To face Nat.*

SOLAR SYSTEM.



References.

1. *The* Sun.
2. Mercury.
3. Venus
4. *The* Earth *with her* Moon.

References.

6. Mars.
6. Jupiter *with his 4*
7. Saturn *with his 5* Moons.

CHAP. I.

Neceſſity defined: and its Conſiſtency, with voluntary Freedom, proved.

ALIQUIS in omnibus, nullus in ſingulis. The man, who concerns himſelf in every thing, bids fair not to make a figure in any thing.

Mr. John Weſley is, preciſely, this *aliquis in omnibus*. For, is there a ſingle ſubject, in which he has not endeavoured to ſhine?—He is alſo, as preciſely, a *nullus in ſingulis*. For, has he ſhone in any one ſubject which he ever attempted to handle?

Upon what principle can theſe two circumſtances be accounted for? Only upon that very principle, at which he ſo dolefully ſhakes his head: viz. the principle of neceſſity. The poor gentleman is neceſſarily, an univerſal meddler: and, as neceſſarily, an univerſal miſcarryer. Can he avoid being either the one or the other? No. "Why, then, do you animadvert upon him?"

1. Becauſe I myſelf am as neceſſary an agent as he:—2. Becauſe I love to "ſhoot folly as it flies:"—3. Becauſe, as, on one hand, it is neceſſary that there ſhould be hereſies among * men; it is no leſs neceſſary, on the other, that thoſe hereſies ſhould be diſſected and expoſed. Mr. Weſley imagines, that, upon my own principles, I can be no more than "a clock." And, if ſo, how can I help ſtriking? He himſelf has, ſeveral times, ſmarted, for coming too near the pendulum.

Mr. Weſley's incompetence to argument is never more glaringly conſpicuous, than when he paddles in metaphyſics. And yet I ſuppoſe, that the man who has modeſtly termed himſelf, and in print too, "The greateſt miniſter in the world;" does, with

* 1 Cor. xi. 19.

equal

equal certainty, conſider himſelf as the ableſt metaphyſician in the world. But his examinations are far too haſty and ſuperficial, to enter into the real merits of ſubjects ſo extremely abſtruſe, and whoſe concatenations are (though invincibly ſtrong, yet) ſo exquiſitely nice and delicate. One reſult of his thus exerciſing himſelf in matters which are too high for him, is, that, in many caſes, he decides peremptorily, without having diſcerned ſo much as the true ſtate of the queſtion; and then ſets himſelf to ſpeak evil of things which, it is very plain, he does not underſtand. Or, (to borrow the language of Mr. Locke), he "knows a little, preſumes a great deal, and ſo jumps to concluſions."

I appeal, at preſent, to his "Thoughts upon Neceſſity." Thoughts, which, though crude and dark as chaos, are announced, according to cuſtom, with more than oracular poſitiveneſs: as though his own *glandula pinealis* was the ſingle focus, wherein all the rays of divine and human wiſdom are concentred.

His thoughts open thus.

1. "Is man a free-agent, or is he not?"—Without all manner of doubt, he is; in a vaſt number and variety of caſes. Nor did I ever, in converſation, or in reading, meet with a perſon, or an author, who denied it.

But let us, by defining as we go, aſcertain what free-agency is. All needleſs refinements apart, free-agency, in plain Engliſh, is neither more nor leſs, than voluntary agency. Whatever the ſoul does, with the full bent of preference and deſire; in that, the ſoul acts freely. For, *ubi conſenſus, ibi voluntas, &, ubi voluntas, ibi libertas.*

I own myſelf very fond of definitions. I therefore premiſe, what the Neceſſity is, whoſe cauſe I have undertaken to plead.

It is exactly and diametrically oppoſite, to that which Cicero delivers concerning *fortuna*, or chance, luck, hap, accidentality, and contingency; invented by the

the poets of ſecond antiquity, and during many ages, revered as a Deity, by both Greeks and Romans. "*Quid eſt aliud ſors, quid fortuna, quid caſus, quid eventus; niſi quum ſic aliquid cecidit, ſic evenit, ut vel non cadere atque evenire vel aliter cadere atque evenire, potuerit* *?" i. e. Chance, fortune, accident, and uncertain event, are then ſaid to take place, when a thing ſo comes to paſs, as that it either might not have come to paſs at all; or might have come to paſs, otherwiſe than it does.

On the contrary, I would define neceſſity to be that, by which, whatever comes to paſs cannot but come to paſs (all circumſtances taken into the account); and can come to paſs in no other way or manner, than it does. Which coincides with Ariſtotle's definition of neceſſity (though, by the way, he was a freewiller himſelf): Το μη ενδεχομενον ΑΛΛΩΣ εχειν, αναγκαιον φαμεν †: We call that neceſſary, which cannot be otherwiſe than it is.

Hence the Greeks termed neceſſity, Ανανκη: becauſe ανασσει, it reigns, without exception, over all the works of God; and becauſe ανασχει, it retains and comprizes all things within the limits of its own dominion. The Romans called it *neceſſe & neceſſitas*; *quaſi ne caſſitas*, becauſe it cannot fail, or be made void: *& quaſi ne quaſſitas*, becauſe it cannot be moved, or ſhaken, by all the power of men ‡.

I ac-

* Cic. De Divinat. L. 2.

† Apud Frommenium, Lib. 2. cap. 9.

‡ The immediate parent, or cauſa proxima, of neceſſity, is fate; called, by the Greeks, ειμαρμενη: becauſe it invincibly diſtributes to every man his lot. They termed it alſo πεπρωμενη, becauſe it bounds, limits, marks out, adjuſts, determines, and preciſely aſcertains, to each individual of the human race, his aſſigned portion both of active and paſſive life. Fate was likewiſe ſometimes metonymically ſtiled μοιρα, or the lot, i. e. the res ipſiſſimas, or very actions and felicities and ſufferings, themſelves, which fall to every man's ſhare.

The Latins called fate, fatum: either from fiat, i. e. from God's ſaying, Let ſuch and ſuch a thing come to paſs: or ſimply, à fando; from God's pronouncing the exiſtence, the continuance, the circumſtances, the times, and whatever elſe relates to men and things.

If

I acquieſce in the old diſtinction of neceſſity (a diſtinction adopted by Luther *; and by moſt of, not to ſay by all, the ſound reformed divines), into a neceſſity of compulſion, and a neceſſity of infallible certainty.—The neceſſity of compulſion is predicated of inanimate bodies; as we ſay of the earth (for inſtance) that it circuits the ſun, by compulſory neceſſity: and, in ſome caſes, of reaſonable beings themſelves; viz. when they are forced to do or ſuffer any thing, contrary to their will and choice.—The neceſſity of infallible certainty, is of a very different kind; and only renders the event inevitably future, without any compulſory force on the will of the agent. Thus, it was infallibly certain, that Judas would betray Chriſt: he was, therefore, a neceſſary, though a voluntary, actor, in that tremendous buſineſs.

2. "Are a man's actions free, or neceſſary?"—They may be, at one and the ſame time, free and neceſſary too. When Mr. Weſley is very hungry, or very tired, he is, neceſſarily, and yet freely, diſpoſed to food, or reſt. He can no more help being ſo diſpoſed, than a falling ſtone can help tending to the earth. But here lies the grand difference. The ſtone is a ſimple being, conſiſting of matter only: and conſequently, can have no will either to riſe or fall.—Mr. Weſley is a compounded being, made up of matter and ſpirit. Conſequently, his ſpirit, ſoul,

If we diſtinguiſh accurately, this ſeems to have been the order, in which the moſt judicious of the antients conſidered the whole matter. Firſt, God:—then, his will:—then, fate; or the ſolemn ratification of his will, by paſſing and eſtabliſhing it into an unchangeable decree:—then creation:—then, neceſſity; i. e. ſuch an indiſſoluble concatenation of ſecondary cauſes and effects, as has a native tendency to ſecure the certainty of all events, ſicut unda impellitur undâ:—then, Providence; i. e. the omnipreſent, omnivigilant, all-directing ſuperintendency of divine wiſdom and power, carrying the whole preconcerted ſcheme into actual execution, by the ſubſervient mediation of ſecond cauſes, which were created for that end.

* Vide Luther. De Servo Arbitrio, Sect. 43.—Edit. Noremb. 1526.

or

or will, (for I can conceive no real difference between the will, and the ſoul itſelf) is concerned in ſitting down to dinner, or in courting repoſe, when neceſſity impels to either. And I will venture to affirm, what he himſelf cannot deny, that, neceſſarily biaſſed as he is to thoſe mediums of recruit; he has recourſe to them as freely (i. e. as voluntarily, and with as much appetite, choice, deſire, and reliſh), as if neceſſity was quite out of the caſe: nay, and with abundantly greater freedom and choice, than if he was not ſo neceſſitated and impelled.

It would be eaſy, to inſtance this obvious truth, in a thouſand particulars; and in particulars of infinitely greater moment, than relate to common life. Let me juſt, *en paſſant*, illuſtrate the point, from the moſt grand important topic which the whole compaſs of reaſoning affords.

It was neceſſary (i. e. abſolutely and intrinſically inevitable), 1. That the Meſſiah ſhould be invariably * holy in all his ways, and righteous in all his works:——2. That he ſhould die for the ſins of men.

Yet Chriſt, though, 1. neceſſarily good (ſo neceſſarily, that it was impoſſible for him to be otherwiſe); was freely and voluntarily good: elſe, he could not have declared, with truth, my meat and drink [i. e. my choice, my appetite, my deſire] is, to do the will of him that ſent me, and to finiſh his work †—2. Though he ‡ could not avoid being put to

* I never knew more than one Arminian, who was ſo tremendouſly conſiſtent, as to maintain, explicitly and in words, that it was poſſible for Chriſt himſelf to have fallen from grace by ſin, and to have periſhed everlaſtingly. I muſt, however, do this gentleman the juſtice to add, that he has, for ſome years paſt, been of a better judgment.—But the ſhocking principle itſelf is neceſſarily involved in, and invincibly follows upon, the Arminian ſcheme of contingency; whether the aſſerters of that ſcheme openly avow the conſequence, or no.

† John iv. 34.

‡ To deny the neceſſity of Chriſt's ſufferings, i. e. to conſider them as unpredeſtinated, and as things which might, or might not, have

to death, as a ſacrifice for ſin; yet he died voluntarily, and therefore freely. Elſe, he would not have affirmed, that he was even ſtraightened, until it was accompliſhed *: i. e. he wiſhed, and longed, for the conſummation of his obedience unto death.

Need I add any thing more, to prove that freedom and neceſſity are not only compatible, but may even co-aleſce into abſolute uniſons, with each other?

But, "how do they thus coaleſce?"—By the wiſe appointment of God, who is great in counſel, and mighty in working †. A Chriſtian will be ſatisfied with this anſwer. And philoſophy itſelf cannot riſe to an higher.

CHAP. II.

The Neceſſity of Human Volitions proved, from the Nature of the Connection ſubſiſting between Soul and Body.

MR. Weſley aſks, 3. "Is man ſelf-determined, in acting; or is he determined by ſome other being?"—I ſcruple not, to declare, as my ſtedfaſt judgment, that no man ever was, or ever will, or ever can be, ſtrictly and philoſophically ſpeaking, ſelf-determined to any one action, be that action what it may.

Let us examine this point. It is neither unimportant, nor unentertaining.

have happened; is to annihilate, at one ſtroke, the whole dignity and importance of the Chriſtian religion. Scripture is, therefore, extremely careful to inculcate, again, and again, in the ſtrongeſt and moſt explicit terms which language can ſupply, that the whole of Chriſt's humiliation, even his death itſelf, was infallibly and inevitably decreed. See, among many other paſſages, thoſe which occur in the 5th chapter of this Eſſay.

* Luke xii. 50. † Jer. xxxii. 19.

There

There is * no medium between matter and ſpirit. Theſe two divide the whole univerſe between them. Even in man's preſent complex ſtate, though body and ſoul conſtitute one compoſitum; yet are the two component principles not only diſtinct, but eſſentially different, from each other. Their connection, though aſtoniſhingly intimate, occaſions no mixture nor confuſion of this with that.

Notwithſtanding which, the nature (or, if you pleaſe, the law) of their junction is ſuch, that they reciprocally act upon each other. A man breaks a limb: or is wounded in a duel. The body, and the body alone, receives the injury: but the injury is no ſooner received, than it operates upon the ſoul. For it is the ſoul only, which feels pleaſure or pain, through the medium of the bodily organs. Matter can no more feel, or perceive; than it can read, or pray. To ſuppoſe otherwiſe, were to ſuppoſe that a violin can hear, and a teleſcope ſee.

If, therefore, the ſoul is the feeling principle, or ſole ſeat of perception; it follows, as clear as day, that the ſoul is no leſs dependent on the body, for a very conſiderable portion of its [i. e. of the ſoul's own] phyſical happineſs or miſery; than the body is dependent on the ſoul, for its [i. e. for the body's] inſtrumental ſubſerviency to the will. Conſequently, the ſoul is (not ſelf-determined, but) neceſſarily determined, to take as much care of the body as it [the ſoul] in its preſent views deems requiſite: becauſe the ſoul is conſcious of its dependence on that machine, as the inlet and channel of pleaſing or of diſagreeable ſenſations. So that, in this very extenſive inſtance, man's volitions are ſwayed, this way or that, to the right hand or to the left; by conſiderations, drawn from the circumſtance of that neceſſary

* I am obliged, here, to take theſe two particulars for granted: as the adhibition of the abundant proofs, by which they are ſupported and evinced, would lead me too far from the object immediately in view.

dependence

dependence on the body, which the ſoul cannot poſſibly raiſe itſelf ſuperior to, while the mutual connection ſubſiſts.

An idea is that image, form, or conception of any thing, which the ſoul is impreſſed with from without *. How come we by theſe ideas? I believe them to be, all, originally, let in, through the bodily ſenſes only. I cannot conſider reflection as, properly, the ſource of any new ideas: but rather as a ſort of mental chemiſtry, by which the underſtanding contemplatively analyſes and ſublimates, into abſtract and refined knowledge, ſome of thoſe ideas which reſult either from experience, or from information; and which were primarily admitted through the avenues of ſenſe. Without the ſenſe of hearing, we could have had no juſt idea of ſound: nor of odours, without the ſenſe of ſmelling: any more than the foot can taſte, or the hand can hear.

The ſenſes themſelves, which are thus the only doors, by which ideas, i. e. the rudiments of all † knowledge, find their way to the ſoul; are, literally and in the fulleſt import of the word, corporeal. Hence, the ſoul cannot ſee, if the eyes are deſtroyed: nor feel, if the nervous functions are ſuſpended: nor

* Are not the powers of fancy an exception to that doctrine which maintains, that all ideas originally accede, ab extra, to the mind? —Not in the leaſt. Though I may form (for inſtance) an uncertain, or at beſt an incomplete, idea of a perſon I never ſaw; yet that idea is either drawn from deſcription, or, if purely imaginary, is a combination of conceptions, every one of which came at firſt into the mind through the ſenſes, and which it aſſociates on principles of real or ſuppoſed ſimilitude.

† The reader will obſerve, that I am, here, ſpeaking of no other than of natural and artificial knowledge. Spiritual knowledge, divinely impreſſed on the ſoul in its regeneration by the Holy Ghoſt, comes not, hitherto, within the compaſs of the preſent diſquiſition. Though to me, it ſeems extremely probable, that this moſt adorable agent often condeſcends to make the ſenſes themſelves (and eſpecially the ſenſe of feeling; to which ſingle ſenſe, by the way, all the other four may, ſub diverſo modo, be reduced) the inlets of his bleſſed influence. There is a ſpirit in man: and the inſpiration of the Almighty giveth them underſtanding. Job xxxii. 8.

hear,

hear, if the organs of that ſenſe are totally impaired. What learn we from this? That the ſoul, or mind, is primarily and immediately indebted to the body, for all the ideas, (and conſequently, for all the knowledge) with which it is furniſhed. By theſe ideas, when compared, combined, or ſeparated, the ſoul, on every occaſion, neceſſarily regulates its conduct: and is afterwards as dependent on the body for carrying its conceptions into outward act, as it was for its ſimple reception of them at firſt.

Thus, the ſoul is, in a very extenſive degree, paſſive as matter itſelf.

Whether the fibres of the brain do no more than ſimply vibrate; or whether they be alſo the canals of a vital fluid agitated and ſet in circulation, by the percuſſions which it receives from the ſenſes; the argument comes to juſt the ſame point. The ſenſes are neceſſarily impreſſed by every object from without; and as neceſſarily commove the fibres of the brain: from which nervous commotion, ideas are neceſſarily communicated to, or excited in, the ſoul; and, by the judgment which the ſoul neceſſarily frames of thoſe ideas, the will is neceſſarily inclined to approve or diſapprove, to act or not to act. If ſo, where is the boaſted power of ſelf-determination?

Having taken a momentary ſurvey of the ſoul's dependance on the body; and of the vaſt command which the body has over the ſoul (ſo great, that a diſeaſe may quickly degrade a philoſopher into an idiot; and even an alteration of * weather diffuſe a temporary

* Lord Cheſterfield's remark is not ill founded. "I am convinced, that a light ſupper, a good night's ſleep, and a fine morning, have, ſometimes, made an hero, of the ſame man, who, by an indigeſtion, a reſtleſs night, and a rainy morning, would have been a coward." Letter 117.—Again: "Thoſe who ſee and obſerve kings, heroes, and ſtateſmen, diſcover that they have head-achs, indigeſtions, humours, and paſſions, juſt like other people: every one of which, in their turns, determine their wills, in defiance of their reaſon." Letter 173.—Human excellence, truly, has much to be proud of!

temporary ſtupor through all the powers of the mind); let us next enquire, on what the body itſelf depends,

of! and man is a ſovereign, ſelf-determining animal! an animal, whom too rarified or too viſcous a texture, too rapid or too languid a circulation, of blood; an imperfect ſecretion of ſpirits, from the blood, through the cortical ſtrainers of the brain; or an irregular diſtribution of the ſpiritous fluid, from the ſecreting fibres, to the nervous canals which diffuſe themſelves through the body:—theſe, and a thouſand other involuntary cauſes, can, at any time, in leſs than a moment, if God pleaſe, ſuſpend every one of our ſenſations; ſtagnate us into ſtupidity; agitate us into a fever; or deprive us of life itſelf!

Yet, let it be obſerved, that thought and reaſon are, at all times and amidſt all circumſtances whatever, eſſentially inſeparable from the ſoul: whether it dwell in a well-organized and duly-tempered body, or in a body whoſe conſtruction is ever ſo unfavourable, and whoſe mechanic balance is ever ſo broken and impaired. But in the latter caſe (eſpecially in ſwoons, epilepſies, &c.) the ſoul cannot unfold and exerciſe its faculties, as when the material machine is in right order. Thus, we cannot ſay, with metaphyſical propriety, that a perſon in a fainting-fit, or that even the moſt abſolute idiot on earth, is an irrational being: but only, that he has not the ſervice of his reaſon. Nor can we ſay, of a madman, that he has loſt his underſtanding: but only, that the proper uſe, or direction, of it, is perverted.

It is true, indeed, that, as idiotcy ſeems to be rather a quid deficiens, than a τὸ poſitivum; and may therefore be immediately occaſioned by the bad mechaniſm (i. e. by a vitiated arrangement and motion) of the corporeal particles, whether fluid or ſolid:—So, on the other hand, madneſs ſeems to have more in it of the τὸ poſitivum; and, conſequently, to be the effect of an higher and more abſolute cauſe. What can that cauſe be? I am ſtrongly and clearly of opinion, with Mr. Baxter (not Baxter the puritan, but Baxter the great modern philoſopher), that all madneſs whatever proceeds from the powerful and continued agency of ſome ſeparate ſpirit, or ſpirits, obtruding phantaſtic viſions on the ſoul of the inſane perſon. If the majority of dreams are but the madneſs of ſleep, what is madneſs, properly ſo called, but a waking dream? For, as that moſt accompliſhed metaphyſician very juſtly reaſons, "The ſoul, in itſelf, is an uncompounded, ſimple ſubſtance, and hath no parts, and therefore properly no conſtitution: neither is it liable to any change, or alteration, in its own nature. The inert matter of the body could never affect it thus [i. e. could never ſo affect the ſoul, as to occaſion madneſs]. That could only limit the faculties of the ſoul, farther and farther, or deaden its activity: but not animate it after ſuch a terrible manner. Hence there is no other way for its being affected in this manner, but the cauſe I have already aſſigned.——There is, indeed, a great difference, and variety, in the phenomena of reaſon

diſturbed.

depends, for the ſources of thoſe innumerable ideas, which it is the vehicle of tranſmitting to the intellect:

diſturbed. But, univerſally, the diſeaſe could not be lodged in the ſoul itſelf: nor could the matter of the body affect it any other way, than by deadening (i. e. by impeding] its activity; which, I think, is never the caſe in theſe appearances. In ſhort, the diſorder of matter might make a man a ſtupid idiot; ſubject him to ſleep, apoplexy, or any thing approaching to its own nature: but could never be the cauſe of rage, diſtraction, phrenſy, unleſs it were employed as an inſtrument by ſome other cauſe: that is, it cannot of itſelf be the cauſe of theſe diſorders of reaſon. If the inertia of matter infers any thing, it infers thus much." Baxter's Enquiry into the Nature of the human Soul, vol. ii. p. 141, 142.—I no more doubt, that mad perſons, at this very day, are dæmoniacs, or influenced and agitated by incorporeal and inviſible beings; than I can doubt, that ſome people were ſo poſſeſſed, at the time of our Lord's abode on earth. Such an aſſertion will, probably, ſound romantically ſtrange, to a prejudiced, and to a ſuperficial, ear. But (let the fact itſelf really ſtand how it may), I think I can venture to pronounce, that the philoſophy of the opinion, as ſtated and argued by Mr. Baxter, is irrefragable.—Examine firſt, and then judge.

Unembodied ſpirits, both friendly and hoſtile [ευδαιμονες, & κακοδαιμονες], holy and unholy, have more to do with us, in a way both of good and evil, than the generality of us ſeem to imagine. But they themſelves are, all, no more than parts of that great chain, which depends on the firſt cauſe, or uncreated link: and can only act as miniſters of his will.

Luther relates ſeveral uncommon things, concerning his own converſe with ſome of the ſpiritual world: which, however fanciful they may, primâ facie, appear; are by no means philoſophically inadmiſſible. For ſo ſaying, I am ſure to incur a ſmile of contempt, from pertlings and materialiſts: the former of whom ſneer, when they cannot reaſon; and wiſely conſider a grin, and a ſyllogiſm, as two names for the ſame thing. When it can be ſolidly proved, that the gums are the ſeat of intellect; I will then allow, that a laugher ſhews his underſtanding and his wit every time he ſhews his teeth. Was ridicule the legitimate teſt of truth, there could be no ſuch thing as truth in the world; and, conſequently, there would be nothing for ridicule to be the teſt of: as every truth may be, and in its turn actually has been, ridiculed, by ſome inſipid witling or other. So that, to borrow a lively remark from Mr. Hervey, "The whim, of making ridicule the teſt of truth, ſeems as ſuitable to the fitneſs of things, as to place harlequin in the ſeat of lord chief juſtice." Moreover, ridicule itſelf, viewed as ridiculouſly uſurping the office of a philoſophical touch-ſtone, has been ridiculed, with much poignancy, and ſtrength of ſenſe, by the ingenious pen of the late Dr. Brown, in his Eſſay on Satire:

lect: and, without which tranſmiſſion, the intellect, implunged in a maſs of clay, could have had no more idea of outward things, than an oyſter has of a tinder-box. An unactive conſciouſneſs of mere torpid exiſtence would have been the whole amount of its riches, during its incloſure in a priſon without door, window, or crevice.

The human body is neceſſarily encompaſſed by a multitude of other bodies. Which other ſurrounding bodies (animal, vegetable, &c.), ſo far as we come within their perceivable ſphere, neceſſarily impreſs our nerves with ſenſations correſpondent to the objects themſelves. Theſe ſenſations are neceſſarily (and, for the moſt part, inſtantaneouſly) propagated to the ſoul: which can no more help receiving them, and being affected by them, than a tree can reſiſt a ſtroke of lightening.

Now, (1.) if all the ideas in the ſoul derive their exiſtence from ſenſation; and, (2,) if the ſoul depend, abſolutely, on the body, for all thoſe ſenſations; and, (3.) if the body be both primarily and continually dependent, on other extrinſic beings, for the very ſenſations which it [the body] communicates to the ſoul;—the conſequence ſeems, to me, undeniable: that neither the immanent nor the tranſient acts of man (i. e. neither his mental, nor his outward operations) are ſelf-determined; but,

"Come, let us join awhile this titt'ring crew,
And own, the idiot guide for once is true:
Deſide our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who therefore ſmiled, becauſe they ſaw a fool.
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle:
We therefore ſee a fool, becauſe we ſmile?
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in laughter's dimple cheek:
Contemns each ſurly academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce free-thinker and the beau.
No more ſhall reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine;
Her baſe eternal ſhook by folly's mine.
Truth's ſacred fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win;
And coxcombs vanquiſh Berkley by a grin!"

on.

on the contrary, determined by the views with which an infinity of ſurrounding objects neceſſarily, and almoſt inceſſantly, impreſs his intellect.

And on what do thoſe ſurrounding objects themſelves, which are moſtly material (i. e. on what does matter, in all its forms, poſitions, and relations), depend? Certainly, not on itſelf. It could neither be its own creator, nor can it be its own conſerver. In my idea, every particle of matter would immediately revert into non-exiſtence, if not retained in being, from moment to moment, by the will of him who upholds all things by the word of his power *, and through whom all things conſiſt †.

Much leſs, does matter depend on the human mind. Man can neither create, nor ‡ exterminate, a ſingle atom. There are caſes, wherein he can alter the modes of matter: ſo as to form (for inſtance) certain vegetable fibres into linen, linen into paper, and paper into books. He can alſo throw that linen, or paper, or books, into a fire; and thereby diſſolve the preſent connection of their particles, and annihilate their modal relations. But, notwithſtanding he has all this in his power (though, by the' way, he will never do either one or the other, except his will be neceſſarily determined by ſome effectual motive); ſtill the ſeeming deſtruction amounts to no more than a variation. Not an individual particle of the burnt matter is extermined: nor even its eſ-

* Heb. i. 3.

† Col. i. 17.

‡ To all her other antiphiloſophical abſurdities, Arminianiſm adds the ſuppoſed defectibility of ſaving grace: by giving as her opinion, that the holy principle in a renewed ſoul is not only a corruptible and periſhable ſeed, but that it, frequently, and actually, does ſuffer a total extinction and a final annihilation. Or, as Mr. Weſley and his fraternity vulgarly expreſs it, "He who is, to-day, a child of God, may be, to-morrow, a child of the devil." As if the principle of grace were leſs privileged than a particle of matter! and as if man, who cannot annihilate a ſingle atom, were able to annihilate the moſt illuſtrious effect of the Holy Spirit's operation! Credat Judæus, &c.

ſential relation, to the univerſe, ſuperſeded. There would be, preciſely, the ſame quantity of ſolid ſubſtance, which there now is, without the loſs of a corpuſcular unit, were all the men, and things, upon the face of the earth, and the very globe itſelf, reduced to aſhes. Conſequently, matter is abſolutely and ſolely dependent on God himſelf.

Thus have we, briefly, traced the winding current to its ſource. The ſoul, or intellect, depends on its ideas, for the determinations of its volitions: elſe, it would will, as a blind man walks, at a venture and in the dark.—Thoſe ideas are the daughters of ſenſation; and can deduce their pedigree from no other quarter. The embodied ſoul could have had no idea of ſo much as a tree, or a blade of graſs, if our diſtance from thoſe bodies had been ſuch, as to have precluded their reſpective forms from occurring to the eye.—The ſenſes, therefore, are the channels of all our natural perceptions. Which ſenſes are entirely corporeal: as is the brain alſo, that grand centre, to which all their impreſſions are forwarded, and from whence they immediately act upon the immaterial principle.—Theſe corporeal ſenſes receive their impreſſions from the preſence, or impulſe, of exterior beings (for all our ſenſations are but modes of motion).—And every one of thoſe exterior beings is dependent, for exiſtence, and for operation, on God Moſt High.

Such is the progreſſion of one argument (and it is but one among many), for the great doctrine of philoſophical neceſſity: a chain, concerning which (and, eſpecially, concerning the determination to action, by motives ariſing from ideas) Mr. Weſley modeſtly affirms, that "It has not one good link belonging to it." Seriouſly, I pity the ſize of his underſtanding. And I pity it, becauſe I verily believe it to be a fault which he cannot help: any more than a dwarf can help not being ſix feet high. Lame indeed are all his commentations;

"But

" But better he'd give us, if better he had."

I ſhall cloſe this chapter, with ſubmitting a few plain and reaſonable queries to the reader.

1. How is that ſuppoſition, which aſcribes a ſelf-determining will to a created ſpirit, leſs abſurd, than that ſuppoſition, which aſcribes ſelf-exiſtence to matter?

2. In what reſpect, or reſpects, is the Arminian ſuppoſition of a fortuitous train of events, leſs atheiſtical, than the epicurean ſuppoſition of a fortuitous concourſe of atoms?

3. If man be a ſelf-determining agent, will it not neceſſarily follow, there are as many firſt cauſes (i. e. in other words, as many gods), as there are men in the world?

4. Is not independence eſſentially pre-requiſite to ſelf-determination?

5. But is it true in fact, and would it be found philoſophy to admit, that man is an independent being?

6. Moreover, is the ſuppoſition, of human independence and ſelf-determination, ſound theology? At leaſt, does it comport with the ſcriptural account of man? For a ſpecimen of which account, only caſt your eye on the paſſage or two that follow.—The way of man is not in himſelf: it is not in man that walketh to direct his own ſteps *.—Without me [i. e. without Chriſt], ye can do nothing †.—In him [i. e. in God] we live, and are moved (κινεμεθα), and have our exiſtence ‡.—It is he who worketh all in all §.—It is God, who worketh in you both to will and to do ‖.—Of him, and to him, and through him, are all things ¶.

* Jer. x. 23. † John xv. 5. ‡ Acts xvii. 28.
§ 1 Cor. xii. 6. ‖ Phil. ii. 13. ¶ Rom. xi. 36.

7. May we not, on the whole, ſoberly affirm, that the ſcheme of neceſſity is philoſophy in her right mind? And that the ſcheme of contingency is philoſophy run mad?

CHAP. III.

Several Objections, to the Scheme of Neceſſity, anſwered.

IT ſeems moſt agreeable to the radical ſimplicity, which God has obſerved in his works, to ſuppoſe, that, in themſelves, all human ſouls are equal. I can eaſily believe, that the ſoul of an oyſter-woman has, naturally, the (unexpanded) powers of Grotius, or of Sir Iſaac Newton: and that what conduces to raiſe the philoſopher, the poet, the politician, or the linguiſt, ſo much above the ignorant and ſtupid of mankind, is not only the circumſtance of intellectual cultivation, but (ſtill more than that) his having the happineſs to occupy a better houſe, i. e. a body more commodiouſly organized, than they.

The ſoul of a monthly reviewer, if impriſoned within the ſame mud walls which are tenanted by the ſoul of Mr. John Weſley, would, ſimilarly circumſtanced, reaſon and act (I verily think) exactly like the biſhop of Moorfields. And I know ſome very ſenſible people, who even go ſo far, as to ſuppoſe, that, was an human ſpirit ſhut up in the ſkull of a cat, puſs would, notwithſtanding, move prone on all four, pur when ſtroked, ſpit when pinched, and birds and mice be her darling objects of purſuit.

Now, though I can, by no means, for my own part, carry matters to ſo extreme a length as this; yet,

yet, I repeat my opinion, that much, very much, depends on corporeal organization. Whence the uſual remark, that a man is (I would rather ſay, appears to be) ſenſible and ingenious, according to his dimenſion and ſolid content of brain. That is, as I apprehend, the ſoul is more capable of exerting its powers, when lodged in a capacious and well-conſtructed vehicle. I dare believe, that the brain of Dr. Thomas Nowell is, to that of Mr. John Weſley, as two to one, at the very leaſt. And yet, all this is the reſult of abſolute neceſſity. For, what is brain, but matter peculiarly modified? And who is the modifier? Not man, but God.

I juſt now hinted the conjecture of ſome, that an human ſpirit, incarcerated in the brain of a cat, would, probably, both think and behave, as that animal now does. But how would the ſoul * of a cat acquit itſelf, if incloſed in the brain of a man? We cannot reſolve this queſtion, with certainty, any more than the other. We may, however, even on this occaſion, addreſs every one of our human brethren in thoſe words of that great philoſophic neceſſitarian, St. Paul; and aſk, who maketh thee to differ from the loweſt of the brute creation? Thy Maker's freewill, not thine. And what pre-

* Let not the reader ſtart, at that expreſſion, 'The ſoul of a cat.' For though the word, ſo applied, may ſeem ſtrange to thoſe who have not weighed both ſides of the queſtion (it would have ſeemed very ſtrange to me, about fifteen years ago); yet, on giving the cauſe an impartial hearing, the ſcale of evidence will, in my judgment, ſtrongly decide for an immaterial principle in brutes.

I mean not, here, to diſcuſs the argument. But let me hint, that one principal hinge, on which the enquiry turns, is: Do thoſe inferior beings reaſon, or do they not? If they do (be it in ever ſo ſmall a degree), they muſt conſiſt of ſomething more than body: i. e. they muſt be compounded of matter and ſpirit.—If they do not reaſon at all (and we may as well doubt whether they can feel at all); we may ſet them down for mere material machines.—He, however, who ſeriouſly thinks, that even birds, or inſects, are watches; may, with equal eaſe, while his hand is in, advance a few ſteps higher, and ſuppoſe, that men are clocks, i. e. larger watches of the three.

eminence

eminence haſt thou, which thou didſt not receive from him? Not the leaſt, nor the ſhadow of any.—Now, if thou didſt [not acquire, but] receive it, as a diſtinguiſhing gift of his free and ſovereign pleaſure, why carrieſt thou thyſelf proudly (καυχασαι), as though thou hadſt not received it*?

"He, who through vaſt immenſity can pierce;
"See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe;
"Can tell how ſyſtem beyond ſyſtem runs;
"What other planets circle other ſuns;
"What vary'd being peoples ev'ry ſtar:
"May tell, why Heav'n has made us as we are."

What the poet could not tell, the Bible does.—"Why are we made as we are?" Even ſo, Father: for ſo it ſeemed good in thy ſight. Which is anſwer enough to ſatisfy me.

I take the truth of the matter to be this. All the intellectual diſtinctions, which obtain throughout the whole ſcale of animated exiſtence, from the brighteſt angel down to man, and which give advantage to one man above another; which intellectual diſtinctions deſcend, likewiſe, in juſt gradations, from man, to the minuteſt animalcule; are diſtributed, to each individual, in number, in meaſure, and in weight†, by the ſovereign will and the unerring hand of God the only wiſe. The uſes, to which thoſe intellectual powers ſhall ſubſerve; the term of their duration; and, in ſhort, every circumſtance relative both to them and their poſſeſſors; I conſider as falling under the regulation of God's determining and permiſſive decree before time, and of his ever-preſent and ever-acting providence in time.

According to this ſcheme of things (a ſcheme, which, when fairly weighed, will be found the moſt chearful to men, and the moſt worthy of God, which

* 1 Cor. iv. 7. † Wiſd. xi. 20.

was

was ever propoſed to the human mind), that melancholy, that abſurd, that atheiſtical fiction, whoſe name is Chance, has nothing to do with God or with his works. On the contrary, the golden chain of neceſſity, providence, or fate (it is no matter which you term it), is let down, from the throne of the ſupreme, through all the ranks of animated and of unanimated creation: guiding and governing every individual ſpirit, and every individual atom, by ſuch means, and in ſuch a manner, as beſt comport with the dignity, the efficacy, the wiſdom, and the love, of him who holds the chain, and who has implicated every link.

Thus, he doth according to his will, in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can ſtay his hand, or ſay unto him, What doeſt thou *? Hence it is, that the very † hairs of our heads are all numbered in his book; and not one of them can fall from its pore, without the leave of Heaven. He is the guardian of ſparrows; and will not let what we account the meaneſt inſect expire, until the point of time, divinely deſtined, is come. He not only tells the number of the ‡ ſtars, and calls them each by name; but notices and directs the very particles of § duſt, which float in the atmoſphere. The ‖ ſun ſhines not, but at his command: nor can a ** wind blow, but by authority from him. May we not ſay, of neceſſity, what the Pſalmiſt ſays, of the central luminary, round which our globe is wheeled; that there is nothing hid from the heat thereof?

And yet, there are thoſe, who think, that neceſſity makes no part of the Chriſtian ſyſtem!

Mr. Weſley is, or pretends to be, of this number. Let us give a conciſe hearing to the difficulties, which, in his eſtimation, clog the ſcheme of evan-

* Dan. iv. 35. † Matth. x. 29, 30. ‡ Pſalm cxlvii. 4.
§ Iſaiah xl. 12. ‖ Job ix. 7. ** Pſalm cxxxv. 7.

gelical

gelical and philoſophical fate: though they are ſuch as have been refuted again and again.

1. "There can be no moral good, or evil; no virtue, and no vice."

So thought * Ariſtotle; and his diſciples, the Peripatetics. Hence, they defined moral virtue to be an elective habit, flowing originally from free-will, and rendered eaſy by repeated acts.

It is no wonder, that proud heathens ſhould thus err; ſeeing they know not the Scriptures, nor the power of God. But Mr. Weſley ſhould remember, that he has read, and profeſſes to believe, a book which tells him, that a man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven †; that we cannot even think a good thought ‡, unleſs God breathe it into our hearts; and that it is the Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who muſt work in us that which is well-pleaſing in his ſight §.

Nor ſhould his lordſhip of Moorfields forget, that he has ſolemnly ſubſcribed (to omit all preſent mention of articles and homilies) a certain liturgy: in which liturgy, among a thouſand other paſſages equally excellent, God himſelf is addreſſed, as the ſole being, from whom all holy deſires, all good counſels [or ſincerely devout intentions], and all juſt works, do proceed. The ſupreme is, likewiſe, in the ſame "Calviniſtical and Antinomian Prayer-book," declared to be the almighty and everlaſting God, who maketh us both to will and to do thoſe things that be good, and acceptable to his divine

* And yet Ariſtotle, though a vehement, was not (any more than his diſciple of the Foundery) a conſiſtent, freewill man. Hence, Ariſtotle, being once aſked, "Who can keep a ſecret?" made this odd anſwer: He that can hold red-hot coals in his mouth.—Surely, Freewill muſt be very feeble, and Neceſſity irreſiſtibly potent, upon this principle! Not to aſk: If Freewill cannot, on a proper occaſion, ſhut the mouth of the man that has it; how can it bring him virtue, and ſave his ſoul?

† John iii. 27. ‡ 2 Cor. iii. 5. § Hebr. xiii. 21.

majeſty.

majeſty. And, in abſolute harmony with this neceſſitating principle, the ſaid book beſeeches the bleſſed Father and governor of men, that by his holy inſpiration, we may think thoſe things that are good; and that we may, by his merciful guidance, faithfully perform the ſame. If this is being, what Mr. Weſley terms, "a fine piece of clock-work;" I heartily wiſh and pray, that I may, every hour of my life, be ſo wound up.

But ſtill, ſays the objector, "moral good, or evil," cannot * conſiſt with neceſſity. I, on the contrary, ſay, that it both can, and does. Mr. Weſley does not conſider the tremendous conſequences, which unavoidably flow from his poſition. For, if neceſſary virtue be neither moral, nor praiſe-worthy; it will follow, that God himſelf (who, without all doubt, is neceſſarily and unchangeably good) is an immoral being, and not praiſe-worthy for his goodneſs! On the ſame horrible Arminian principle, it would alſo follow, that Chriſt's moſt perfect obedience (which was neceſſary: for he could not but obey perfectly) had no morality in it, was totally void of merit, and entitled him to neither praiſe, nor reward! The axiom, therefore, which dares to affirm, that "neceſſity and moral agency are irreconcilable things;" lays, at once, the axe to the root both of natural and revealed religion, and ought to be hiſſed back again by all mankind to the hell from whence it came.

* "The hacknied objection to the doctrine of neceſſity, from its being [pretendedly] inconſiſtent with the idea of virtue and vice, as implying praiſe and blame, may be fully retorted upon its opponents. For, as to their boaſted ſelf-determining power (were the thing poſſible in itſelf, and did not imply an abſurdity), by which they pretend to have a power of acting independently of every thing that comes under the deſcription of motive; I ſcruple not to ſay, that it is as foreign to every idea of virtue or vice, praiſe or blame, as the groſſeſt kind of mechaniſm that the moſt blundering writer in defence of liberty ever aſcribed to the advocates for moral neceſſity." Dr. Prieſtley's Exam. of Beattie, &c. p. 178.

The

The crucifiers of the Son of God perpetrated the moſt immoral act, that ever was, or ever will be, committed. And yet, I am expreſsly aſſured, by the written teſtimony of the Holy Ghoſt, entered on a record which will continue to the end of time, that Herod, and Pontius Pilate, and the people of the Jews, were gathered together againſt Jeſus, for to do whatſoever God's hand and God's counſel had fore-determined to be done*. So that, upon Chriſtian principles at leaſt, neceſſity and moral evil (by the ſame rule, alſo, neceſſity and moral good), may walk † hand in hand together. If Mr. Weſley prefers Ariſtotle and the other gentlemen of the Lycæum, to the inſpired writers; and chuſes the peripatetic ſcheme of freewill, rather than the Bible ſcheme of neceſſity; he muſt, for me, go on to hug an idol that cannot ſave.

The whole cavil amounts to preciſely this. If God is the alone author and worker of all good; virtue ceaſes to be virtue: and, if God is the free permitter of evil, vice ceaſes to be vice. Can any thing be, at once, more impious, and more irrational, than the letter and the ſpirit of theſe two propoſitions?

In one word: thoſe modes of actions, called virtue and vice, do not ceaſe to be moral, i. e. to affect our manners, as creatures of God, and as members of ſociety; be thoſe modes occaſioned by what they may. Acts of devotion, candour, juſtice, and beneficence, together with their oppoſites, are, to all intents and purpoſes, as morally good or evil, if they flow from one ſource, as from another: though no works can be evangelically good and pleaſing to God, which do not ſpring from his own grace in the heart. But this latter circumſtance is entirely of ſpiritual

* Acts ii. 23. and iv. 28. † I have largely canvaſſed this point, in a former tract, entitled, "More Work for Mr. John Weſley."

conſideration.

conſideration. It has nothing to do, off or on, with the mere * morality of actions. Good is morally, i. e. religiouſly excellent, or ſocially beneficial; and evil is morally, i. e. religiouſly bad or ſocially injurious; whether men be ſelf-determining agents, or not. Light is light, and darkneſs is darkneſs; ſhow they from the right-hand, or from the left.

2. We are told, that, on the hypotheſis of neceſſity, man is "neither rewardable, nor puniſhable; neither praiſe, nor blame-worthy."

No objection can be more unphiloſophical than this, becauſe it quite loſes ſight of the very point in debate; viz. of neceſſity itſelf: by which, certain cauſes inevitably produce certain effects, and certain antecedents are inevitably concatenated with certain conſequences. It is ſufficient, therefore, to anſwer: that the will of God has eſtabliſhed a natural connection between virtue and † happineſs, vice and miſery. This divine eſtabliſhed connection is ſo indiſſoluble, that, even in the preſent ſtate of things, happineſs never fails to enter at the ſame door with virtue; nor does miſery ever fail to tread upon the heels of vice.

Some ſenſualiſts, however, profeſs otherwiſe: and affirm, that their own deviations from the moral path are neither attended, nor followed, by any pungent briar, or grieving thorn. Their draughts are all balmy and nectarious, without a drop of wormwood or of gall, to allay the ſweetneſs, or to embitter the remembrance.

Thoſe gentlemen muſt, however, excuſe me from taking their word for this. I do not believe one ſyllable of it to be true. Both Scripture, and the nature of the caſe, and the obſervations I have

* Morality, is, I think, uſually, and very juſtly, defined to be, that relation, or proportion, which actions bear, to a given rule.—Conſequently, neither neceſſity, nor non-neceſſity, has any thing to do with the morality of action.

† I hear ſpeak of intellectual happineſs or miſery.

made,

made, unite to render me quite poſitive, that the way of tranſgreſſors is hard*: that even in the midſt of laughter, they have a tinge of ſorrow in their hearts; as well as that the end of their mirth is heavineſs†. They may, for a time, like the Lacedæmonian Boy, conceal the wolf that is eating out their very intrails; and ſet the gloſs of an outward Sardonian ſmile, on the inward pangs they endure: but the great law of neceſſity, from which neither the virtuous nor the licentious are exempt, aſſures me, that this pretended eaſe is mere diſſimulation and grimace.

One of the moſt ſenſible men I ever knew, but whoſe life, as well as creed, had been rather eccentric, returned me the following anſwer, not many months before his death, when I aſked him, "whether his former irregularities were not both accompanied, at the time, and ſucceeded, afterwards, by ſome ſenſe of mental pain?" Yes, ſaid he: but I have ſcarce ever owned it, until now. We [meaning, we infidels, and men of faſhionable morals] do not tell you all that paſſes in our hearts.

The fact, then, plainly is, that rectitude of manners ſaves people from much uneaſineſs of mind; and, that the perpetration of moral evil involves in it a Trojan horſe, whoſe hidden force puts their comforts to the ſword. I have ſeen inſtances of this, in very high, as well as in more humble, life: notwithſtanding all the labour and art, which have been obtended, to vail it from the eye of man. They who plough iniquity, and ſow wickedneſs, reap the ſame‡: the crop is always, more or leſs, ſimilar to the ſeed. The wicked man travelleth with pain, all his days; and a dreadful ſound is in his ears§; let him ſay what he will to the contrary. So that we

* Prov. xiii. 15. † Prov. xiv. 13.
‡ Job iv. 8. § Job xv. 20, 21.

may

may almoſt aſſert, with * Seneca, "*prima & maxima peccantium pœna eſt, peccaſſe:*" i. e. the very commiſſion of ſin is its own primary and capital puniſhment.

God himſelf has joined the chain together: no wonder, therefore, that its links cannot be put aſunder. Hence, I conclude, that, let what ſeeming conſequences ſoever flow from the poſition of neceſſity, God would have not tied moral and natural evil together, into one knot, if moral evil were not juſtly puniſhable. And, while facts, indiſputable facts, ſay, aye; facts I will ſtill believe, though ten thouſand imaginary inferences were to ſay, no.

I muſt likewiſe add, that, if we ſhut out the doctrine of neceſſity, which aſſerts the inſeparable connection of moral evil with intellectual (and, often, with external) infelicity; men will want one of the moſt rational † motives, which can poſſibly induce them

* Epiſt. Lib. 16. Ep. 2.—When St. Paul ſpeaks (Eph. iv. 19.) of ſome who were ἀπηλγηκότες, which we render, paſt feeling (though it may better be rendered, quite ſunk in indolence and idleneſs; totally enervated, and diſſipated; enemies to all honeſt, manly, and laborious employ:) there is no neceſſity for ſuppoſing even the Engliſh phraſe to import, that thoſe wretched people were void of inward horror and tormenting anguiſh; but that they were quite void of outward decency, and had no feelings of delicacy: for there is a ſort of refinement (though bad is the beſt), which even vice itſelf is capable of.

When the ſame apoſtle ſpeaks, elſewhere (1 Tim. iv. 2.) of the κεκαυτηριασμένων, or perſons whoſe conſciences have been ſeared as with an hot iron; the word (not to canvaſs, here, the ſeveral critical ſenſes which it will admit of) may be fairly conſidered, as importing neither more nor leſs than this, that they carry a fearful brand, or mark of condemnation, in their own minds; though they may endeavour to toſs off matters, outwardly, with an air of ſeeming unconcern.

† Should any be ſo pitiably undiſcerning, as to aſk, "What can neceſſity have to do with rational motives?"—I anſwer: that there are numberleſs caſes, wherein certain motives appear ſo very rational to the mind, as to be abſolutely cogent, and incline the will effectually. For, the finally predominant motive conſtantly and infallibly determines the will: and the will, thus neceſſarily determined, as conſtantly and infallibly (all extrinſic impediments removed)

them to an hatred of vice. And ſo great is the depravation of human nature, that, were it not for the thing neceſſity, virtue neither would nor could have any ſort of exiſtence in the world.

As for that mixture (or, rather, interſperſion) of good and evil, which obtains throughout our ſublunary planet; this, likewiſe, I acknowledge to be the conſequence of actual and reigning neceſſity. But this, in a philoſophic eye, reflects no more blame on neceſſity itſelf, than the two contrary powers of attraction and repulſion can reflect diſhonour on the wiſdom of him, who, for good reaſons, endued matter with thoſe oppoſite properties.

Couſin german to the ſecond, is Mr. Weſley's 3d. Objection: namely, that, if univerſal neceſſity determine all the thoughts and actions of man, "there can be no judgment to come;" i. e. God cannot, in the laſt day, judge and ſentence mankind according to their works. I have *, elſewhere, amply refuted this empty cavil. But, as it is now haſhed and ſerved up again in a different diſh, I will give it another examination, before we diſmiſs it from the table.

The objector forgets one main circumſtance, of no ſmall importance to the argument: viz. that the judgment day, itſelf, and the whole proceſs of the grand tranſaction, together with every thing that relates to it, directly or indirectly; are, upon the Chriſtian ſcheme, no leſs neceſſary and inevitable, than any intermediate event can be. An oak is not more the daughter of an

moved) determines the actions of the willer. Non eſt intelligentis cauſæ, ſine fine ſibi propoſito, agere.

If motives did not ſo operate on the mind; and if the mind, ſo operated upon, did not give the law to the will; and if the will, ſo biaſſed and conciliated, did not (poſitis omnibus ponendis) neceſſarily influence the conduct; actions and volitions would be uncauſed effects: than which ideas it is impoſſible for any thing to be more abſurd and ſelf-contradictory.

* More Work for Mr. John Weſley, p. 82—85.

acorn;

acorn; than abſolute neceſſity will be the mother of that univerſal audit, wherewith ſhe is already pregnant.

But, obſerve. The ſcriptural is not a blind neceſſity, or a neceſſity reſulting (as ſome of the groſſer Stoics believed) either from the planetary poſitions, or from the "ſtubbornneſs of matter." I no where contend for theſe kinds of neceſſity: which, even admitting them to have their reſpective degrees of phyſical influence, in ſubordination to providence; ſtill can never, by any Chriſtian (nor, I ſhould think, by any man of refined underſtanding), be conſidered as exerciſing the leaſt dominion over God himſelf, by inferring any ſort of cauſality on his interior purpoſes, or extrinſic operations.

On the contrary, neceſſity, in general; with all its extenſive ſeries of adamantine links, in particular; is in reality, what the poets feigned of Minerva, the iſſue of divine wiſdom: deriving its whole exiſtence, from the free-will of God; and its whole effectuoſity, from his never-ceaſing providence.

Thus I affirm the day of judgment to be neceſſary: to-wit, becauſe God has abſolutely * appointed it. For his counſel ſhall ſtand, and he will do all his pleaſure †. It is alſo neceſſary, that there ſhould be conſcious beings, on whom to paſs ſentence; and that there ſhould be both good and evil actions, on which the ſentence of the judge ſhould turn. We muſt, I think, admit this; or, at one ſtroke, deny the certain futurition of a judgement-day. And, for my own part, I would much rather believe and maintain ſo important an article of revealed religion, though upon the principle of neceſſity; than I would virtually deny it, as an Arminian, by imagining, either the great day itſelf, or the deciſions of the day, to be things of unfixed

* Acts xvii. 31. † Iſaiah xlvi. 10.

chance, lying at ſixes and ſevens, and which conſequently, may or may not take effect at all.

It is the doctrine of uncertain ſelf-determination, which, by repreſenting events to lie at hap-hazard, ſtamps abſurdity on the ſure expectation of a judgment to come. It is the doctrine of abſolute neceſſity, alone, which, by refuſing to hang any one circumſtance on a peradventure, affixes the ſeal of infallible futurity to the day itſelf, to the buſineſs of the day, and to all the antecedents, concomitants, and conſequences, of the whole.

That ſide-face of Arminian free-will, which we have hitherto ſurveyed, carries no more than a ſquinting aſpect on the day of ultimate retribution; by only leaving the day, and its retributions, at the uncertain mercy of a may-be. Look at the other profile (i. e. view the blind ſide) of the Arminian goddeſs; and you will immediately perceive, that, according to her ſcheme of metaphyſics, it is utterly impoſſible there ſhould be any day of judgment at all. For,

He alone can be called "a ſelf determining agent," who is quite independent on any other agent or agency whatever. If I may depend, for my being, for my ideas, and for my operations, on another; my being, and ideas, and operations, are and muſt be influenced and affected by that dependence. Conſequently, I am neither ſelf-exiſtent *, nor ſelf-

* See p. 173. of a performance already quoted, namely, Dr. Prieſtley's maſterly "Examination of Dr. Reid's Inquiry into the Human Mind, Dr. Beattie's Eſſay on Truth, and Dr. Oſwald's Appeal to Common Senſe."—I cannot help obſerving, what, by this time, almoſt every perſon knows, and every impartial judge muſt acknowledge; viz the energy and ſucceſs, with which Dr. Prieſtley has battered the free-will lanthorns (the Inquiry, the Appeal, and the Eſſay), in which the three northern lights had reſpectively ſtuck themſelves and hung themſelves out to public view. It lay, peculiarly, in Dr. Prieſtley's department, to examine the theory of thoſe new lights and colours. And he has done it to purpoſe. Though, I am apt to think, that the luminous triumvirate, like Æſop's one eyed ſtag, received the mortal ſhot from a quarter whence they leaſt expected it.

determined.

determined.—But, if I am an independent animal, I am alſo, neceſſarily, * ſelf-exiſtent: and I not only may be, but abſolutely muſt be (view what ſide of the argument we will, neceſſity ſtares us in the face!) I abſolutely muſt be a ſelf-determinant. Thus, ſelf-exiſtence and independence neceſſarily enter into the baſis of ſelf-determination, i. e. of Arminian or Methodiſtical free-will.

Let us, for a moment, imagine ourſelves to be what Mr. Weſley ſuppoſes us.

Lord of myſelf, is eſſentially connected with, accountable to none. Farewell, then, to the very poſſibility of a judgment-day. Shall an independent being, who can have no ſuperior, hold up his hand, as a felon, at the bar?—Shall a potent ſelf-exiſter deign to be puniſhed, for the evanid crimes of an hour?—Shall a ſovereign ſelf-determiner ſubmit to receive ſentence from the lips of another? Impoſſible. Paul was a knave, for aſſerting it. And Felix was a fool, for trembling at the empty ſound.

What a truly Chriſtian tenet, therefore, is that of free-will! How patly it ſquares with the Bible! And with how good a grace does orthodox Mr. John introduce his

4th Objection, that "the Scriptures cannot be of divine original," if the doctrine of neceſſity be true.

I, *è contra*, ſcruple not to declare, that no man can conſiſtently acknowledge the "divine authority of the Scriptures," without believing their contents: i. e. without being an abſolute neceſſitarian. I will even add, that all the intentional defenders of Chriſtianity in the world, who encounter Deiſm, or

* An independent creature is a contradiction in terms. To aſk, "Whether the Deity might not endue created beings with philoſophical independence?" is to aſk, whether one God might not make millions of others. I anſwer, No. And yet I do not, by ſo ſaying, "limit the Holy One of Iſrael." His power is ſtill infinite. For, as ſome have well expreſſed it, an eſſential contradiction is no object of power.

Atheiſm itſelf, on any but neceſſitarian principles; ſuch defenders ever will, and inevitably muſt, have the worſt end of the ſtaff: for the Bible will ſtand on no ground but its own; nor can the cavillings of its doctrinal gainſayers (flimſy as their cavillings are) be hewn effectually in pieces, by any weapons but thoſe which the Bible itſelf ſupplies. Among others, it ſupplies us with the invincible two-edged ſword of predeſtination and neceſſity (which two edges, by the way, terminate, ſword-like, in one common * point): a weapon, peculiarly formed and tempered to penetrate the beſt mail of our modern unbelieving Philiſtines; moſt of whom have ſenſe enough to laugh (and laugh they may in perfect ſafety) at

"The pointleſs arrow and the broken bow;"

equipped with which, Arminianiſm comes limping into the field of battle.

* People do not ſee all things at once. The riſing of truth, upon the mind, is commonly gradual; like the riſing of the ſun, on the world. Hence, ſome philoſophers, who are rooted neceſſitarians, either do not yet perceive, or forbear to acknowledge, the coïncidence of Scripture-predeſtination with phyſical and metaphyſical neceſſity.

But, all in good time. The more theſe doctrines are examined, and compared together, the more clearly and ſtrongly will they be found to ſuppoſe and ſupport each other. The Arminians are aware of this: and pelt both predeſtination and neceſſity, with equal rage, and with the ſelf-ſame cavils.

Nor without reaſon. For what is predeſtination, but neceſſitas imperata; or, the free and everlaſting determination of God, that ſuch and ſuch a train of cauſes and effects ſhould infalliby take place in time?—And what is philoſophical neceſſity, but predeſtinatio elicita; or, God's determination drawn out into act, by ſucceſſive accompliſhment, according to the plan pre-conceived in the divine mind?—Neceſſity (i. e. fate, or providence, to whoſe ceaſeleſs agency all the laws and modes and the very being of matter and ſpirit inceſſantly ſubſerve) this neceſſity is, as a valuable perſon phraſes it, "a ſtrait line," however crooked it may ſometimes appear to us; "a ſtrait line, drawn from the point of God's decree." And as predeſtination is the point itſelf, from which the ſtrait line is drawn; ſo it is alſo the point, into which the line, progreſſively, but infallibly, reverts.

The

The *caput vivum*, of a dexterous infidel, is abſolutely invulnerable by the *caput mortuum* of free-will nonſenſe, though the aſinine jaw-bone were wielded by the arm of a Samſon.

CHAP. IV.

Specimen of Scripture-Atteſtations to the Doctrine of Neceſſity.

REFERENCES have already been made, in the courſe of the preſent eſſay, to ſeveral Scripture paſſages, wherein neceſſity is invincibly and deciſively aſſerted. I will add a few others: and then leave the reader to judge, whether neceſſitarians, or chance-mongers, give moſt credit to the "divine original of the Scriptures."

I withheld thee from ſinning againſt me. Gen. xx. 6.

It was not you that ſent me hither, but God. Gen. l. 5, 7, 8.

I will harden his heart, that he ſhall not let the people go. Exod. iv. 21.

It was of the Lord, to harden their hearts, that they ſhould come againſt Iſrael to battle; that he might deſtroy them utterly. Joſh. xi. 20.

The ſtars in their courſes fought againſt Siſera. Judg. v. 20.

The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; he bringeth low, and lifteth up. 1 Sam. ii. 7.

They hearkened not to the voice of their Father; becauſe the Lord would ſlay them. 1 Sam. ii. 25.

Thus ſaith the Lord: Behold, I will raiſe up evil againſt thee, out of thy own houſe; and I will take thy wives, before thine eyes, and give them to thy neighbour, and he ſhall lie with thy wives in the ſight

of this ſun.—What was the conſequence?—So they ſpread Abſalom a tent upon the top of the houſe; and Abſalom went in unto his father's concubines, in the ſight of all Iſrael. 2 Sam. xii. 11. with 2 Sam. xvi. 22.

The Lord hath ſaid unto him [to Shimei], curſe David. 2 Sam. xvi. 10.

And he [i. e. the evil ſpirit] ſaid, I will go forth, and I will be a lying ſpirit in the mouth of all his [Ahab's] prophets. And he [God] ſaid, Thou ſhalt perſuade him, and prevail alſo: go forth, and do ſo.—Now, therefore, the Lord hath put a lying ſpirit in the mouth of all theſe, &c. 1 Kings xxii. 22, 23.

Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou reigneſt over all. 1 Chron. xxix. 12.

Then roſe up the chief of the Fathers of Judah and Benjamin, &c; whoſe ſpirit God had raiſed to go up, to build the houſe of the Lord. Ezra i. 5.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Job i. 21.

Man is born unto trouble, as the ſparks fly upward (Job v. 7.). And, I am apt to think, ſparks aſcend by neceſſity!

He diſappointeth the devices of the crafty, ſo that their hands cannot perform their enterprize. (Job v. 12.) Be men ever ſo ſhrewd, their utmoſt dexterity will not avail, unleſs the Great Superintending Creator ſtamp it with efficiency.

Behold he taketh away. Who can hinder him? Who will ſay unto him [i. e. who has a right to ſay unto God], what doſt thou? Job ix. 12.—— For he is not a man, as I am, that I ſhould anſwer him, and that we ſhould come together in judgment. Ver. 32.

Vain man would be wiſe [and the puny priſoner of a clod would be an independent, ſelf-determining freewiller!] though man be born as a wild aſs's colt. Job xi. 12. What a thunderbolt to human pride!

pride! To the το αὐλεξσιον. To αὐλοδισποτεια. To the τα εφ' ἡμιν. To αὐλοκρατορια. To *liberum arbitrium*. To *ipſeitas*. To the Arminian herb called, ſelf-heal. To independency, ſelf-authority, ſelf-determination, ſelf-ſalvation, innate ideas, and other pompous nothings, with which man's ignorance and conceit ſeek to plat a wreath for the enrichment of his brows. Vain man, born as a wild aſs's * colt! "How

* And we ſhould remain, to our dying day, nearly on a level with the animal to which we are compared, were it not for the care of thoſe about us, and did we not neceſſarily become parts of a ſociety antecedently formed to our hands. In what a ſtate would the preſent generation be, had they not dropt (if I may uſe the expreſſion) into an houſe ready built! i. e. if we had been qut off from all means of profiting by the wiſdom, the experience, the diſcoveries, the inventions, and the regulations, of thoſe who lived before us.—It is a circumſtance of unſpeakable convenience, to be the children of Time's old age.

Our mental powers, like a chicken in the ſhell, or a plant in its ſemen, are no more than virtual and dormant, until elicited by cultivation, and ripened by experience, attention, and reflection. Civil ſociety, dreſs, articulate language, with all other uſeful and ornamental poliſhings which reſult from domeſtic and political connection, are, in themſelves, things purely artificial and adventitious. If ſo, will it not follow, that (ever ſince the fall) man is, naturally, a wild animal? Some very able reaſoners have gone ſo far, as peremptorily to pronounce him ſuch. The late Dr. Young, in his "Centaur not fabulous," appears to have thought, that the greater part of the human ſpecies profit ſo little by their acceſſory opportunities of improvement, as to go off the ſtage, ſemi ſavages, at laſt; notwithſtanding the inexhauſtible and omnipotent deluge of freewill, which that ingenious writer imagined every man to bring into the world with him. Strange, that ſo immenſe a reſervoir, inherent in the ſoul, ſhould yet leave the ſoul ſo dry!

With regard to the natural wildneſs of man, ſuppoſed and aſſerted by ſome philoſophers; thus much, I think, muſt be fairly admitted; that the hypotheſis derives much ſubſidiary force, from various pertinent and well authenticated facts. For, if any credit be due to human teſtimony, there have been inſtances of expoſed infants, who were nurſed by foreſt animals; and, when grown up, went prone on all-four, with a ſwiftneſs greatly ſuperior to that of the nimbleſt running-footman: but totally unable (and no wonder) to form the leaſt articulate ſound. It is added, that, like any other wild creature, they would fly from the human ſight (i. e. from the ſight of their own ſpecies refined), with a roar of fear and hatred, into the thickeſt receſſes of the woods.

Civilization,

" How keenly," ſays a fine writer, " is this compariſon pointed!—Like the aſs's: an animal, remarkable for its ſtupidity, even to a proverb. Like the aſs's colt: which muſt be ſtill more egregiouſly ſtupid than the dam. Like the wild aſs's colt: which is not only blockiſh, but ſtubborn and intractable; neither poſſeſſes valuable qualities by nature, nor will eaſily receive them by diſcipline. The image, in the original, is yet more ſtrongly touched. The comparative particle like, is not in the Hebrew. Born a wild aſs's colt. Or, as we ſhould ſay in Engliſh, a mere wild, &c." (Hervey's Theron and Aſpaſio, Dial. 13.)

He [i. e. God] is in one mind, and who can turn him? and what his ſoul deſireth, even that he doth. He performeth the thing that is appointed for me. And many ſuch things are with him. Job xxiii. 13, 14. Query: Who is ſelf-determiner? Man or God? Surely, God. Nor is he only the ſelf-determiner, but the all-determiner likewiſe; throughout the whole univerſe both of ſpirits and of matter.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and ſeeth under the whole heaven: to make a weight for the

Civilization, though a very poor ſuccedaneum for that divine image, originally impreſſed on our immortal part, and loſt by Adam's tranſgreſſion, is, however, of very great ſecular importance. Nay, its importance is, with regard to millions of us, more than ſecular: for it is often a providential means of qualifying us to receive and underſtand that bleſſed goſpel, which, when made the vehicle of divine power to the heart, iſſues in our recovery of God's image, and in the ſalvation of the ſoul.

After all, let the inſtruments of our refinement, and of our knowledge (whether in things temporal, or in things ſacred), be who or what they may; and let us profit ever ſo deeply by our intercourſe with the living, by converſe with the recorded wiſdom of the dead, by the perceptions we receive from external objects, and by reflecting on the ideas of which thoſe perceptions are the ſource; ſtill, no advantages are any thing more to us, than divine Providence makes them to be. Let him, therefore, that glories, glory in the Lord.—For, it is God, who teacheth us more than the beaſts of the earth, and maketh us wiſer than the fowls of heaven. 1 Cor. i. 31. Job xxxv. 11.

winds;

winds; and he weigheth the waters by meaſure. He made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightening of the thunder. Job xxviii. 25, 26.

When he giveth quietneſs, who then can make trouble? and, when he hideth his face, who then can behold him? whether it be done againſt a nation, or againſt a man only. Job xxxiv. 29. Abſolute neceſſity ſtill.

By the breath of God, froſt is given; and the breadth of the waters is ſtraitened. Alſo, by watering, he wearieth the thick cloud: he ſcattereth his bright cloud. He cauſeth it to come; whether for correction, or for his land, or for mercy. Job xxxviii. 10—13. We ſee, from this, as well as from a preceding and from two or three ſubſequent quotations, that the air cannot be compreſſed into a current of wind; nor rain find its way to the earth; nor exhalations kindle into thunder and lightening; nor a river overflow its banks; nor ſuſpended vapours condenſe into ſnow or hail; nor water freeze, or, when frozen, thaw; without the expreſs appointment of God's will, and the hand of his particular providence. Second cauſes are but effects of his decree: and can operate no farther, than he, from whom they derive their whole activity, condeſcends to make uſe of them as mediums of his own agency.

The kingdom is the Lord's; and he is the governor among the nations. Pſalm xxii. 28.

O Lord, thou preſerveſt man and beaſt. Pſalm xxxvi. 6.

Except the Lord build the houſe, they labour in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. Pſalm cxxvii. 1.

Whatſoever the Lord pleaſeth, that did he; in heaven, and in earth, in the ſeas, and in all deep places. He cauſeth the vapours to aſcend from the ends of the earth: he maketh lightenings, for the rain;

rain; he bringeth the wind out of his treaſuries. Pſalm cxxxv. 6, 7.

He covereth the heaven with clouds, he prepareth rain for the earth, he maketh graſs to grow upon the mountains. He giveth to the beaſt his food; and to the young ravens, which cry. He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the fineſt wheat. He giveth ſnow, like wool; he ſcattereth the hoar froſt, like aſhes. He caſteth forth his ice, like morſels; who can ſtand before his cold? he ſendeth out his word, and melteth them; he cauſeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow. Pſalm cxlvii. 8, 9, 14—18. What ſo variable and uncertain, humanly ſpeaking, as the weather? And yet, we ſee, all its modes and changes are adjuſted and determined, from moment to moment, by divine impreſſion: i. e. by a neceſſity, reſulting from the will and providence of the ſupreme Firſt Cauſe. Fire, and hail; ſnow, and vapour; ſtormy wind, fulfilling his word! Pſalm cxlviii. 8.

Neither is material nature alone thus * "bound faſt in fate." All other things, the "human will" itſelf not excepted, are no leſs tightly bound, i. e. effectually influenced and determined. For,

The preparations of the heart, in man; and the anſwer of the tongue; are from the Lord. Prov. xvi. 1. That is, men can neither think, nor ſpeak; they can neither reſolve, nor act, independently of providence.

The Lord hath made all things, for himſelf; for the manifeſtation of his own glory, and for the accompliſhment of his own deſigns: even the wicked, for the day of evil. Prov. xvi. 4. If ſo, he has endued none of his creatures with a ſelf-determining power, which might iſſue in counteracting and defeating the purpoſes of his infinite wiſdom.

* See Pope's Univerſal Prayer.

A man's

A man's heart deviſeth his way: but the Lord directeth his ſteps. Prov. xvi. 9. Yea, there are many deviſes in a man's heart: nevertheleſs, the counſel of the Lord, that ſhall ſtand. Prov. xix. 21.

The lot is caſt into the lap: but the whole diſpoſing thereof is of the Lord. Prov. xvi. 33.

Even the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: and he turneth it, whitherſoever he will. Prov. xxi. 1. Odd ſort of ſelf-determination, this!

Enemies and evil-minded men, are under the abſolute controul of God; nor can their enmity, or their wickedneſs, do a jot more hurt, than he gives leave. O Aſſyrian, the rod of my anger. Iſai. x. 5. Thou art my battle-axe and weapons of war: for with thee will I break in pieces the nations, and with thee will I deſtroy kingdoms. Jer. li. 20. Very extraordinary declarations theſe, if men are ſelf-determining agents! a ſelf-determining rod, for inſtance: a ſelf-determining battle-axe; a ſelf-determining hammer! Arminianiſm does that, which God, by the prophet, ſatirizes in the following lively terms: Shall the axe boaſt itſelf againſt him that heweth therewith? or ſhall a ſaw magnify itſelf againſt him that ſhaketh it? As if the rod ſhould ſhake itſelf againſt them that lifted it up! or, as if a ſtaff ſhould lift up itſelf as though it were no wood! Iſai. x. 15.—What! is that noble freewiller, man, comparable to an axe, to a ſaw, to a rod, and to a ſtick; not one of which can operate, or ſo much as move, but in proportion as it is acted upon? This is worſe than being likened to Mr. Weſley's clock-work! But who can help it?

The prophet goes on, elſewhere. The Lord of hoſts hath ſworn [i. e. hath ſolemnly and immutably decreed], ſaying, Surely, as I have thought, ſo ſhall it come to paſs: and as I have purpoſed, ſo ſhall it ſtand. This is the purpoſe, which is purpoſed upon the whole earth; and this is the hand

that

that is ſtretched out upon all nations. For the Lord of hoſts hath purpoſed, and who ſhall diſannul it? And his hand is ſtretched out, and who ſhall turn it back? Iſai. xv. 24, 26, 27. Grand and concluſive queſtions! Queſtions, however, which lordly Arminianiſm can ſolve in a moment. Who ſhall diſannul God's purpoſe? Why, human freewill to be ſure. Who ſhall turn back God's hand? Human ſelf-determination can do it, with as much eaſe as our breath can repel the down of a feather!

I form the light, and create darkneſs: I make peace, and create evil. I the Lord do all theſe things. Iſai. xlv. 7.

Who is he that ſaith, and it cometh to paſs; when the Lord commandeth it not? Lam. iii. 37. The higheſt angel cannot.

Wiſdom and might are God's. He changeth the times and the ſeaſons. He removeth kings, and ſetteth up kings. He giveth wiſdom to the wiſe, and knowledge to them that know underſtanding. Dan. ii. 20, 21.

Locuſts, and other ravaging inſects, cannot afflict a land, without a commiſſion under the great ſeal of Providence. The locuſt, the canker-worm, the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm; my great army, which I ſent among you. Joel ii. 25.

Shall there be evil in a city [viz. any calamitous accident, as it is commonly called], and the Lord hath not done it? Amos iii. 6.—Impoſſible.

I cauſed it to rain upon one city, and cauſed it not to rain upon another city.—I have ſmitten you with blaſting, and mildew.—I have ſent among you the peſtilence.—Your young men have I ſlain with the ſword. Amos iv. 7—10.

They [Paul and Timothy] were forbidden of the Holy Ghoſt to preach the word in Aſia.——They eſſayed to go into Bithynia: but the ſpirit ſuffered them not. Acts xvi. 6, 7. Had ſelf-determination any thing to do here?

A certain

A certain woman, named Lydia, heard us: whoſe heart the Lord opened, ſo that ſhe attended to the things that were ſpoken by Paul. Ibid. v. 14.

As many, as were ordained unto eternal life, believed. Acts xiii. 48.

I am carnal, ſold under ſin. For that which I do, ου γινωσκω, I am far from approving: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I.—— To will is preſent with me: but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.——When I would do good, evil is preſent with me. I delight in the law of God, after the inner man: but I ſee another law in my members, warring againſt the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of ſin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! Who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. So then, with the mind, I myſelf ſerve the law of God: but, with my fleſh, the law of ſin. Rom. vii. 14—25. According to the account which St. Paul here gives of himſelf, he no more dreamed of his being a ſelf-determiner, than of his having attained to ſinleſs perfection. No wonder that ſome flaming Arminians have a peculiar ſpite againſt this apoſtle!

In whom [i. e. in Chriſt] we alſo have obtained an inheritance: being predeſtinated, according to the purpoſe of him who worketh all things according to the counſel of his own will, Eph. i. 11.

Speaking of affliction and perſecution, the apoſtle comforted himſelf and his fellow-ſufferers, by reſolving all into neceſſity: that no man ſhould be moved by theſe afflictions; for ye yourſelves know, that we are appointed thereto. 1 Theſſ. iii. 3.

What idea St. James entertained, concerning free-will and ſelf-determination, fully appears from the following admonition: Ye know not [much leſs, can ye be the diſpoſers of] what ſhall be on the morrow.

morrow. For what is your life? it is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vaniſheth away. Ye ought to ſay, if the Lord will, we ſhall live, and do this, or that. James iv. 14, 15.—— Why did St. James reaſon in this manner? Becauſe he was endued with grace and ſenſe to be a neceſſitarian.

So was St. Peter. Hence he tells the regenerated elect, to whom he wrote, Ye alſo, as lively ſtones, are built up, a ſpiritual houſe. 1 Pet. ii. 5. This is giving free-will a ſtab under the fifth rib. For, can ſtones hew themſelves, and build themſelves into a regular houſe? no more, in this apoſtle's judgment, can men form themſelves into temples of the Holy Ghoſt. It is the effect of neceſſitating grace.

The prophecy came not, in old time, by the will of man: but holy men of God ſpake as they were moved by the Holy Ghoſt. 2 Pet. i. 21.—Neceſſity again.

There ſhall come, in the laſt days, ſcoffers, walking after their own luſts. 2 Pet. iii 3.—But the apoſtle could not have been ſure of this, without taking neceſſity into the account: or, as himſelf expreſſes it, unleſs they who ſtumble at the word, were appointed to diſobedience. 1 Pet. ii. 8.

There are certain men crept in unawares, who were before, of old, ordained to this condemnation. Jude 4. If ſo, were not the ſin and condemnation of thoſe men neceſſary and inevitable?

CHAP. V.

Proofs that Chriſt Himſelf was an abſolute Neceſſitarian.

LEST any, who may not, hitherto, have conſidered the ſubject, with the ſame attention that I have done, ſhould be ſtartled at the title of this

this chapter; I ſhall adduce the larger evidence, in order to make good what the title imports. The reader will not, however, expect a ſynopſis of the whole evidence, by which this great truth is authenticated: for, were I to attempt that, I muſt tranſcribe well-nigh all the 89 chapters of the four evangeliſts.

It ſhould ſeem that our bleſſed Lord began his public miniſtrations with his ſermon on the Mount; recorded Matt. v. vi. and vii. In that diſcourſe, are the following paſſages.

One jot, or one tittle, ſhall in no wiſe paſs from the law, until all be fulfilled.

Thou canſt not make one hair white or black.

Your Father, who is in heaven, maketh his ſun to riſe on the evil and the good, and ſendeth rain on the juſt and on the unjuſt. Surely, man can neither promote, nor hinder, the riſing of the ſun and the falling of the rain!

Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.—How can a free-willer ſay the Lord's Prayer?

Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his ſtature? The word ἡλικια ſignifies both ſtature, and age. As we have no ſingle term, in Engliſh, which compriſes both thoſe ideas together; the paſſage ſhould be rendered periphraſtically: which of you, by being anxious, can either make addition to his ſtature, or prolong the duration of his life?

Be not tormentingly diſtreſſed, concerning futurity: for futurity ſhall take care of its own things. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof: i. e. commit yourſelves, in a believing and placid uſe of reaſonable means, to the will and providence of him, who has already lain out the whole plan of events in his own immutable purpoſe. The appointed meaſure of ſuppoſed evil is infallibly connected with its

day, which no corrodings of imaginary anticipation can either ſtave off, or diminiſh.

"Reaſonable means! are not all means, hereby, ſhut out of the caſe?" No. Not in any reſpect whatever. For we know not what means God will bleſs, until we have tried as many as we can. But, when all tried, the reſult ſtill reſts with him.

I ſhall only quote one other paſſage, from the ſermon on the Mount.—The rain [of affliction] deſcended, and the floods [of temptation] came, and the winds [of perſecution] blew, and beat upon that houſe [the houſe of an elect, redeemed, converted ſoul]: but it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. That is, in plain Engliſh, it could not fall. It ſtood, neceſſarily: or, as the ſenſe is yet more forcibly expreſſed in St. Luke, when the flood aroſe, the ſtream beat vehemently upon that houſe, and could not ſhake it. Luke vi. 48.

In other parts of the goſpels, we find Chriſt reaſoning and acting on the higheſt principles of neceſſity.

I will; be thou clean: ſaid he, to the poor leper. What was the conſequence? And immediately his leproſy was cleanſed. Matt. viii. 3. The effect neceſſarily followed. The leper could not but be healed.

And, indeed, what were all the miracles wrought by Jeſus, but effects of his irreſiſtible and neceſſitating power? Let the Chriſtian reader examine and weigh each of thoſe miracles, with this remark in his eye; and he will ſoon become a convert to the doctrine of neceſſity. Was it poſſible for thoſe miracles not to have taken effect? i. e. was it poſſible for Chriſt's miracles not to have been miracles? Was it chance, which armed his word with ability to heal and to deſtroy? If ſo, farewell to all Chriſtianity at once. I can perceive no ſhadow of medium between neceſſity and rank infidelity.

Neither

Neither can I make any thing of the prophecies of Chriſt, unleſs thoſe prophecies be conſidered as infallible: i. e. as inferring a certain, or neceſſary, accompliſhment, in every part. For, if a ſingle predicted circumſtance can poſſibly happen, otherwiſe than it is foretold; the entire argument, for the truth of divine revelation, drawn from the topic of prophecy, moulders into duſt.

Nor is the Arminian ſelf-determining hypotheſis more compatible with (what is the eſſential baſis of prophecy) the fore-knowledge of God. If, for example, it ſo lay at the free-will of Chriſt's betrayer and murderers, that they might, or might not, have betrayed and crucified him; and if it ſo lay at the free-will of the Romans, as that they might, or might not, have deſtroyed Jeruſalem; it will follow, that thoſe events were philoſophically contingent: i. e. there was no certainty of their taking place, till after they actually had taken place. The ſelf-determining will of Judas might poſſibly have determined itſelf another way. So might the ſelf-determining will of every perſon concerned in the crucifixion of Chriſt. And ſo might the ſelf-determining wills of thoſe Romans, who beſieged and razed Jeruſalem. Conſequently (on that principle,) divine fore-knowledge could not, with certainty, know any thing of the matter. For that which is not certainly future, is not certainly fore-knowable. It may be emptily conſidered, as poſſible: or (at the very utmoſt) be uncertainly gueſſed at, as not improbable. But knowledge muſt be left out of the queſtion: for knowledge will ſtand on none but * certain

* There are four links, which all the art of man can never ſeparate; and which proceed in the following order: Decree—Fore-knowledge—Prophecy—Neceſſity. Let us take a ſhort Scripture view of thoſe ſacred links, and of their connection with each other.

I am God, and there is none elſe; I am God, and there is none like me: declaring the end, from the beginning; and, from antient times, the things that are not yet done: ſaying, my counſel ſhall ſtand, and

certain ground. God does not fore-know, but after-know (i. e. he is never ſure of a thing's coming to paſs,

I will do all my pleaſure.——Yea, I have ſpoken: I will alſo bring it to paſs. I have purpoſed: I will alſo do it. Iſaiah xlvi. 9, 10, 11. I admit, that this ſublime paſſage had immediate reference to the certainty of Babylon's capture by Cyrus. But not to that only. "The things which are not yet done," as well as that in particular, are all known to Jehovah; and many of them explicitly predicted likewiſe. And on what is God's abſolute and all-compriſing knowledge grounded? On the "counſel," or decree; and on the "pleaſure," or ſovereign and almighty determination; of his will.—By the ſame rule, that God had predeſtinated, and did foreknow, the exploits of Cyrus; he muſt have predeſtinated, and foreknown, the exploits of every other man. Since, if any one being, or any one fact, incident, or circumſtance, be unknown to God; every being, fact, incident, and circumſtance, may be equally unknown by him. But, putting matters upon the beſt footing on which Arminianiſm can put them; the divine knowledge can neither be eternal, nor infinite, nor infallible, if aught is exempted from it, or if aught can happen otherwiſe than as it is foreknown.

How great a ſtreſs God lays, on this his attribute of complete and unmiſtaking preſcience; and how he claims the honour of it, as one of thoſe eſſential and incommunicable perfections, by which he ſtands diſtinguiſhed from falſe gods; may be ſeen, among other places, in Iſaiah xli. 21, 22, 23. and xlii. 8, 9. and xliii. 9, 12. and xlv. 21.—Well, therefore, might St. James declare, in the ſynod of apoſtles and elders held at Jeruſalem, known unto God are all his works, ἀπ' αἰῶνος, from eternity. Acts xv. 18.

The late excellent Mr. William Cooper, of Bolton, in New England, (I ſay, the late; becauſe I ſuppoſe that good man to be, ere this time, gathered into the aſſembly of ſaints made perfect) obſerves, in the ſecond of his Four Diſcourſes on Predeſtination unto Life, that it was the Scripture doctrine of God's omniſcience, which proſelyted our famous Dr. South to Calviniſm. "I have it," ſays Mr. Cooper, "from very good authority" [appealing in the margin, to Dr. Calamy's Continuation, vol. i. p. 146.], "that, ſome time after the Reſtoration, Dr. South being in company, at Oxford, with ſeveral perſons of note, and among the reſt with Mr. Thomas Gilbert, who was afterwards one of the ejected miniſters; they fell into a converſation, about the Arminian points.——On Mr. Gilbert's aſſerting, that the predeſtination of the Calviniſts did neceſſarily follow upon the preſcience of the Arminians; the doctor preſently engaged, that, if he [Gilbert] could make that out, he [i. e. Dr. South] would never be an Arminian, ſo long as he lived. Mr. Gilbert immediately undertook it: and made good his aſſertion, to the ſatisfaction of thoſe preſent. And the doctor himſelf was ſo convinced, as to continue, to the laſt, a very zealous aſſerter of the reformed

paſs, until it does or has come to paſs), if it be in the power of his creatures to determine themſelves to a contrary point of the compaſs.

" Oh, but God fore-knows to what particular point of the compaſs they certainly will determine themſelves." Pray, leave out the word, certainly; and likewiſe the word, will: for they ſtab poor ſelf-determination to the heart. If you retain theſe words and their ideas, you give up the very eſſence of your cauſe. For, what certainly will be, is no longer uncertain. And what is not uncertain is neceſſary, or will ſurely come to paſs, and cannot but do ſo: elſe, the certainty evaporates into nothing.

When Chriſt ſent his diſciples for an aſs's colt, which, he foreknew and foretold, they would find exactly at ſuch a place; he added, that the owner of the animal, on their ſaying, the Lord wants it, would immediately permit them to lead it away. They went to the village, and made up to the very ſpot; where every thing fell out preciſely, as their heavenly Maſter had predicted. Let me aſk: Was the man's conſent to part with his colt neceſſary; or was it uncertain? All circumſtances conſidered, had he power to refuſe, and might he actually have refuſed to let go his property? If (which was certainly the caſe) he could not poſſibly withhold his aſſent, Chriſt's fore-knowledge was real; and the man himſelf, what the ingenious Mr. Weſley would term, " a fine piece of clock-work;" but what I ſhould term, a neceſſary free-agent. If, on the other hand, he might have denied complying with the diſciples' requeſt, and could have diſmiſſed them without ſucceſs; it will neceſſarily follow, that our Lord ſhot his arrow at a venture, ſent his meſſengers on a blind errand, and that his own fore-knowledge was not fore-knowledge, but random conjecture and ſur-

reformed [i. e. of the Calviniſtic] doctrine, againſt its various oppoſers."

miſe. "Oh, but our Lord foreknew that the man certainly would do as requeſted." Then the man could not help doing it His volition was inevitable. It could not have been infallibly known, that he certainly would comply; if that compliance was antecedently uncertain, and if it could ſo have happened that he might not have complied.

Thus does Scripture-prophecy (not one only, but every individual prophecy in God's book) demonſtrate, 1. The abſolute fore-knowledge of the three divine perſons: and, 2. The unalterable neceſſity, or indefeatable futurition, of things foreknown.

Either God is ignorant of future events, and his underſtanding, like that of men, receives gradual improvement from time and experience and obſervation (a ſuppoſition blacker, if poſſible, than atheiſm itſelf!) or, the whole train of incidents, even to the riſe and fall of a mote in the air, ever was, now is, ever will be, and ever muſt be, exactly that, and no other, which he * certainly knew it would be. Foreknowledge,

* Properly ſpeaking, it cannot be affirmed of God, that he either did know, or that he will know; but, ſimply, that he knows. For, in Deum non cadunt prius & poſterius: there is no paſt, nor future, to him. All is preſent, and unſucceſſive. The diſtribution of things, into thoſe that have been, thoſe that are, and thoſe that ſhall be; is, indeed, ſuited to the flux condition, and to the limited faculties, of beings like ourſelves, whoſe eſtimates of duration are taken from the periodical journies of an opaque grain, round a lucid ſpeck termed the ſun: but can have no place in him, of whom it is declared, that a thouſand years are, with the Lord, as one day; and one day, as a thouſand years. And even this declaration, magnificent as it is, falls infinitely ſhort of the mark.

When, therefore, I ſpeak of foreknowledge, as an attribute eſſential to Deity; I ſpeak, as St. Paul ſays, after the manner of men. The ſimple term, knowledge, would be more intrinſically proper; but then it would not ſo readily aid the conceptions of ordinary perſons. Though, for my own part, I would, always, rather call the divine knowledge, omniſcience, than give it any other name.

Let me juſt hint, that, if all things, without exception, and without ſucceſſion, are eternally preſent, as an indiviſible point, to the uncreated view; neceſſity comes in, with a full tide. For that, which

knowledge, undarkened by the leaſt ſhadow of ignorance, and ſuperior to all poſſibility of miſtake, is a link, which draws invincible neceſſity after it, whether the Scripture doctrine of predeſtination be taken into the account or no.

Take a few more evidences of our Lord's neceſſitarianiſm.

When they deliver you up [to be tried as religious criminals at the Jewiſh and Heathen tribunals], take no thought how or what you ſhall ſpeak. For it ſhall be given you, in that ſame hour, what you ſhall ſpeak. For it is not ye that ſpeak, but the ſpirit of your Father, who ſpeaketh in you. Matt. x. 19, 20.

Are not two ſparrows ſold for a farthing? and one of them ſhall not fall on the ground, without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Matt. x. 29, 30.

O Father, thou haſt hid theſe things from the wiſe and prudent, and haſt revealed them unto babes. Matt. xi. 25.

It is given unto you, to know the myſteries of the kingdom of heaven; but to them it is not given. Matt. xiii. 11.

Without a parable ſpake he not unto them: that it might be fulfilled, which was ſpoken by the prophet. Matt. xiii. 34, 35.

which is always a philoſophical now, can be no other, nor otherwiſe, than it is.—Not to add: that the Deity, whoſe view of all things is thus unchangeably fixed, and perpetual, and intranſitory; muſt have within himſelf a conſtant and irremediable ſource of ſtanding uneaſineſs, if any thing can happen in contrariety to his will, and ſo as to croſs or defeat the wiſdom and goodneſs of his deſigns. He muſt certainly intereſt himſelf, and very deeply too, in the accompliſhment of a will which is all-holy, and all-right, and all-wiſe. Conſequently, could ſuch a will (and his will is preciſely ſuch) be fruſtrated, though but in one ſingle inſtance; that fruſtration would neceſſarily be a calamity on God himſelf, and inflict eſſential and never-ending pain on the divine mind. Another (I think, irrefragable) proof, that nothing is left to contingency.

Fleſh and blood have not revealed unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven. Matt. xvi. 17.

Upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell ſhall not prevail againſt it. Ver. 18.

The Son of man muſt go to Jeruſalem, and ſuffer many things, and be killed, and riſe again the third day. Ver. 21.

It muſt needs be [Ανάγκη ἐστι, there is a neceſſity] that offences come. Matt. xviii. 7.—Or, as St. Luke has it, it is impoſſible [ανένδεκτον, it is not expectable] but that offences will come: Luke xvii. 1. Our Lord not only aſſerted the thing, which we mean by neceſſity; but even made uſe of the word itſelf. And ſo we find him doing, in three or four other parts of the goſpels. Nor is the ſenſe, in which he uſed the term, left ambiguous; as appears from comparing the two above paſſages together. Neceſſity is that, by which, things cannot, without the utmoſt folly and abſurdity, be expected to come to paſs any otherwiſe than juſt as they do. But Arminianiſm pays very ſlender regard to Chriſt's authority.

Go thou to the ſea, and caſt an hook, and take the fiſh that firſt cometh up: and when thou haſt opened his mouth, thou ſhalt find a piece of money. Matt. xvii. 27.

All men cannot receive this ſaying, ſave they to whom it is given. He that can receive it, let him receive it. Matt. xix. 11, 12.

To ſit on my right-hand and on my left, is not mine to give, except unto them for whom it is prepared of my Father. Matt. xx. 23.

Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward, forever. And, preſently, the fig-tree withered away. Matt. xxi. 19.

Whoſoever ſhall fall on this ſtone, ſhall be broken: but on whomſoever it ſhall fall, it will grind him to powder. Matt. xxi. 44.

Many

Many are called, but few are choſen. Matt. xxii. 14.

Fill you up the meaſure of your fathers. How * can you eſcape the damnation of hell? Matt. xxiii. 32, 33.

I ſend unto you prophets, and wiſe men, and ſcribes: and ſome of them ye ſhall kill and crucify, and ſome of them ſhall ye ſcourge in your ſynagogues; and perſecute them from city to city; that upon you may come all the righteous bloodſhed upon the earth. Matt. xxiii. 34, 35.—— Say not, "Where is the juſtice of this?" Juſtice belongs to another argument. We are not now treating of juſtice, but of neceſſity. Keep to the point.

Two men ſhall be in the field: one ſhall be taken, and the other left. Two women ſhall be grinding at the mill: one ſhall be taken, and the other left. Matt. xxiv. 40, 41.

* Monſieur Le Clerc (who would have thought it?) has a paſſage, ſo full to the ſenſe of this obſervable text, that one would almoſt imagine he deſigned it for the very purpoſe. "Poſito, hominem peccato deditum eſſe; nec per totam vitam id habere, quod neceſſariò poſtulatur ad habitum peccati exuendum; inde colligimus, neceſſitate conſequentiæ, hominem in peccato manſurum, nec ullâ ratione vitaturum pœnas peccatori debitas impœnitenti." Ontolog. cap. 13.

I really wonder, at the above writer's expreſſing himſelf thus. But I do not wonder, to hear the excellent Luther remark as follows. "Nonne clarè ſequitur, dum Deus opere ſuo in nobis non adeſt, omnia eſſe mala quæ facimus, et nos neceſſariò operari quæ nihil ad ſalutem valent? Si enim non nos, ſed ſolus Deus operatur ſalutem in nobis; nihil, ante opus ejus, operamur ſalutare, velimus nolimus." (De Servo Arbitr. Sect. 43.) i. e. It is clearly evident, that, until God is preſent in us by his own gracious influence, whatever we do is evil: and we neceſſarily do thoſe things only, which have no tendency to ſalvation. For if it is God alone who worketh ſalvation in us, and not we in ourſelves; we can do nothing ſalutary, will we or nill we, until he himſelf actually doth ſo work in us. Well ſaid, honeſt Martin. To God's bleſſing upon the bold and faithful aſſertion of ſuch noble truths as this, we owe our reformation from Popery. And nothing will finally preſerve us from being carried captive into the Popiſh Egypt again, but the revival and prevalency of the ſame noble truths which at firſt led us forth from that houſe of bondage.

This

This night, before the cock crow, thou ſhalt deny me thrice. Matt. xxvi. 34. Might Peter not have denied him? and might Chriſt have proved miſtaken?

If it be poſſible, let this cup paſs from me. Matt. xxvi. 39.—But it was not poſſible.

Thinkeſt thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, &c. but how then ſhall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it muſt be? Ver. 53, 54.

All this was done, that the Scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled. Ver. 56.

And they crucified him, and parted his garments, caſting lots; that it might be fulfilled which was ſpoken, &c. Matt. xxvii. 35. Nothing but mere neceſſity, from beginning to end!

My appeals to the other three evangeliſts ſhall be extremely conciſe.

He goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would, and they * came unto him. Mark iii. 13.

* It is preciſely the ſame, in the ſpiritual converſion of the ſoul to God. None can come, until effectually called: and they, who are called effectually, cannot but come. For, as the profound and judicious Mr. Charnock unanſwerably argues, "If there be a counſel [i. e. a diſplay of godlike wiſdom and deſign] in framing the loweſt creature, and in the minuteſt paſſages of providence; there muſt needs be an higher wiſdom in the government of creatures to a ſupernatural end, and in framing the ſoul to be a monument of his glory." Charnock on the Attributes. p. 373.—I have met with many treatiſes on the divine perfections; but with none, which any way equals that of Mr. Charnock. Perſpicuity, and depth; metaphyſical ſublimity, and evangelical ſimplicity; immenſe learning, and plain, but irrefragable, reaſoning; conſpire to render that performance one of the moſt ineſtimable productions, that ever did honour to the ſanctified judgement and genius of an human being. If I thought myſelf at all adequate to the taſk, I would endeavour to circulate the outlines of ſo rich a treaſure into more hands, by reducing the ſubſtance of it within the compaſs of an octavo volume. Was ſuch a deſign properly executed, a more important ſervice could hardly be rendered to the cauſe of religion, virtue, and knowledge. Many people are frightened at a folio of more than 800 pages, who might have both leiſure and inclination to avail themſelves of a well-digeſted compendium.

If

If any man have ears to hear, let him hear. Mark vii. 16.

With men, it is impoſſible: but not with God. Ib. x. 27.

Except the Lord had ſhortened thoſe days, no fleſh ſhould be ſaved. But, for the elects' ſake, whom he hath choſen, he hath ſhortened the days. ——Falſe prophets ſhould ſeduce, if it were poſſible, even the elect. Mark xiii. 20, 22.

One of you, that eateth with me, ſhall betray me. Ib. xiv. 18.

All ye ſhall be offended, becauſe of me this night. Ver. 27.

The hour is come: the Son of man is betrayed, &c. Ver. 41.

But the Scriptures muſt be fulfilled. Ver. 49.

Many widows were in Iſrael, but to none of them was Elias ſent, ſave unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, to a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Iſrael, in the time of Eliſeus the prophet: but none of them was cleanſed, ſave Naaman the the Syrian. Luke iv. 26, 27.

I muſt preach the kingdom of God to other cities alſo: for therefore am I ſent. Ver. 43.

Not one of them [i. e. not a ſingle * ſparrow] is forgotten before God. Ib. xii. 6.

All things that are written by the prophets, concerning the Son of man, ſhall be accompliſhed. For he ſhall be delivered to the Gentiles, and ſhall be mocked, &c. Luke xviii. 31.

There ſhall not an hair of your head periſh. Ib. xxi. 18.—i. e. before the appointed time.

Truly, the Son of man goeth [to crucifixion and death] as it was determined: but woe unto that man, by whom he is betrayed. Ib. xxii. 22.—

* "Oh blindneſs to the future, wiſely giv'n,
"That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n!
"Who ſees, with equal eye, as God of all,
"An hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall." Pope.

What

What a different view did Chriſt entertain of predeſtination and neceſſity, from that which the Arminians profeſs to have! The Son of God connects two ideas, which thoſe gentlemen are for ſetting at an infinite diſtance: namely, the determining decree of his Father, by which moral evil is effectually permitted; and the penal woe, juſtly due to the perſons, who, in conſequence of that effectual permiſſion, are, neceſſarily, evil agents. I ſhall juſt touch again upon this particular, when we come to John xix. 11.

This, that is written, muſt yet be accompliſhed in me, and he was reckoned among the tranſgreſſors: for the things concerning me have an end [i. e. they ſhall every one come to paſs]. Luke xxii. 37.

This is your hour, and the power of darkneſs. Ver. 53.

Ought not Chriſt to have ſuffered theſe things? Ib. xxiv. 26.—i. e. Was there not a neceſſity for thoſe very ſufferings, and were they not inevitable? Certainty itſelf is not more certain. The entire chain of his humiliation proceeded juſt as it ſhould, without one circumſtance deficient, or one redundant. It all fell out, preciſely, as it ought: and ought to have fallen out, preciſely, as it did. Why? Becauſe God had decreed it, and becauſe man's ſalvation (which was no leſs decreed) required it. It was predeſtinated, that Chriſt ſhould be delivered up to death, even to the death of the croſs, and there make his ſoul an offering for ſin. But he could not have been betrayed, without a betrayer: nor crucified, without crucifiers. The means, therefore, no leſs than the end, were neceſſarily included (as they always are) within the circle of divine pre-appointment.

But I go on.

That, which is born of the fleſh, is fleſh: and that, which is born of the ſpirit, is ſpirit. John iii. 6.—What is this but ſaying? Man, in his natural ſtate,

is

is neceſſarily corrupt: man, in a regenerate ſtate, is neceſſarily biaſſed to God.

If thou kneweſt the gift of God, and who it is that ſaith to thee, give me to drink; thou wouldſt have aſked of him. Ib. iv. 11.—But ſhe did not know him, and therefore could not ſo pray to him. Our Lord, however, knew her to be one of his elect, and that the time of her converſion was very near. And, that ſhe might be converted preciſely at the very time appointed, he muſt needs go through the territory of Samaria. John iv. 4.

The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead [elect ſouls, but hitherto unregenerated, and of courſe dead to God] ſhall hear the [converting] voice of the Son of God; and, hearing, they ſhall live. Ib. v. 25.—All true converſion is wrought by invincible power. The dead neceſſarily continue ſo, until they are neceſſarily raiſed to life. A dead ſoul, no more than a dead body, can neither quicken itſelf, nor hinder God from doing it. Whoever goes to Chriſt and heaven, goes thither by gracious neceſſity: a neceſſity ſo powerful, that it even makes him willing to go.

All that the Father giveth me, ſhall come to me. Chap. vi. 37.—They come neceſſarily: i. e. they cannot but believe with the faith which is of the operation of God.

This is the Father's will, who ſent me, that, of all which he hath given me, I ſhould loſe nothing; but ſhould raiſe it up again at the laſt day. Ver. 39.—God's will is neceſſity itſelf.

No man can come to me, except the Father, who hath ſent me, draw him.——It is written in the prophets, and they [i. e. my people] ſhall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard and hath learned [i. e. who has been drawn] of the Father cometh unto me, John vi. 44, 45.—Neceſſity, on both ſides! until drawn, none can come: and, when drawn, none can ſtay away.

Therefore

Therefore ſaid I unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it be given to him of my Father. Ver. 65.

They ſought to take him; but no man laid hands on him, becauſe his hour was not yet come. Chap. vii. 30.—Until then, their hands were tied and bound with the inviſible, but adamantine, chain of neceſſity. And yet, I ſuppoſe, becauſe they did not ſee nor feel the chain, they looked upon themſelves as ſelf-determining free-agents!

Whoſoever committeth ſin, is the ſervant [δουλος, the ſlave] of ſin. Chap. viii. 34.—But according to the Arminian view of things, it is ſuch a ſlavery as was never heard of before: the ſlave is at perfect liberty all the while! I cannot believe this. On the contrary, I believe what follows:

If the Son ſhall make you free, ye ſhall be free indeed. Ver. 36.—Obſerve, until Chriſt make us free from the guilt and dominion of ſin, we are, neceſſarily, in thraldom to both. If he deliver us, we are, neceſſarily, emancipated from each.

Why do ye not underſtand my ſpeech? even becauſe ye cannot hear my word. John viii. 43.—— A plain, pertinent, deciſive reaſon.

He that is of God, heareth God's words: ye therefore hear them not, becauſe ye are not of God. Ver. 47.—Either not choſen; or, at leaſt, not yet drawn and taught; of him.

I muſt work the works of him that ſent me, while it is day. Chap. ix. 4. Chriſt was under a neceſſity of doing ſo. He could not do any other.

Jeſus ſaid, for judgment I am come into this world: that they, who ſee not, might ſee; and that they, who ſee, may be made blind. Ver. 39.—Can any thing be more ſtrongly expreſſed than this?

A ſtranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of ſtrangers. Chap. x. 5.—i. e. The converted elect diſapprove of falſe

falſe teachers, as neceſſarily as ſheep run away from a ſtrange man they are afraid of.

Other ſheep I have, which are not of this fold: them alſo I muſt bring, and they ſhall hear my voice. Ver. 16.—I muſt: and they ſhall. What is this but double neceſſity?

Ye believe not, becauſe ye are not of my ſheep, as I ſaid unto you. Ver. 26.—Conſequently, faith hangs, not upon man's ſelf-determination, but on God's own ſelf-determined election.

I give unto my ſheep eternal life, and they ſhall never periſh. John x. 28.—i. e. Their ſalvation is neceſſary, and cannot be hindered.

Lazarus, come forth! Chap. xi. 43.—Was it in Lazarus's power, not to awake and riſe up?

Though he had done ſo many miracles before them, yet they believed not on him; that the ſaying of Eſaias the prophet might be fulfilled, which he ſpake: Lord, who hath believed our report? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? Therefore they could not believe, becauſe Eſaias ſaid again, he hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their heart; that they ſhould not ſee with their eyes, nor underſtand with their heart, and be converted, and I ſhould heal them. Chap. xi. 37—40. If an Arminian can extract free-will and ſelf-determination from theſe flowers, he poſſeſſes a very different alembic, from any which I am maſter of.

One of you ſhall betray me:—he it is, to whom I ſhall give a ſop when I have dipped it. And, when he had dipped the ſop, he gave it to Judas Iſcariot, the ſon of Simon. And, after the ſop, Satan entered into him. Then ſaid Jeſus unto him, That thou doſt, do quickly. Chap. xiii. 21, 26, 27.—Awful proceſs!

I will pray the Father, and he ſhall give you another comforter,—whom the world cannot receive, becauſe it ſeeth him not, neither knoweth him. John xiv. 16, 17.

Becauſe

Becauſe I live, ye ſhall live alſo. Ver. 19.—Chriſt lives and reigns in glory, neceſſarily: and ſo muſt his people.

Ye have not choſen me, but I have choſen you, and ordained you; that ye ſhould go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit ſhould remain. Chap. xv. 16.

They have both ſeen and hated both me and my Father: but this cometh to paſs, that the word might be fulfilled which is written in their law; they hated me without a cauſe. Ver. 24, 25.

Father, the hour is come. Chap. xvii. 1.—The predeſtined ſeaſon of my crucifixion and death.

None of them [none of my apoſtles] is loſt, but the Son of Perdition, that the Scripture might be fulfilled. Ver. 12.

The cup which my Father hath given me, ſhall I not drink it? Chap. xviii. 11.—A cup, all whoſe ingredients were mixed in the Father's decree, and adminiſtered by Providence, though wicked men were the inſtruments of accompliſhing God's counſel. *Qui vult finem, vult etiam media ad finem.*

Pilate ſaid unto them, Take ye him, and judge him according to your law. The Jews therefore ſaid unto him, It is not lawful for us to put any man to death. That the ſaying of Jeſus might be fulfilled, which he ſpake, ſignifying, by what death he ſhould die. John xviii. 31, 32.—God had decreed, and Chriſt himſelf had foretold, that he ſhould die by crucifixion. But had the Jews accepted of Pilate's overture, Chriſt could not have been crucified, for that was no Jewiſh puniſhment: he muſt have been ſtoned. To fulfil both decree and prophecy, they were divinely over-ruled, to let the Romans be his executioners: in conſequence of which, he was affixed to the croſs.——Neceſſitation throughout!

Pontius Pilate was a free-will man. He did not believe neceſſity. He was a ſturdy (not ſelf-determiner,

miner, for no man can be really and truly that; but a) ſelf-determinationiſt: i. e. he thought himſelf a ſelf-determining agent. Hence his ſpeech to Chriſt: Speakeſt thou not unto me? Knoweſt thou not, that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to releaſe thee? To which the Lamb of God replied, Thou couldſt have no power at all againſt me, except it were given thee from above: therefore, he, that delivered me unto thee, hath the greater ſin. John xix. 10.—Here, I preſume, Mr. Weſley will ſtep in with his favourite univerſal demonſtration, "Not ſo."—"If the power both of the betrayer and of the crucifier was given them, and from above too, i. e. from God himſelf; Judas and Pilate could have no ſin at all in acting as they did, ſo far from having the greater ſin by that means." The methodiſt muſt excuſe me, if I believe the teſtimony of Chriſt, in preference to any cavil that can originate in Moorfields.

Again. I aſſert, that the Roman ſoldiers had it not in their power to break the Meſſiah's legs. For that Scripture was neceſſarily to be fulfilled, which had ſaid, A bone of him ſhall not be broken. Chap. xix. 33, 36.

On the other hand, I aſſert, that the ſoldier, who penetrated the Meſſiah's ſide, did it neceſſarily. Becauſe, another Scripture had ſaid, They ſhall look on him whom they pierced; ver 37. So ſure is that axiom, *nihil eſt in effectu, quod non fuit in cauſâ.*

It was my intention, to have produced, at much greater length than I have done in the cloſe of the foregoing chapter, the ſuffrages of the apoſtles, alſo, on behalf of this doctrine; who offer their evidence, from every part of the inſpired epiſtles. But, at preſent, I waive this advantage: and, for brevity's ſake, refer the reader, indiſcriminately, to any portion whatever of thoſe writings, which he may firſt open, or on which he may firſt caſt his eye. Dip where you will, your own reaſon (abſtracted from

all conſideration of grace) muſt inſtantly perceive, that the illuminated penmen were as radicated neceſſitarians, as their divine Maſter.

And now, what can a fair and capable examinant think of the Arminian ſelf-determination doctrine? A doctrine which would impiouſly graft ſuch a monſter as contingency, on the religion of Jeſus Chriſt —a religion, which, from its Alpha to its Omega, preſents us with one grand, unbroken, and indiſſoluble, ſyſtem of neceſſity!

Is it any wonder, that men, who conſider the incarnation, miracles, prophecies, perſeverance, ſufferings, death, and ſalvation, of the Meſſiah himſelf, as things of chance; ſhould likewiſe maintain all other events to be equally fortuitous?

Hence, the alertneſs and rapidity, with which many of our modern Arminians (more conſiſtent, but at the ſame time more atheiſtical, than the generality of their predeceſſors), not content with trampling on God's decrees, are now verging toward a flat denial even of God's abſolute and unlimited knowledge. Juſtly ſenſible, that their whole fairy ſcheme of chance, uncertainty, and contingency, is quite untenable, on the poſition of infallible preſcience; they make no ſcruple to rob (if they were able) the Deity himſelf of a perfection eſſential to his very being, rather than not ſtick the feather of free-will in the cap of man!

CHAP. VI.

An Argument for Neceſſity, deduced from the Balance of Human Life and Death.

WAS it not for that univerſal neceſſitation, which reſults from the effective and permiſſive will of God; all things would be, in a moment, unhinged,

unhinged, disjointed, and reverſed. Endleſs confuſion, wild irregularity, and the moſt horrible diſorder (to which the *materia prima*, or chaos, was harmony itſelf), would prevail throughout the natural and the moral world.

The property of attraction, by which the earth, and every other mass of matter, cohere reſpectively into one body, and become capable of the moſt rapid motion, without diſſipation of their conſtituent particles; is one happy effect of phyſical neceſſity. Analogous to which, but of incomparably greater importance, is that *ineluctabilis ordo rerum*, or unalterable contexture of antecedents and conſequents, wiſely pre-eſtabliſhed in the uncreated mind: through the concealed energy of whoſe unerring appointment, every finite intelligent being both is and does, preciſely, neither more nor leſs, than the ſaid unerring wiſdom of the Creator deſigned, or reſolved to permit. And this is what I ſhould chuſe to call moral neceſſity.

Suppoſing that calculation to be juſt, which eſtimates the adult inhabitants of our own globe at about one hundred and fifty millions; or let their real amount be what it may; who can poſſibly conceive the boundleſs diſtractions and deſolations, which muſt every where enſue, were ſo great a number of fallen beings (like ramping horſes turned looſe into a field) endued with a liberty of ſelf-determination, and left at large to the exerciſe of it! For we muſt take the exerciſe, and the outward operations conſequent upon it, into the account: elſe mere ſelf-determination would anſwer no other end, than that of tantalizing and tormenting its reſpective poſſeſſors.——It is well for us, that, notwithſtanding our wild and licentious arrogations of ſovereignty, the ſame Almighty Parent, who, without aſking our conſent, whirls our planet and our perſons round the ſun, does, with equal certainty, and with as little ceremony, roll us, and the inhabitants of all the

worlds he has created, on the central axis of his own decree.

We have been gravely told, that this repreſentation of things is heatheniſm. You ſhould rather call it, Bibleiſm. For, that fate, or neceſſity, which the antient vulgar thought proper to worſhip as a goddeſs, was, in their idea, the daughter of a blind, fickle princeſs, called, Fortune or Chance: who was, herſelf, the fabled daughter of a no leſs fickle old gentleman, named Oceanus. To which blind lady; and her unſteady father, the ſcheme of Chriſtian neceſſity is not in the leaſt related, either by conſanguinity, or alliance.

I muſt, however, acquit the wiſer of the heathens, from the abſurdity of looking upon chance, or fortune, as a reality. Senſible men knew better, and laughed at the unphiloſophical chimera. Nor is the antiquity, of the word itſelf, extremely high. It is acknowledged, on all hands, that Τυχη (from whence the Romans took their *fortuna*) was a term, invented long after the times of Heſiod and of Homer (in whoſe writings it no where occurs); and was ſpawned by the atheiſtical imagination of ſubſequent poets: from whom (I think) Ancus Martius adopted it, and by building a temple to its honour, introduced it, as a deity, among the Romans.

It ill becomes the Arminians to talk of heatheniſm. Let them draw a ſolid line, if they can, between fortune, and contingency. Let them ſhew us, how the reſult of ſelf-determination differs from chance. Let them reconcile their imaginary αυτεξουσιον, with the neceſſary dependency of created beings, and with the never-ceaſing agency of an * univerſally particular providence.

* Mr. Pope aſks:

> When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
> Shall gravitation ceaſe, 'cauſe you go by?

I anſwer, Yes. Either gravitation ſhall ceaſe, while I go by, or I ſhall, in ſome way or other, be ſecured from ſuffering by its effect

providence. When they have wrought theſe, and a few other ſimilar impoſſibilities, I will then abſolve their ſcheme from heatheniſm. I will even acquit it of atheiſm.

Birth and death are the æra and the period, whoſe interval conſtitutes the thread of man's viſible exiſtence on earth. Let us examine, whether thoſe important extremes be, or be not, unalterably fixed by the neceſſitating providence of God. If it appear, that they are; we may the more eaſily believe, that all the intercurrent events are under the controul and direction of the ſame infallible hand.

I have heard it affirmed, that Deſcartes, the French philoſopher, was ſo conſiſtent a free-willer, as to have believed, that death itſelf is abſolutely ſubject to human ſelf-determination: that he conſequently imagined, he had it in his power to protract his own age to any extent he pleaſed, or to cut it preciſely as ſhort as he himſelf choſe: and would, very liberally, call any of his departed friends, who died with reluctance, fools; for conſenting to a change they did not wiſh to experience. The antient Romans, notwithſtanding the adulterations, with which the doctrine of free-will (and its natural attendant, ſcepticiſm) debaſed and corrupted their theology, were yet, in general, ſo decent, as to acknowledge, that death lay at the diſpoſal of a Deity, leſs capricious than fortune, and more powerful than any created will. Hence, their occaſional reciprocation of *mors* and *fatum*. To intimate, that men cannot die, until God pronounces their doom: and that when he *fatus eſt*, or iſſues the word of ſummons, the earthly vehicle can detain its gueſt no longer. ——

effect; unleſs the will of God, to which all ſecond cauſes are abſolutely ſubordinate, commiſſion the "looſe mountain" to do me an injury. I am of the great Mr. Charnock's mind, that "There is underſtanding, in every motion: and an eye, in the very wheel that goes over us and cruſhes us." (Charnock on the Attributes, p. 419.)

Poor Deſcartes, with all his dreams of freewill, found himſelf obliged to die, at the age of fifty-four!

I take the *ratio formalis*, or preciſe nature, of death, to be neither more nor leſs than the effect of ſeparation. The ſeparation of ſpirit from matter is the immediate cauſe, and ſeems to exhauſt the idea, of animal death. Now, only the ſame power, which at firſt joined, can afterwards ſever, the two principles. Let the permitted means of diſſolving the union be what they may, the diſſolution itſelf is an act of God.

Whoever conſiders the relative alterations, the domeſtic revolutions, the circulation of property, and a multitude of other negative and poſitive conſequences, which, either directly or remotely, follow on the deceaſe of the meaneſt human individual, muſt ſoon perceive, that, was not the ſceptre of death ſwayed by the determinations of Infinite Wiſdom, ſuch partial inconveniences muſt enſue, as would, in their complicated amount, materially affect, if not entirely reverſe, the whole ſyſtem of ſublunary events. Some people (for inſtance) would live too long. Others would die too ſoon. Some would leave their aſſigned work, unfiniſhed: from whence the Deity would be diſappointed of his views, and ſurpriſed with a chaſm in his adminiſtration of government. Others would ſurvive to do more than their allotted buſineſs. From whence, the divine plan would be diſconcerted; the well-compacted web become looſe, broken, and entangled; and the adminiſtration of Providence degenerate into a jumble of confuſion, perplexity, and abſolute anarchy. In one word: God could not ſay, to any one of his creatures, what he really does ſay to all and each of them; hitherto ſhalt thou come, and no farther.

Our entrance into life is determined and adjuſted, by the ſame diſpoſing hand, which fixes and regulates our departure. Neceſſity brings us into the world: and neceſſity carries us out of it. What man

upon

upon earth could help his being born at the very time and place he was? or could hinder himſelf from being the ſon of ſuch and ſuch parents? or alter a thouſand concurring circumſtances, by which his ſubſequent ſtate, and his very caſt of mind, were effectually and neceſſarily ſtamped? How abſurd, then, muſt it be, to imagine that the line, though ſpun at firſt by the hand of neceſſity, is afterwards conducted, and at laſt cut off, by the no-fingers of contingency! For it is impoſſible to conceive any thing ſo abſolutely contingent and uncertain, as the operations, and the exit, of a ſelf-determining actor. Eſpecially, if we ſuppoſe him (and the Arminian ſcheme does ſo ſuppoſe him) to live in a world, where all about him is as precarious as himſelf; and where the great ſheet of events, inſtead of being let down by the four corners from heaven, is only a fortuitous complication of flimſy threads, much of which is ſtill liable to unravelment, and the whole of which might never have been woven at all.

Might Charles the Firſt have been the ſon of Cromwell's parents? And might Cromwell have been born legal heir to the Engliſh crown? Was it poſſible for ſir Robert Walpole to have been prime miniſter to queen Elizabeth; and ſir Francis Walſingham to have been ſecretary of ſtate to king George the ſecond? Yet, all theſe impoſſibilities, and millions of others, might have happened, upon the Arminian ſcheme of chance. A ſcheme, which, if admitted, turns every thing upſide down, and knocks every thing out of joint:

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

Why was friar Bacon, and not ſir Iſaac Newton, born in the thirteenth century? Why were not the living ornaments, of the preſent generation, born an hundred, or five hundred, years back? or reſerved to ages as remotely future? Arminianiſm may tell me, that "All this is caſual: and that it was a chance, not only when and where the preſent race

of men might be born, and what departments they ſhould fill; how they ſhould act, and how and when they ſhall die; but whether they ſhould ſo much as exiſt at firſt." I, on the contrary, diſcern ſuch inconteſtable traces of wiſdom, propriety, and deſign, in the diſtribution of particular men through ſucceſſive periods of time, and in the whole connection of event with event; that, for my own part, I neceſſarily conclude, ſo regular a chain could not poſſibly be hammered in the Cyclopæan den of contingency: but that every depending link is fitted and fixed into each other, by the Supreme Intelligence himſelf; the diſpoſals of whoſe providence, like the covenant of his grace, are ordered in all things, and ſure *.

As lightly as ſome people think of the Bible, that book is the fountain of true metaphyſics. A book, no leſs weighty, with the treaſures of philoſophic wiſdom, than bright, with the healing beams of evangelical conſolation. To this bleſſed oracle, I now refer the queſtion; whether human birth and death be not the effects of divine neceſſitation?

I ſhall not be very prolix. Two or three plain and pertinent teſtimonies will anſwer the ſame purpoſe, as two or three hundred. Let us begin with the article of birth.

Rachel ſaid unto Jacob, give me children, or elſe I die. And Jacob's anger was kindled againſt Rachel: and he ſaid, am I in God's ſtead? Gen. xxx. 1, 2.

Joſeph ſaid unto his father, they are my ſons, whom God hath given me in this place. Gen. xlviii. 9.

Thy hands have made me, and faſhioned me together, round about. Job x. 8.

* 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.—Thoſe of us, who go to Church, profeſs ourſelves to be "tied and bound with the chain of our ſins." Why, then, ſhould we deem ourſelves too grand to be tied and bound, with the good, though not always perceivable, chain of providential neceſſity?

Thou

Thou art he that took me out of the womb. Pſal. xxii. 9.

Who holdeth [better rendered, who putteth] our ſoul in life, and ſuffereth not our feet to be moved. Pſal. lxvi. 9.—i. e. God gave us life at firſt, and keeps us alive, until it is his pleaſure to untie the knot that binds us to the body.

Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord. Pſalm cxxvii. 3.—Or, as the liturgy tranſlation reads, Lo, children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord.

And the caſe ſpeaks for itſelf. The birth of every ſingle infant is productive of no leſs than everlaſting conſequences. Every infant (even ſuppoſing him to die ſuch) is an immortal being. But, ſuppoſing he lives to bear an active part in life, ſociety is very materially concerned in his behaviour. Each adult individual makes important movements, in the grand circular ſcale of events. The alteration of a ſingle birth, or of a ſingle death, from the firſt period of time until now, would have occaſioned ſuch a difference, that neither the viſible, nor the inviſible world, would have been as it is: i. e. ſomething would have been wrong, either in defect, or in redundancy. None of us can tell, what may hang on the nativity of the meaneſt infant that is born of woman. But the Creator knows; for he is acquainted with his own decrees, and orders matters accordingly.

Thou haſt covered me [i. e. cloathed my ſoul with a material body] in my mother's womb: in thy book [of decree and providence] all my members were written. Pſalm cxxxix. 13, 16.

To every thing there is a ſeaſon, and a time to every purpoſe under the heaven; [i. e. God has fixed an exact point of time, for the accompliſhment of all his decrees: among which fixed and exact points of time, are] a time to be born, and a time to die. Eccleſ. iii. 1, 2.

Who

Who * formeth the ſpirit of man within him. Zech. xii. 1.

God, who ſeparated me from my mother's womb. Gal. i. 15.

Does it not appear, even from theſe few paſſages, that the doctrine of fortuitous nativity is as falſe and ridiculous, as that of equivocal generation?

And the doctrine of fortuitous death is like unto it. Witneſs the following evidence.

The time drew near that Iſrael muſt die. Gen. xlvii. 29. Obſerve, 1. A time for Jacob's death was prefixed of God; and it is therefore called, the time; meaning, that preciſe time, and no other. 2. The time drew near; and the holy man was like a racer in view of the goal, or like a mariner in ſight of the haven where he would be. 3. He muſt die: which expreſſion does not denote any unwillingneſs in Jacob; but the certainty of his departure, when the deſtined moment ſhould arrive.

Can any incident be more ſeemingly fortuitous, than what we commonly call homicide, or one man's undeſignedly killing of another? And yet this, when it comes to paſs, is according to the ſecret will of God: who is poſitively affirmed to deliver the ſlain party into the hand of the ſlayer. Exod. xxi. 31.

* This text, and many other of ſimilar import, ſeem to intimate, that the body is firſt made; and that the ſoul, commanded into exiſtence for the purpoſe, is united to the body thus previouſly provided for its reception. The direct ſource, however, of the ſoul, is an enquiry attended with great metaphyſical difficulties; whether we ſuppoſe it to be of God's immediate creation, or to originate from parental tranſmiſſion. Much may be ſaid for each hypotheſis: and ſeveral weighty objections lie againſt both. It becomes us, to confeſs, that Scripture has not clearly decided the point; and, of courſe, that we know very little of the matter. In talibus quæſtionibus, as Witſius ſays on another myſterious occaſion, magis mihi placet hæſitantis ingenii modeſtia, quàm inconſiderata determinandi pervicacia (Diſſert. de Michaele). This only we are ſure of, that God himſelf, and not chance, is (either mediately, or immediately, according to the good pleaſure of his own will) the formator, and the governor, of every ſpirit, and of every body, in the univerſe.

He

He [i. e. God] is thy life, and the length of thy days. Deut. xxx. 20. The author of that, and the meaſurer of theſe.

The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. 1 Sam. ii. 6. Which exactly comports with what God ſays of himſelf: I, even I, am he; and there is no God with me. I kill, and I make alive: I wound, and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand. Deut. xxxii. 39.

Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? Are not his days alſo like the days of an hireling? Job vii. 1. The ſtipulated hours, of an hireling's labour, are aſcertained beforehand: they conſiſt of ſo many, and no more.

Thou haſt granted me life and favour; and thy viſitation hath preſerved my ſpirit. Job x. 12.

In whoſe hand is the ſoul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. Job xii. 10.

Man's days are determined; the number of his months is with thee: thou haſt appointed his bounds, which he cannot paſs. All the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come. Job xiv. 5, 14.

Thou prevaileſt for ever againſt him [i. e. man cannot poſſibly extend his own life a ſingle moment beyond thy decree]: thou changeſt his countenance [by death], and ſendeſt him away. Job xiv. 20.—Sendeſt his body to the grave, and his ſoul to another world.

Lord, make me to know my end, and the meaſure of my days; what it is. Pſalm xxxix. 4. But, unleſs God had fixed David's end, and had determined the meaſure of his days; the Pſalmiſt would here have aſked a queſtion, to which God himſelf could only have anſwered, "O ſon of Jeſſe, I know no more of the matter, than you do. You have ſtarted a problem, which I am unable to reſolve: for there is no meaſuring in the caſe."

Thou

Thou turneſt man to deſtruction. Pſalm xc. 3.

There is no man that hath power over the ſpirit, to retain the ſpirit [i. e. to retain the ſoul in the body, beyond the term divinely prefixed]; neither hath he power in the day of death. Eccleſ. viii. 8.

Behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years. Iſaiah xxxviii. 5. Hezekiah thought, that his leaſe was juſt expiring, and that his ſoul muſt, almoſt immediately, turn out of its earthly cottage. No, ſays God; you have fifteen years to be added to thoſe of your days which are elapſed: and the ſaid future years are of my adding, no leſs than were the years that are paſt. "Oh, but God ſaid to Hezekiah, I have heard thy prayer, and have ſeen thy tears." True. And what does this prove? Not that God's decree is a * weathercock, ſhifting, and changing, and veering about, juſt as the breath of man's free-will happens to blow: but, that the Scriptural axiom is right, which ſays, Lord, thou haſt heard the deſire of the afflicted: thou prepareſt their heart [to pray for ſuch things as thou haſt decreed to give], and thine ear hearkeneth thereto. I muſt farther obſerve: that, if there be any meaning in words, Hezekiah could not die, until the remaining fifteen years had run out; and could not but die, when they were.

Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit, πηχυν ἡλικιαν αὐτου, to his term of life? Matth. vi. 27. Let us hear the reflections of that learned, pious, and truly reſpectable Arminian, Dr. Ham-

* "Prayer moves God, and overcomes him, not by cauſing any change in the divine will: for God is immutable; and what good he does in time for his people, he purpoſed before any time was.—But prayer is ſaid to overcome him, becauſe he then gives, what, from eternity, he purpoſed to give, upon their praying to him. For, when God decreed what he would do for his ſaints, he alſo purpoſed that they ſhall pray for the ſame; Ezek. xxxvi. 37.—Prayer's midwifry ſhall be uſed, to deliver the mercies which God purpoſeth and promiſeth. God's purpoſe to give, doth not diſcharge us from our duty to aſk." Gurnall's Chriſtian Armour, vol. iv. p. 17.

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mond, on this text. After obſerving, that ἡλικία ſometimes denotes "the quantity, or ſtature, of the body;" he adds: "So alſo doth it ordinarily ſignify, age (and ſo doth גבר, which the Syriac here uſes); and may poſſibly do ſo here: 1. Becauſe the dehortation, which this [queſtion of Chriſt's] is brought to enforce, was particularly that concerning ſolicitude for the life: and to that, this will be very proper, of our not being able to add, by all our ſolicitude, the leaſt proportion to our age, and to enlarge the period of life πῆχυν ἕνα, one cubit, i. e. one ſmalleſt meaſure or proportion, beyond what God hath ſet us. 2. It will be obſervable, that one cubit being here ſet down as a very ſmall meaſure, would yet be a very great proportion, being applied to the ſtature of the body. Nay, ſuch as are come to their full growth (as the far greateſt part of Chriſt's auditors were) could not thus hope to add one thouſandth part of a cubit to their ſtature. On the other ſide, a cubit will ſeem but a ſmall part, to the many years of a long life. And he that is of the fulleſt growth, may yet hope to enlarge the period of his life; and to that, generally, men's ſolicitude is applied; by diet, phyſic, &c. to acquire long life, not to increaſe their ſtature. 3. The word πῆχυς, cubit, is ordinarily a meaſure of longitude of any ſpace: and, particularly, of a race; to which man's life is compared. Job ix. 25. 2 Tim. iv. 7."

This truth may be farther argued, from another paſſage, cited alſo in a preceding chapter, viz. Matt. x. 29, 30. For, if not a ſparrow can die, without God's expreſs commiſſion; much leſs can a man. And, if the very hairs of our heads are numbered, much more our days.

God giveth, unto all, life, and breath, and all things: and hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times, before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation.——For in him we live,

live, and are moved, and have our being. Acts xvii. 25, 26, 28.—Obſerve: 1. God is the giver of animal life, as well as every thing elſe.—2. He has multiplied us all, from one ſtock: viz. Adam.—3. The times, i. e. the proper ſeaſons, of our birth and death, and of all that we ſhall do or ſuffer between the ſtarting-poſt and the goal, are determined, or marked out with certainty and exactneſs, by him himſelf.—4. This determination, or adjuſtment, of our times, is not a modern act of God, ariſing *è re natâ*, or from any preſent emergency of circumſtances and ſituation of affairs: but a determination, inconceivably ancient. The times were fore-appointed, even from everlaſting: for no new determination can take place in God, without a change, i. e. without the deſtruction, of his eſſence. *Quævis mutatio mors eſt.*—5. The very places, which people inhabit, are here poſitively averred to be determined and fore-appointed of God. And it is very right it ſhould be ſo. Elſe, ſome places might be over-ſtocked with inhabitants, and others totally deſerted: which would neceſſarily draw after it the moſt pernicious conſequences; as ſtagnation of agriculture, famine, peſtilence, and general ruin to the human ſpecies. Whereas, by virtue of God's having fore-appointed and determined the bounds of our habitations, we are properly ſifted over the face of the earth, ſo as to anſwer all the ſocial and higher purpoſes of providential wiſdom.—6. If Deity has condeſcended to determine, in what particular places our bodies ſhall dwell; why ſhould it appear ſtrange, that he ſhould alſo determine how long our ſouls ſhall dwell in their bodies? Adverbs of time are no leſs important, than adverbs of place. Nor, indeed, could omnipotence itſelf determine the *ibi*, without likewiſe determining the *quando*, and the *diu*.—Eſpecially, when we conſider, 7. That in him we, every moment, live, and are moved, and do exiſt.

Moreover, if Chriſt's own teſtimony will have any weight with ſelf-determinationiſts, the following text, exclu-

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excluſively of all others, will ſet the point above diſpute: where our Lord roundly affirms, that he himſelf keeps the keys of hell and of death. Rev. i. 18. Which declaration holds true, in every ſenſe the words are capable of. He openeth, and no man can ſhut: and ſhutteth, and no man can open. Rev. iii. 7.

Nor is Divine Providence the diſtributor of death to man alone. The very beaſts themſelves, which are, by many, ſuppoſed to periſh utterly, are immortal, until God cut their thread. Thou hideſt thy face: they are troubled. Thou takeſt away their breath: they die; and return to their duſt. Pſalm civ. 29.—It ſhould be remembered, that this is more directly ſpoken, concerning thoſe ſmall and great beaſts, and creeping things innumerable, which inhabit the ſea. So that fiſhes themſelves, from a whale to a periwinkle, have the Creator himſelf for the diſpoſer of their lives, and the determiner of their deaths!

From the evidence alledged, conciſe and ſuperficial as my allegations have been, we may fairly (and, I think, unanſwerably) conclude: that contingency has nothing to do with births, or burials; and, conſequently, that chance never yet added, nor ever will add*, "a ſingle unit to the bills of mortality."

If, therefore, the initial point, from whence we ſtart; and the ultimate goal, which terminates our race; be thus divinely and unchangeably fixed: is it reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that chance, or any free-will but the free-will of Deity alone, may fabricate the intermediate links of a chain, whoſe two extremes are held immovably faſt in the hands of God himſelf?—Impoſſible.

* For this phraſe, a ſingle unit to the bill of mortality, ſee Lord Cheſterfield's Letters: Lett. 336.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The ſuppoſed Gloomineſs of Neceſſity, conſidered.—The Origin of Neceſſity.—Conciſe View of Manichæiſm.—The Nature of Evil enquired into.—Curious Converſation-Pieces of three Modern Philoſophiſers.—Several Aſſemblies of Divines vindicated.—Arminians themſelves ultimately forced to make Neceſſity their Refuge.—Concluſion of the preſent Eſſay.

1. GREAT declamatory pains have been taken, to ſet the ſyſtem of neceſſity in a very "gloomy" point of view: and to miſrepreſent it, as made up of nothing but clouds, and ſhades, and thick darkneſs. The ſame has been ſaid of religion at large, and of virtue itſelf. But are virtue and religion therefore deformed and black, becauſe their beauty and luſtre do not ſtrike a libertine eye? No more is the ſcheme of neceſſity tinged with real gloom, on account of a proud or prejudiced free-willer's being pleaſed to aſſert it.

"I have ſometimes beheld," ſays an elegant writer, "a ſhip of war, ſeveral leagues off at ſea. It ſeemed to me to be a dim, cloudy ſomething, hovering on the ſkirts of the horizon: contemptibly mean, and not worthy of a moment's regard.—But, as the floating citadel approached, the maſts aroſe. The ſails ſwelled out. Its ſtately form, and curious properties, ſtruck the ſight. It was no longer a ſhapeleſs maſs, or a blot in the proſpect: but the maſterpiece of human contrivance, and the nobleſt ſpectacle in the world of art." Hervey's Theron and Aſpaſio, Dialogue 5.

Arminianiſm, if you pleaſe, is a region of darkneſs: but neceſſity, a land of * light. For I ſhould be

* The pretended gloomineſs of neceſſity is urged, with moſt appearance (and it is but appearance) of plauſibility, againſt that branch of Scripture-metaphyſics, which relates to the decree of reprobation. Let

be glad to be informed, wherein conſiſts the chearfulneſs of believing, that the greater part, if not the whole of ſublunary events, even thoſe of endleſs concern not excepted, are delivered over to the management of an imaginary goddeſs, called chance; the mere creature of poetic fiction, and the moſt unmeaning ſound that was ever admitted into language?

Let me, for a moment, weigh the pretended horror of this principle; a principle, which occurs ſo poſitively and repeatedly, again and again, in almoſt every page of the Bible; that the exiſtence of God does not admit of more ſtrong and explicit proof, from the inſpired volume, than does the awful reality of non-election. What I here mean to obſerve on this ſubject, I ſhall give, in the words of part of a letter, which I lately ſent to a very eminent Anti-Calvinian philoſopher, Dr. Prieſtley. "Why are Calvin's doctrines repreſented as gloomy? Is it gloomy, to believe, that the far greater part of the human race are made for endleſs happineſs? There can, I think, be no reaſonable doubt entertained, concerning the ſalvation of very young perſons. If (as ſome, who have verſed themſelves in this kind of ſpeculation, affirm,) about one half of mankind die in infancy;—And if, as indubitable obſervation proves, a very conſiderable number of the remaining half die in early childhood;—And if, as there is the ſtrongeſt reaſon to think, many millions of thoſe, who live to maturer years, in every ſucceſſive generation, have their names in the Book of Life: then, what a very ſmall portion, comparatively, of the human ſpecies, falls under the decree of preterition and non-redemption!

"This view of things, I am perſuaded, will, to an eye ſo philoſophic as your's, at leaſt open a very chearful viſta through the 'gloom;' if not entirely turn the imaginary darkneſs into ſunſhine. For, with reſpect to the few reprobate, we may, and we ought to, reſign the diſpoſal of them, implicitly, to the will of that only king who can do no wrong: inſtead of ſummoning the Almighty to take his trial at the tribunal of our ſpeculations, and of ſetting up ourſelves as judges of Deity."

I might have added, that the purpoſe of God according to election is not reſtrained to men, either of any particular country, or age of time, or religious denomination. Undoubtedly, there are elect Jews, elect Mahometans, and elect Pagans. In a word, countleſs millions of perſons, whom Chriſt hath redeemed unto God, by his blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. Rev. v. 9.

Only take a fair and diſpaſſionate ſurvey of the matter, as it is; and the Arminian outcries will be found a vox, et præterea nihil. For, who can count the duſt of Jacob, or the number of the fourth part of God's elect Iſrael?

"Oh, but we deny chance, and maintain free-will." Be ſo good as to ſhew me, how you can maintain ſelf-determining free-will, without ſetting up the blind daughter of Oceanus upon her pedeſtal. If the will of man be free, with a liberty *ad utrumlibet*; and if his actions be the offspring of his will; ſuch of his actions, which are not yet wrought, muſt be both radically and eventually uncertain: as depending, for their futurition, on an uncertain cauſe, viz. on the uncertain volitions of an agent, who may, or may not, incline himſelf to the performance of thoſe actions. It is therefore a chance, whether they ſhall ever be performed, or no. For chance, and uncertainty, are only two words for the ſame idea. So that every aſſertor of ſelf-determination is, in fact, whether he mean it or no, a worſhipper of the heathen lady, named, Fortune; and an ideal depoſer of Providence from its throne.

Could Providence be really dethroned, with as much eaſe as its influence is denied, dreadful indeed would be the ſtate of things. For my part, I think, that all the chearfulneſs lies on the ſide of neceſſity. And for this plain reaſon: becauſe, that Infinite Wiſdom, which made, or permitted, us to be what we are, and to be circumſtanced as we are, knows better, what to do with us, than we could poſſibly know how to diſpoſe of our own ſelves.

It is my happineſs, to be convinced, that my times are in God's hand. Pſalm xxxi. 15. and that his kingdom ruleth over all. Pſalm ciii. 19. If any others can extract comfort from conſidering themſelves as veſſels ſailing over a dangerous ocean, without pilot, without chart, without inſurance, and without convoy to a coaſt unknown; much good may their comfort do them. I deſire none of it.

Gloomy as the doctrine of Chriſtian neceſſity is ignorantly affirmed to be; it is the only principle, upon which any perſon can truly and conſiſtently, adopt that animating apophthegm, ſo perpetually in the

the mouth of St. Chryſoſtom, Bleſſed be God, for every thing that comes to paſs!——Whereas, the genuine language of an afflicted free-willer is, Alas! alas! what an unlucky accident was this! The very exclamation, which might be expected to iſſue from the lips of a melancholy, deſponding atheiſt.

If unreſerved reſignation, to the wiſe and fatherly diſpoſals of God; if contentedneſs and complacency, within our ſeveral ſpheres and ſtations; if thankfulneſs, for the bleſſings we enjoy; if the exerciſe of candour, lenity, and compaſſion, toward our miſtaken, our offending, and our afflicted fellow-creatures; if humility, and a deep ſenſe of our abſolute dependence on the arm of omnipotent love, for preſervation or deliverance from evil, and for the continuance, or increaſe of good; if the pleaſing conviction that nothing can hurt us, except God's own hand firſt ſign the licence; if a juſt confidence, that he will never ſign any ſuch licence, but to anſwer the beſt and wiſeſt ends; if an unſhaken perſuaſion, that whatever he does is, and muſt be abſolutely, and directly, right; and that whatever he permits to be done, is, and muſt be, relatively, conducively, and finally, right:—If theſe lovely virtues, and felicitating views (virtues and views which no neceſſitarian can, conſiſtently, be without), have any thing gloomy in them; it will follow, that the ſun is made up of darkneſs, and that beauty itſelf is a complication of deformity and horror.

When Mr. Pope penned the following verſes (in which the philoſophic inferences from the doctrine of neceſſity are ſummed up with equal truth and elegance), I cannot bring myſelf to ſuppoſe, that the poet was in a chearleſs, melancholy frame of mind. So far from being able to obſerve the remoteſt veſtige of gloom; I ſee nothing in them, but the luſtre of unmingled light, and the triumph of exulting joy.

" Submit.—In this or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear.
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canſt not ſee.
All * diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good.
And, ſpite of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear: whatever is, is right."

If, together with the philoſophic, we view neceſſity through the evangelic, medium; nothing will be wanting to render the ſurvey complete. Chriſtian neceſſitarians, having ſung with Mr. Pope; can alſo ſing, as follows, in thoſe chearful lines of the late excellent Mr. Hart:

" This God is the God we adore;
Our faithful, unchangeable friend:
Whoſe love is as great as his pow'r,
And knows neither meaſure, nor end.

'Tis Jeſus, the firſt and the laſt,
Whoſe ſpirit ſhall guide us ſafe home!
We'll praiſe him, for all that is paſt;
And truſt him, for all that's to come."

And ſo much for the pretended gloomineſs of neceſſity. Or, in other words, for the Æthiopic complection of that diſmal, melancholy doctrine, which moſt dolefully aſſerts, that all things, without excepting the worſt, work together for the glory of God, and for good to them that love him. Rom. viii. 28. " Dri-plorable news indeed," as an old lady once expreſſed it.

2. To ſhew his ſkill in hiſtory and genealogy, Mr. Weſley traces the origin of neceſſity. And thus he makes out the pedigree.

* All diſcord, i. e. all the ſeemingly irregular and contrariens diſpenſations of Divine Providence.

" That

"That man is not ſelf-determined; that the principle of action is lodged not in himſelf, but in ſome other being; has been an exceeding antient opinion: yea, near as old as the foundation of the world. It ſeems, none that admit of revelation can have any doubt of this. For it was unqueſtionably the ſentiment of Adam, ſoon after he had eaten of the forbidden fruit. He imputes what he had done, not to himſelf, but another: the woman whom thou gaveſt me. It was alſo the ſentiment of Eve: the Serpent, he beguiled me, and I did eat. It is true, I did eat, but the cauſe of my eating, the ſpring of my action, was in another."

Waiving all notice of the grammatical and the logical inaccuracies, which adorn this paragraph; I ſhall, with its author's leave, carry the antiquity of neceſſity ſomewhat higher up.

God himſelf is a neceſſary being. He exiſted, and could not but exiſt, without beginning. He exiſts, and cannot but exiſt, without end. Neceſſity, therefore, is co-eval with, and inſeparable from, Deity; i. e. it is, truly and properly, eternal: as all his other attributes are. I would term neceſſity, in this view of it, *neceſſitas prima*.

With regard to Adam, he was ſufficiently inſtructed in the doctrine of neceſſity, during the ſtate of innocence. He could not but know, that he exiſted neceſſarily, and that every circumſtance of his ſituation was neceſſarily determined by a ſuperior hand.

For example. When he was well awoke from that deep ſleep, into which he had been neceſſarily caſt, without his own conſent firſt had and obtained; was not that ſingle incident (eſpecially when he adverted to the important effect of it) more than enough to impreſs a reflecting mind with the idea of neceſſity? The very miſſing of his rib, which he had involuntarily loſt on the occaſion, muſt have made him a neceſſitarian, ſuppoſing him to have

been, what I make no doubt he was, a man of common underſtanding.

Eve, likewiſe, could not but know, that ſhe was neceſſarily made, neceſſarily placed in Eden, and neceſſarily conſigned to Adam.

I conclude, therefore, that the firſt man and his wife were neceſſitarians, antecedently to their fall. And if they, afterwards, endeavoured to account for their fall, upon the principle of neceſſity; I muſt declare, that, for my own part, I ſee neither the impiety of the attempt, nor the lameneſs of the reaſoning.

"Oh, but this makes God the author of their falling." By no means in the world. It is the Arminian hypotheſis, which repreſents Deity as either unſeaſonably abſent from the place, or as looking unconcernedly on, while his feeble creature Eve was chopping unequal logic with a mightier and more artful being than herſelf. It is the free-will ſcheme, which lays original ſin at the divine door: by ſuppoſing, that God ſtood neuter throughout the whole affair; though he knew (if Arminianiſm will allow him to have foreknown) that no leſs, than the ruin of all mankind, would be the conſequence of that neutrality.

When we ſay, that the fall of man came neceſſarily to paſs; it is only ſaying, that Satan is neither too ſtrong, nor too wiſe, for God: and that Satan would not have proved too ſtrong, or too wiſe, for Eve herſelf, had it been the will of God *poſuiſſe obicem*, i. e. to have hindered Satan from ſucceeding. Now, if it was not the divine will to bar the enemy from ſucceeding; and if it was really foreknown, that, without ſuch bar, the enemy would ſucceed; and if God could, without injuſtice, actually forbear, at the very critical time, to put an effectual bar in the way, though he certainly had power to do it: the inference is invincible, that Adam and Eve fell neceſſarily.

Nor

Nor is God's decree to permit the fall, liable to any one cavil, which will not hold, with equal or with ſtronger force, againſt the actual permiſſion itſelf. "But why did God decree to permit the fall, and permit the fall according to his decree?" For reaſons, the whole of which he has not thought proper to communicate. He giveth not account, to any, of his matters. Job xxxiii. 13. And this is too good an anſwer to ſo daring a queſtion.

Let me give our Freewillers a very momentous hint, viz. That the entrance of original ſin was one of thoſe eſſential links, on which the Meſſiah's incarnation and crucifixion were ſuſpended. So that, if Adam's fall was not neceſſary (i. e. if it was a precarious, or contingent, event); it would follow, that the whole Chriſtian religion, from firſt to laſt, is a piece of mere chance-medley: and, conſequently, cannot be of divine inſtitution. Arminians would do well, to conſider, whither their principles lead them.

3. The true neceſſity is, *toto cælo*, remote and different from Manichæiſm: as indiſputably appears, on comparing the two ſyſtems together. Not to obſerve, that St. Auſtin (who, in his earlier part of life, had been * entangled in the Manichæan net) was

* "The Manichæan ſcheme," ſays Mr. Weſley, "was formerly eſpouſed by men of renown: St. Auguſtin in particular." But I will do St. Auſtin that juſtice which this gentleman withholds, by adding, that God converted him from Manichæiſm, while yet a young man; and ſeveral years, before he was ſo much as baptized into the Chriſtian Church.—The Methodiſt goes on: "Manichæiſm is now ſo utterly out of date, that it would be loſt labour to confute it." Herein, he is, to expreſs it as tenderly as I can, utterly miſtaken in his reckoning. I ſhall clearly prove, a page or two hence, that he himſelf is, in one reſpect, as much; and, in another reſpect, abundantly more, a Manichæ, than either Scythian, Budda, or Manes.

Mr. Weſley, by a very ſingular mixture of Manichæiſm, Pelagianiſm, Popery, Socinianiſm, Ranteriſm, and Atheiſm, has, I believe, now got to his ultimatum. Probably, he would go ſtill farther, if he could. But, I really think, he has no farther to go.——

was ultimately confirmed in his reſolution to renounce thoſe hereſies, by reading the epiſtles of that illuſtrious neceſſitarian St. Paul.

Manes, from whom Manichæiſm is (though very inaccurately) denominated, was by birth a Perſian, and flouriſhed toward the cloſe of the third century. His original name was * Cubric; which he afterwards dropped, for that of Manes.

One Scythian, an Arabian merchant, who had made himſelf maſter of the oriental philoſophy and theology, committed the ſubſtance of his collections to writing: and bequeathed his books, which were four in number, to a proſelyte of his, named Budda-Terebinthus. This Budda, ſettling afterwards in Perſia, reſided in the houſe of a widow, who had bought Manes for a ſlave. On Budda's deceaſe, the books of Scythian fell into Manes's hands; from whence he drew the generality of thoſe tenets which paſs under his name, and moulded them into a ſyſtem. In this odd manner, did Manes come to diſtinguiſh himſelf as an Hæreſiarch.

Happy ſettlement, after forty years infinity of ſhiftings and flittings hither and thither!

"Thus weathercocks, which, for a while,
"Have turn'd about with ev'ry blaſt;
"Grown old, and deſtitute of oil,
"Ruſt to a point, and fix at laſt!"

* "Mutato nomine, deinde Manis, vel Manetis, nomen adoptavit; Perſicum aliis, quod ὁμιλητὴν dicat, diſceptatorem, agoniſtam: aliis Chaldaïcum מאני, Græcè μανης, ex מנן, quod, Babyloniorum linguâ, ſignificat, vas, organum; quòd ſe σκευος ἐκλεκτὸν dicerat, quo Deus, ad doctrinæ divinæ propagationem, uti vellet. Hinc videtur factum, ut falſæ doctrinæ auctorem talmudiſtæ vocarint מיאני; quod Elias Levita à מאני Hæretico derivat. Et reverà priùs nomen Cubricus denotaſſe videtur בבכ דיק, vas vanum, contemnendum, fragile. Dein diſcipuli, ob invidiam Græcæ vocis, quâ Μανης deſignabat τον μαινομενα τας φρενας, inſanientem, vel furentem; literâ duplicatâ, & compoſitâ voce, quaſi eſſet μαννα χεων, manna fundens, fecere Manichæum."

Spanhemii Hiſt. Chriſtian. Sæc. 3.—Operum Tom. I. Col. 751, 752.

The

The amount of his ſyſtem was this:

"There are two co-equal, co-eternal, and independent Gods, or infinite principles, viz. God, properly ſo called; *alias* light: and matter; *alias* darkneſs.

"The firſt, is the author of all good: the ſecond, of all evil.

"The light God inſpired the penman of the New Teſtament; the dark God inſpired the writers of the Old Teſtament. Conſequently, the Old Teſtament is worth nothing.

"Theſe Gods are real ſubſtance; the one, a good ſubſtance; the other, a bad.

"In the work of creation, the good being wrought part, and the bad being wrought part.

"The good being is the maker of human ſouls.

"The good being united himſelf to the elements of air and fire; the bad being took poſſeſſion of earth and water.

"The evil God made the world, and the human body, and ſin, and magiſtracy.

"There is a Trinity; but it conſiſts of Scythian, Budda, and Manes. Scythian's ſeat is in the ſun; Budda's in the moon; and Manes's in the air.

"The ſun in the firmament is Chriſt.

"Chriſt did not aſſume a real, but only a ſeeming body.

"The elect are thoſe, in whom the evil principle is quite done away.

"Matrimony does but unite us more cloſely to the evil God.

"Water-baptiſm is worth little.

"The ſouls of my auditors" [i. e. of thoſe who conſtantly attended his aſſemblies, and imbibed his doctrines] "are thereby changed into elect ſouls; and ſo return, quite purified, to the good being.

"The ſouls of other people tranſmigrate, at death, into beaſts, and trees, and all kinds of vegetables.

"Inward

" Inward concupiſcence is a perſon. It is never healed, but it may be totally ſeparated from men. In the day of judgment, each concupiſcence ſhall be ſhut up in a globe, and there live in perpetual impriſonment.

" The good God, and the bad God, wage implacable and never ceaſing war againſt each other; and perpetually clog and diſconcert one another's ſchemes and operations.

" Hence, men are impelled, by forcible conſtraint, to good, or to evil; according as they come under the power of the good Deity, or the bad one."

Such is a ſketch of what I have been able to collect with certainty, of the abſurd and execrable tenets of Manes: which form a medley of Pythagoriſm, Gnoſticiſm, and almoſt every other iſm, both Pagan and Heretical, which that and preceding ages could ſupply. It is probable, that Budda improved upon Scythian, and that Manes improved upon both. Though, in reality, neither of the three, nor all the three together, were authors of the monſtrous opinions which conſtituted the jumble. The opinions were taken from a variety of other ſources; and the pilfering triumvirate, contrary to the practice of thieves in general, ſeemed reſolved to ſteal the worſt of every thing they could lay their hands on.

I believe, it is abſolutely impoſſible to trace, quite up to its ſource, the antiquity of that hypotheſis, which abſurdly affirms the exiſtence of two eternal, contrary, independent principles. The other oriental nations ſeem to have adopted it from Egypt. But whence the Egyptians had it, and when they firſt entertained it, we know not: at leaſt, I could never find out.

What led ſo many wiſe people, and for ſo great a ſeries of ages, into ſuch a wretched miſtake, were, chiefly, I ſuppoſe, theſe two conſiderations: (1.) That

That evil, both moral and phyſical, are poſitive things, and ſo muſt have a poſitive cauſe. (2.) That a being perfectly good, could not, from the very nature of his eſſence, be the cauſe of ſuch bad things.

But (1.) Evil, whether phyſical or moral, does not, upon a narrow inſpection, appear to have ſo much of poſitivity in it, as it is probable thoſe ancients ſuppoſed.

A man breaks his leg: i. e. the continuity, or coheſion of parts, natural to that limb, ceaſes to be integral. This is followed by the evil of pain. And what is pain? the abſence, or privation, of ſenſible eaſe antecedently enjoyed. A man's houſe is burnt down. The conſequence is, a loſs, or privation, of property. He does not poſſeſs as much as he poſſeſſed before. Thus (not to multiply needleſs inſtances), ſickneſs is a privation of health: and is, from thence, very properly termed, diſeaſe. Poverty is a deficiency of wealth and conveniences. Death itſelf, a ceſſation of animal life.

God forbid, that I ſhould even wiſh to extenuate the malignity of ſin. The omnipreſent Reader of hearts and hearer of thoughts knows, that, next after his own awful diſpleaſure, I dread and deprecate ſin, in all its forms, as the greateſt of poſſible calamities. Let us, however, with cautious and timid hand, put moral evil itſelf into the philoſophic ſcale.

When I was a boy, and began to read Watts's Logic, I well remember the ſurpriſe it gave me, to find, that ſo good a man ſhould venture to treat of ſin, in the 6th Section (pt. 1. chap. 2.), under the title Of Not-Being. And I confeſs, I partly wonder at it ſtill. But let the doctor ſpeak for himſelf. "The ſinfulneſs of any human action is ſaid to be a privation: for ſin is that want of conformity to the law of God, which ought to be found in every action of man.——I think," adds the doctor, and in troth I think

think ſo too, "we muſt not reduce ſuch poſitive beings as piety, and virtue, and truth, to the rank of non-entities, which have nothing real in them. Though ſin, or rather the ſinfulneſs of an action, may be properly called a Not-Being: for it is a want of piety and virtue. This is a moſt uſual, and perhaps the moſt juſt, way of repreſenting theſe matters."

Very happily, we have a fine definition of ſin, given us by a Logician who could not err. Πας ο ποιων την αμαρτιαν, και την ανομιαν ποιει· και ἡ ΑΜΑΡΤΙΑ εστιν ἡ ΑΝΟΜΙΑ. 1 John iii. 4. Every man, who committeth ſin, doth alſo commit illegality: for ſin is illegality.—Whence I conclude, in the firſt place: that ſin, ſtrictly conſidered, has more of negation in it, than of poſitivity; elſe, it could not have been properly defineable by a merely negative term. For, illegality imports no more, than a non-commenſuration to the law, as a rule, or meaſure of length and breadth.—But, Secondly, I infer, that, unleſs ſin had ſomething of poſitivity in it, the illegality of it could not be ſaid to be commiſſable: "Every man, who committeth illegality." And yet, after all, I do not clearly diſcern, how that can be, without the aſſiſtance of Dr. Watts's diſtinction (a diſtinction which is, I believe, admitted by moſt, if not all, metaphyſical writers) between actions themſelves, and the ſinfulneſs of them.

Critics explain עון, one of the Hebrew words for ſin, by the Greek word αθεσια; which imports unſettledneſs, and, in particular, a not ſtanding to articles before agreed upon. חטא, the moſt uſual word for ſin, properly ſignifies, a not walking in the right road, and a not hitting the propoſed mark. עו is obliquity, or crookedneſs: i. e. want of ſtraitneſs.

The Greek αμαρτια, moſt certainly, conveys a negative idea: and ſignifies, like the ſecond Hebrew word abovementioned, a falling ſhort of the mark.

The

The Latin *peccatum* (which ſome are for deriving from חטא) is alſo explained by *delictum*, i. e. a failure in duty. *Iniquitas*, *culpa*, *noxa*, *injuſtitia*, *impietas*, *ſcelus*, *vitium*, and a multitude of others; are, in ſtrictneſs, terms of negation.

But (2.), in what light ſoever we conſider thoſe modes of being and action, called natural and moral evil; whether we view them as poſitive qualities, or as negative, or as mixed; ſtill the queſtion returns, whether the great Firſt Cauſe, who is infinitely and merely good, can be, either efficiently, or deficiently, the author of them?

In my opinion, the ſingle word permiſſion ſolves the whole difficulty, as far as it can be ſolved in the preſent beclouded ſtate of human reaſon. Certainly, God is not bound to preclude evil from among his works. It is equally certain, that he can permit it, not only to obtain, but even to reign. And it is as certain, that he actually does ſo permit it. Why? Not for want of knowledge, to perceive it. Nor for want of power, to hinder it. Nor for want of wiſdom, to counteract it. Nor for want of goodneſs, to order all for the beſt. But becauſe it was and is his unſearchable * will (and the will of God is

* And a ſtep, or an inch, beyond this, we cannot go. That God willed to permit evil, cannot be doubted, but at the expence, either of his wiſdom, or of his power. The reaſons why he willed it, are, perhaps, among thoſe arcana, which angels themſelves have not yet been allowed to ſee into.

I think, I may venture to aſſert, that the Scriptures throw hardly any degree of light upon the divine motive, or motives, to this permiſſion. And it appears inconteſtably plain, from the writings, and from ſuch authentic memorials, as remain, of the moſt ſagacious philoſophers of preceding ages, and of every civilized clime, the Chineſe themſelves included; that all their various hypotheſis (ſome of which were extremely ſubtil and ingenious) by which they ſtrained both judgment and imagination, to account for the primary exiſtence and introduction of moral and phyſical ataxy; terminated, univerſally, in the point from whence they ſet out, viz. We cannot tell.

Whoever deſires to ſee, at one view, as much as needs to be known, concerning the ſpeculations of the greateſt ſages among the ancients, on

is rectitude itſelf), to allow the entrance and the continuance of that ſeeming foil to the lovelineſs of his works.

Arminianiſm

on this inextricable ſubject; will enjoy a moſt refined amuſement (but attended, I think, with no feaſible ſolution of the difficulty immediately in point), by peruſing the ſecond part of that conciſe, elegant, judicious, and faithful ſketch of antique philoſophy, entitled, A Diſcourſe upon the Theology and Mythology of the Ancients. Written by the Chevalier Ramſay; an author, who, though, in my opinion, extremely fanciful and erroneous on ſome metaphyſical queſtions; yet deſerves to be loved and admired, as one of the moſt ingenious, polite, candid, and entertaining reaſoners, that ever added the enchantments of beauty to the dignity of virtue and to the riches of learning.

But ſtill, our utmoſt inveſtigations leave us, preciſely, where they began. We know ſcarce any of the views, which induced uncreated goodneſs to ordain (for, where infinity of knowledge and power and of wiſdom unite in the permitter, I ſee no very great difference between permitting and ordaining) the introgreſſion, or, more properly, the intromiſſion, of evil. For my own part, I can, with unrepining chearfulneſs, give God credit (and that to all eternity, ſhould it be his pleaſure to require me) for doing every thing well.

" I know but this, that he is good,
" And that myſelf am blind."

Can any body bring the matter to a more ſatisfactory iſſue? Si non, hoc utere mecum.

It might have been happy for that fine, but too excurſive Theoriſt, Dr. Conyers Middleton, if he had not, with more raſhneſs than good ſpeed, endeavoured to overleap that boundary, which God himſelf has fixed, to the preſent extent of human knowledge. Were we even to grant the doctor his favourite hypotheſis, viz. that the whole Moſaic account of the fall is merely allegorical; the origin of evil would ſtill remain as dark, and as deep at the bottom of the well, as ever. For to what does this boaſted allegory amount? Dr. Middleton ſhall give it us, in his own words (Works, Quarto. Vol. II. P. 149). " By Adam, we are to underſtand reaſon, or the mind of man. By Eve, the fleſh, or outward ſenſes. By the Serpent, luſt, or pleaſure. In which allegory, we ſee clearly explained the true cauſes of man's fall and degeneracy: that, as ſoon as his mind, through the weakneſs and treachery of his ſenſes, became captivated and ſeduced by the allurements of luſt and pleaſure, he was driven by God out of Paradiſe, i. e. loſt and forfeited the happineſs and proſperity, which he had enjoyed in his innocence."

With all the reſpect due to ſo very ſuperior a pen, I would offer an obſervation or two on this paſſage.——1. If Adam, and Eve, and the

Arminianiſm (which repreſents moral and natural evil as entering and as reigning in defiance and contrariety to the will and with and endeavours of the Divine Being) co-incides ſo patly with the Manichæan dream of two almighty conflicting principles, who reign in ſpite of each other, and catch as catch can; that I really wonder at the reverſed modeſty of thoſe free-willers, who are for ſhifting off

the Serpent, and the Trees of Knowledge and of Life, and the very Paradiſe where they grew, were all allegorical (i. e. fabulous and unreal); might not an atheiſt ſuppoſe, with equal reaſon, that the adorable Creator, whom this ſame hiſtory terms God, is as allegorical a being as the reſt?——2. If the fall itſelf, as related in Scripture, be no more than a piece of moral fiction: what ſecurity have we, that the ſcriptural account of redemption, is not equally fictitious? Indeed, where is the neceſſity, or ſo much as the propriety, and reaſonableneſs, of imagining, that an allegorical ruin requires more than an allegorical reſtoration?——3. Among a multitude of other objections, which clog the wheel of this unſatisfactory ſcheme, the following is one; that the difficulty of accounting for the riſe of evil, ſtills ſubſiſts in all its primitive and impenetrable obſcurity. For, (1.) How came the "allurements of luſt and pleaſure," to exiſt at all? eſpecially, in a ſtate of abſolute innocency?—(2.) How came man's "outward ſenſes" to be ſo very eaſy of acceſs, as to fly open, like the doors of an enchanted caſtle, at almoſt the firſt appearance of this ſaid gigantic lady, called "Allurement?"—(3.) How came the human mind to yield itſelf ſo tame a "captive" to thoſe ſeducing ſenſes? Not to aſk, (4.) Why the ſenſes themſelves were originally indued with that "weakneſs, and treachery," and power of "ſeduction," which the doctor ſo freely places to their account?—I think myſelf warranted to conclude, that this maſterly allegorizer has not "clearly explained," nor ſo much as thrown the leaſt glimmering of explanation upon, "the true cauſes of man's fall and degeneracy." What, then, do we gain, by reading Moſes through the doctor's allegoric ſpectacles? So far from gaining, we loſe the little we had. The man who pulls down my houſe, and builds me a better in its place, deſerves my thanks. But the man who takes down my dwelling, under pretence that it is not ſufficiently ample and elegant for a perſon of my dignity to inhabit; and, after all this parade, leaves me to ſleep in the open air, unſheltered by any roof at all, does me a material injury. When infidels can raiſe a more commodious fabric (i. e. propoſe a more unexceptionable ſyſtem of principles), than that the Bible preſents us with; we will chearfully remove from our old houſe. But, until then, let thoſe gentlemen ſleep ſub dio by themſelves.

the

the charge of Manichæiſm, from themſelves, to other folks.

Nay, were I diſpoſed to make the moſt of my argument, I might add, and very fairly too, That the the old Manichæiſm was a gentle impiety, and a ſlender abſurdity; when contraſted with the modern Arminian improvements on that ſyſtem. For, which is worſe? To aſſert the exiſtence of two independent beings, and no more; or, to aſſert the exiſtence of about one hundred and fifty millions of independent beings, all living at one time, and moſt of them waging ſucceſsful war on the deſigns of him that made them?

Moreover, if ſo very minute a crumb of the creation, as this terraqueous planet, which we at preſent occupy, can furniſh out ſuch a formidable army of independent principles (i. e. of ſelf-determiners: in which number, infants and children themſelves muſt be virtually included, which will ſwell the catalogue with about ſeventy millions more); the aggregate number of independent and poſſibly-conflicting agents, contained in the univerſe at large, may exceed the powers of all the angels in heaven to compute. But, even confining ourſelves to our own world; it will follow, that Arminian Manichæiſm exceeds the paltry oriental duality, at the immenſe rate of 150000000 to 2! And this, at the very loweſt and moſt favourable computation, i. e. without taking infants into the account; and without reckoning the adult ſelf-determiners of paſt generations, nor of thoſe generations which are yet to come.

Poor Manes! with how excellent a grace do Arminians call thee an heretic! And, above all, ſuch Arminians (whereof Mr. John Weſley is one) as agree with thee, in believing the attainability of ſinleſs perfection here below: or, to uſe the good old Manichæan phraſe, who aſſert that the evil principle may

may be totally ſeparated from man in the preſent life!

"Oh, but Manes held neceſſity alſo." But what ſort of neceſſity? Such a neceſſity as a child would be under, if the Dragon of Wantley was pulling him by one arm, and Moore of Moore-hall by the other. Chriſtianity and philoſophy have nothing to do with this neceſſity, except to laugh at it.

4. Mr. Weſley ſeems much diſpleaſed with a brace of gentlemen, whoſe names he has not communicated to the public; but who appear, from his account of them, to be in no very fair way toward ſinleſs perfection.

One of theſe, we are told, delivered his mind, to this effect! "I frequently feel tempers, and ſpeak many words, and do many actions, which I do not approve of. But I cannot avoid it. They reſult, whether I will or no, from the vibrations of my brain, together with the motion of my blood, and the flow of my animal ſpirits. But theſe are not in my own power. I cannot help them. They are independent on my choice." Thus far, I totally agree with the gentleman unknown. Every one of his premiſes is true. But the concluſion limps, moſt miſerably. Which concluſion (if Mr. Weſley have repreſented it fairly) is this: "Therefore I cannot apprehend myſelf to be a ſinner." And pray, what does the gentleman apprehend himſelf to be? A ſaint, I preſume. Should this tract ever fall into his hands, let me intreat him to cry mightily to God, for that ſupernatural influence of grace, which alone is able to convince him of his ſinnerſhip; to bring him to Chriſt; and to ſave him from the evil effects, which muſt, otherwiſe, continue to reſult from "the vibrations of his brain, the motion of his blood, and the flow of his animal ſpirits."

The other anonymous gentleman, according to Mr. Weſley's hiſtory of him, believes the omnipotence, but doubts the wiſdom, and flatly denies the

goodneſs, of God. From the peculiar complection of this creed, I ſhould have imagined, that its compiler had picked up the two laſt articles of it at the Foundery: but Mr. Weſley precludes this ſurmiſe, by giving us to underſtand, that the gentleman is not a free-willer. For thus the creed goes on: "All the evil in the world is owing to God. I can aſcribe it to no other cauſe. I cannot blame that cur, for barking or biting: it is his nature: and he did not make himſelf. I feel wrong tempers in myſelf. But that is not my fault: for I cannot help it. It is my nature. And I could not prevent my having this nature: neither can I change it."

No man in the world is more prone to put things in people's mouths, which they never ſaid, or thought of, than Mr. J. W. I therefore lay very little ſtreſs on the teſtimony, which ſupports the authenticity of this creed. It may be genuine. But it is more probable, that it was forged, and dreſſed up, for the occaſion.

However, I will beſtow a few conciſe annotations on this confeſſion of faith, be it real, or be it fictitious.

"All the evil in the world is owing to God." Nothing can be more falſe. For, as the great and good * Mr. Edwards obſerves, "It would be ſtrange arguing

* Viz. the late Rev. Mr. Jonathan Edwards, of North America. Whoſe Enquiry into the Freedom of the Will is a book which God has made the inſtrument of more deep and extenſive uſefulneſs (eſpecially among Deiſts, and perſons of ſcience), than almoſt any other modern publication I know of. If ſuch of my readers, as have not yet met with it, wiſh to ſee the Arminian ſophiſtry totally unravelled and defeated; let them add that excellent performance to their literary treaſures. A more nervous chain of reaſoning it would be extremely difficult to find, in the Engliſh language. Conſequently, it is not one of thoſe treatiſes, that can be run through in an hurry. It muſt be read deliberately, and weighed with attention: elſe, you will loſe half the ſtrength of the connection.——A ſpruce Maccaroni was boaſting, one day, that he had the moſt happy genius in the world. Every thing, ſaid he, is eaſy to me. People call Euclid's Elements an hard book: but I read it, yeſterday, from beginning

arguing indeed, becauſe men never commit ſin, but only when God leaves them to themſelves, and neceſſarily ſin, when he does ſo; that therefore their ſin is not from themſelves, but from God: and ſo, that God muſt be a ſinful being. As ſtrange, as it would be, to argue, becauſe it is always dark when the ſun is gone, and never dark when the ſun is preſent; that therefore all darkneſs is from the ſun, and that his diſk and beams muſt needs be black." (Enquiry, p. 364, 365.)

Mr. Weſley's neceſſitarian adds: "I cannot blame that cur for barking and biting." But did the gentleman never, ſo much as once in his life-time, beat a cur for barking and biting; I dare ſay, he has: and would again, if a cur was to fly at him with open mouth. It ſhould ſeem, therefore, that a cur, though he bark and bite neceſſarily, is liable ſtill to blame: elſe, how could he be juſtly entitled to blows?

"It is his nature." Moſt certainly. And yet you will beat him for it!

"He did not make himſelf." Who thinks he did?

"I feel wrong tempers in myſelf." I dare ſay, you do.

ning to end, in a piece of the afternoon, between dinner and tea-time. "Read all Euclid," anſwered a gentleman preſent, "in one afternoon? How was that poſſible?" Upon my honour, I did: and never read more ſmoother reading in my life. "Did you maſter all the demonſtrations, and ſolve all the problems, as you went?" Demonſtrations! and problems! I ſuppoſe you mean the a's, and b's, and c's; and 1's, and 2's, and 3's; and the pictures of ſcratches and ſcrawls. No, no. I ſkipt all they. I only read Euclid himſelf; and all Euclid I did read; and in one piece of the afternoon too.—Mr. Edwards muſt not be read ſo genteely.

There are, it ſeems, two eminent defences of neceſſity, which I have never yet ſeen: viz. Dr. Hartley's Obſervations on Man; and an anonymous Eſſay on Liberty and Neceſſity, publiſhed, ſome years ſince, at Edinburgh. I hope, I have a feaſt, of pleaſure and inſtruction, in reſerve. And it ſhall not be my fault if I do not ſoon enjoy it.

"But that is not my fault." Certainly, the fault is in yourſelf; and conſequently, the fault is your's. How you came by it, is another matter: and belongs to the queſtion of original ſin.

"I cannot help it." Right: you cannot. But there is one that can. Apply to him.

"It is my nature." Very true.—"And I could not prevent my having this nature." I never imagined you could.—"Neither can I change it." I am very clear, you cannot. The Æthiopian might as ſoon change his ſkin, or the leopard his ſpots, Jer. xiii. 23. And yet, what will become of you, if you die unchanged? May the Almighty put that cry into your heart, Turn thou me, and I ſhall be turned! for thou art the Lord my God. Jer. xxxi. 18. Then will you know what this meaneth: we all, with open face, beholding, as in a glaſs, the glory of the Lord; are changed into the ſame image, from glory to glory, by the ſpirit of the Lord. 2 Cor. iii. 18.

5. Mr. Weſley's wrath is not confined to the two gentlemen abovementioned. It ſtrides back into the laſt century, and proſecutes "the aſſembly of divines who met at Weſtminſter." For what offence, are they thus dug out of their graves? For ſaying, that "Whatever happens in time, was unchangeably determined from all eternity."—I beg leave to acquaint the court, that there is a flaw in the charge. Mr. Weſley cannot quote even a ſingle propoſition, without mangling and altering!

In the confeſſion, drawn up by thoſe divines, they expreſs the matter thus: God, from all eternity, did, by the moſt wiſe and holy counſel of his own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatever comes to paſs. Yet ſo, as thereby neither is God the author of ſin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, &c.*.—In their larger catechiſm, they phraſe

* Humble Advice of the Aſſembly, &c. p. 10, 11. Edit. Lond. 1658. Quarto.

it,

it, with no alteration of ſenſe, as follows: God's decrees are the wiſe, free, and holy acts of the counſel of his will; whereby, from all eternity, he hath, for his own glory, unchangeably fore-ordained whatſoever comes to paſs in time: eſpecially, concerning angels and men.—In the ſhorter catechiſm, they ſay: The decrees of God are, his eternal purpoſe according to the counſel of his will; whereby, for his own glory, he hath fore-ordained whatever comes to paſs. God executeth his decrees, in the works of creation and providence.—I ſhall only obſerve, concerning all and each of theſe paragraphs, that if they be not true, the whole Bible is one grand ſtring of falſehood, from the firſt verſe to the laſt.

While Mr. Weſley's hand was in, I wonder he did not arraign another aſſembly of divines; ſome of whom were mitred. I mean, the famous aſſembly of biſhops and others, who met together, not many bow-ſhots from Weſtminſter, on the Surrey ſide of the Thames, in the year 1595, at a certain place of rendezvous, called Lambeth Palace: where, ſays Dr. Fuller, "archbiſhop Whitgift, out of his Chriſtian care to propagate the truth, and ſuppreſs the oppoſite errors, cauſed a ſolemn meeting of many grave and learned divines." Among whom, beſides the good archbiſhop himſelf, were Bancroft, biſhop of London; Vaughan, biſhop of Bangor; Tindal, dean of Ely; Whitaker, Divinity Profeſſor of Cambridge; &c. Which ſaid aſſembly of divines drew up the celebrated Lambeth articles: whereof I ſhall here cite but one, for a ſpecimen; having treated, at large, of this aſſembly, and its determinations, * elſewhere, "*Prædeſtinatorum præfinitus et certus eſt numerus: qui nec augeri, nec minui, poteſt.*" i. e.

* In a Tract, entitled, The Church of England vindicated from the Charge of Arminianiſm; and in my Hiſtoric Proof of the Doctrinal Calviniſm of the Church of England.

The number of the predeſtinated is fore-determined, and certain: ſo that it can neither be increaſed, nor diminiſhed.

There have alſo been ſtill larger aſſemblies of divines: compoſed of all the biſhops, deans, and delegates of the clergy, in England. Witneſs the aſſembly, who drew up the 39 articles, to which Mr. Weſley has, indeed, over and over again, ſat his hand: but with the ſame ſimplicity and godly ſincerity (2 Cor. i. 12.), which ſeem to have actuated Dr. Reid, Dr. Oſwald, and Dr. Beattie, when they ſubſcribed the confeſſion and catechiſm of the Weſtminſter aſſembly.

> There's ſuch a thing, as holy tricking.
> Teſts are but pie-cruſt, made for breaking.
> Our own conveniency, and gains,
> Are ſweetmeats, which that cruſt contains.
> To come at theſe, what man ſo fooliſh,
> But would a thouſand cruſts demoliſh?

Moreover, what ſhall we ſay, concerning that moſt reverend, right reverend, aſſembly; who put that woeful collect into the liturgy, beginning with, O God, whoſe never-failing providence ordereth all things, both in heaven and earth? Can any thing breathe, more ſtrongly, the whole of what we mean by neceſſity?—A providence—a never-failing providence—That ordereth not only ſome, but all things—Yea, all things both in heaven and earth! In that one paſſage (and the Church has very many others, quite like unto it), "See neceſſity drawn at full length, and painted in the moſt lively colours."

6. It is curious, to behold Arminians themſelves forced, by ſtreſs of argument, to take refuge in the harbour of that neceſſity which, at other times, they ſo vehemently ſeek to deſtroy. "It is neceſſary," ſay they, "that man's will ſhould be free: for, without freedom, the will were no will at all."

I pity

I pity the diſtreſsful dilemma, to which they are driven. Should they ſay, it is not neceſſary for man's will to be free; they give up their whole cauſe at once. If they ſay (and ſay it they do), that it is neceſſary, yea abſolutely neceſſary, for the will to be free; and that, in its very nature, it cannot but be free;—then, ſay I, upon that principle, theſe good people are free, with a liberty of neceſſity, and ſheer neceſſity itſelf is the root and ſap of all their boaſted free-agency. In other words, free-agency, themſelves being judges, is only a ramification of neceſſity!

7. Though I have mentioned the following anecdote, in a preceding publication; yet, by way of recompenſing Mr. Weſley, for the amuſement he has afforded me, in publiſhing the converſation of the two neceſſitarian gentlemen, whereof I have juſt given the reader an account; I alſo, in my turn, ſhall refer him to a very remarkable converſation, which paſſed between a free-will gentleman and myſelf, June 21, 1774, in the neighbourhood of London, and in the preſence of my friend, the Rev. Mr. Ryland.

"God does all he poſſibly can," ſaid the Arminian philoſopher, "to hinder moral and natural evil. But he cannot prevail. Men will not permit God to have his wiſh."—Then the Deity, anſwered I, muſt certainly be a very unhappy being.——"Not unhappy in the leaſt."—What! meet with a conſtant ſeries of croſſes; thwarted in his daily endeavours; diſappointed of his wiſhes; diſconcerted in his plan of operations; defeated of his intentions; embarraſſed in his views; and actually overpowered, every moment of every day, by numberleſs of the creatures he has made; and yet be happy under all this inceſſant ſeries of perplexing and mortifying circumſtances?—"Yes: for he knows, that, in conſequence of the free-will, with which he has en-

dued his rational creatures, he himſelf muſt be diſappointed of his wiſhes, and defeated of his ends; and that there is no help for it, unleſs he had made us mere machines. He therefore ſubmits to neceſſity: and does not make himſelf uneaſy about it *."

Can any thing be more ſhockingly execrable, than ſuch a degrading and blaſphemous idea of the ever bleſſed God? And conſequently, is not the doctrine of human ſelf-determinability the moſt daring, the moſt inconſiſtent, the moſt falſe, the moſt contemptible, and the moſt atheiſtical tenet, that was ever ſpawned by pride and ignorance in conjunction? A doctrine, which, in running away from the true neceſſity, coins an impoſſible neceſſity of its own inventing; and, while it repreſents men as gods, ſinks God far below the level of the meaneſt man!

Is not the adorable Creator of the world, the Governor of it too? Or has he only built a ſtage, for fortune to dance upon? Does Almighty Providence do no more than hold the diſtaff, while contingency (i. e. while nothing) ſpins the threads, and wreathes them into a line, for the Firſt Cauſe (very falſely ſo called, if this be the caſe!) to wind upon his reel, and turn to the beſt account he can? Arminians may affirm it. But God forbid, that I ſhould ever believe it.

For my own part, I ſolemnly profeſs, before God, angels, and men, that I am not conſcious of my being endued with that ſelf-determining power, which Arminianiſm aſcribes to me as an individual of the human ſpecies. Nay, I am clearly certain, that I have it not. I am alſo equally certain, that I do not

* See a note, ſubjoined to p. 5. of a Sermon lately publiſhed by me, entitled, Free-will and Merit brought to the Teſt; or, Men not their own Saviours: where ſome of the horrible conſequences, and of the gigantic inconſiſtencies, inſeparable from this gentleman's theory, are briefly pointed out.

wiſh

wiſh to have it: and that, was it poſſible for my Creator to make me an offer of transferring the determination of any one event, from his own will to mine; it would be both my duty and my wiſdom, to entreat, that the ſceptre might ſtill remain with himſelf, and that I might have nothing to do in the direction of a ſingle incident, or of ſo much as a ſingle circumſtance.

Mr. Weſley laments, that neceſſity is "The ſcheme, which is now adopted by not a few of the moſt ſenſible men in the nation." I agree with him, as to the fact. But I cannot deplore it as a calamity. The progreſs, which that doctrine has, of late years, made, and is ſtill making, in this kingdom, I conſider as a moſt happy and promiſing ſymptom, that the Divine Goodneſs has yet abundant mercies in reſerve, for a Church, the majority of whoſe reputed members have long apoſtatized from her eſſential principles; and for a country, whoſe *

* Take a ſpecimen of the vitiated ſtate, in which the free-will gangrene has reduced the moral taſte of this Chriſtian and reformed country, in the following admired lines, which are part of a very applauded entertainment, lately introduced on the Engliſh ſtage:

"With ſport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours;
Since life is no more than a paſſage, at beſt;
Let us ſtrew the way over with flow'rs."

Was a religious and ſenſible foreigner, whether a Proteſtant, or Popiſh; Jew, Mahometan, or Heathen; to be informed, that ſuch equally deteſtable and deſpicable ſentiments, as thoſe, are heard with rapture at the Britiſh theatres, and choruſed with delight in numberleſs private companies in every part of the kingdom: would he not be inclined to ſet us down, in general, for a nation of Epicurean Atheiſts, fit only to wallow in the Circean ſty; quite loſt to all religion, philoſophy, virtue, and decency; and no otherwiſe entitled to the name of man, than by perpendicularity of ſhape connected with the art of ſpeaking?

"If prone in thought, our ſtature is our ſhame:
And man ſhould bluſh, his forehead meets the ſkies."

morals

morals have degenerated, in proportion to the corruptions of its faith.

May the * ſet time be nigh at hand, for our national recovery to the goſpel and to virtue! Then ſhall God, even our own God, give us his bleſſing.

* Pſalm cii. 13.

A DISSER-

A

DISSERTATION

CONCERNING THE

SENSIBLE QUALITIES

OF

MATTER:

MORE ESPECIALLY, CONCERNING

COLOURS.

Judge not (κατ' ὄψιν) according to Sight. John vii. 24.

WHEN I wrote the foregoing chapters, it was my intention to have taken no notice of Mr. Weſley's weak and puerile objections to the well eſtabliſhed doctrine of ſenſible qualities: partly, becauſe what he obſerves (or, rather, what he has picked up from Dr. Reid and others) on this ſubject, is ſo contemptibly frivolous, as hardly to juſtify any ſerious animadverſion; and, partly, becauſe I did not conſider the ſubject itſelf as directly connected with the article of neceſſity.

But, on my reflecting, that the aptitude of perceivable bodies to impreſs our ſenſes with certain motions, called ſenſations; and that the ſenſations ſo produced, together with the correſpondent ideas which thoſe ſenſations impart to, or excite in, the mind: are, all, the reſult of neceſſary relation, and form an indiſſolubly combined chain of cauſe and effect: I determined to ſubjoin ſome enquiries, concerning a branch of knowledge, which, in this view of it, is not altogether foreign to the main argument of the *preceding diſquiſitions*.

By the ſenſes, I mean thoſe conduits or avenues to the brain, through which, the ſoul receives its ideas of objects extraneous to its ſelf. No perſon need be reminded, that theſe ſenſes are five, viz. thoſe of feeling, hearing, ſeeing, ſmelling, and taſting. It may, perhaps, be ſolidly affirmed, that, in abſolute ſtrictneſs, we have but one ſenſe, preciſely ſo called, viz. that of feeling, or perception at large; of which the remaining four are but ſo many exquiſite modifications, or affections. I acquieſce, however, in the popular diviſion of the ſenſes into five.

The ſenſible qualities of extraneous objects are, properly, no more than "powers," as Mr. Locke juſtly terms them, viz. powers of producing ſuch particular motions in our animal organs, as have a native tendency to occaſion correſpondent perceptions in the ſoul, through the mediation of the nerves and brain: that is to ſay, extraneous objects have this effect, when duly preſented to the ſenſes, and when the ſenſes are in ſuch a ſtate as duly to receive the impreſſions naturally ariſing from the preſence, or application, of thoſe objects.

Theſe powers, inherent in extraneous bodies, of producing ſuch ſenſations in us; indiſputably reſult from the figure, ſize, arrangement, and motion, of the particles which conſtitute the bodies themſelves. Which appears, among other conſiderations, from hence: that the ſame body, under different modes of corpuſcular ſize, arrangement, motion, and figure, occaſions different ſenſations in our organs, and conveys different ideas to the mind.

Now, theſe modal differences of arrangement, &c. are undoubtedly reſident in their reſpective ſubjects: and may eaſily be conceived of, as exiſtable, independently on us; i. e. they might be juſt what they are, whether the bodies themſelves, in which they obtain, were objected to our ſenſes, or not. But the effects of thoſe combined modes (as colour, ſound, flavour, ſcent, pleaſure, and pain) are things purely

purely relative; and abſolutely require the concurrence of ſenſe, in order to their having any kind or degree of poſitive exiſtence. They are but potentially in their peculiar ſubjects, until thoſe ſubjects become objects, by being actually expoſed to, and by actually operating upon, the organs of a percipient being.

Thus, there might have been tremulations in the atmoſphere, through the impulſe of one maſs of matter upon another (primarily ſet in motion by the divine will), if no animal, or ſentient being, had been created. But, in that caſe, it is utterly inconceivable, how thoſe tremulations, though ever ſo violent, could have occaſioned what we call, ſound. Again.—The diſpoſition of certain ſurfaces to reflect, refract, and abſorb, the incident rays of light; might have been juſt what it now is, independently on the optic nerves of animals: but then no ſurface, however diſpoſed, i. e. be its texture, reflections, refractions, or abſorptions, what they will; could have occaſioned that ideal reſult, which we term colour, without being oppoſed to the viſual organ of an intelligent ſubſtance. And ſo on, through every ſpecies of ſenſible quality.

Hence, there is nothing hyperbolic, or extravagant; but all is no leſs ſtrictly and ſoberly philoſophical, than ſublimely and elegantly poetical; in the following lines of Dr. Young:

" The ſenſes, which inherit earth and heaven,
Enjoy the various riches nature yields:
Far nobler! give the riches they enjoy.
Give taſte to fruits; and harmony to groves;
The radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire:
Take in, at once, the landſcape of the world,
At a ſmall inlet, which a grain might cloſe,
And half-create the wond'rous world they ſee.
But for the magic organ's pow'rful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos ſtill.

Objects

Objects are but th' occaſion: our's th' exploit.
Our's are the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draw,
And beautify creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchleſs image, man admires."

This is provable, not only by reaſon, but by numberleſs experiments. Do but artfully vary the medium through which you ſee it, and you may make the ſurface of any body whatever aſſume, in appearance, any colour you pleaſe: and that in the moſt rapid ſucceſſion, and in every mode of poſſible diverſity. A certain ſign, that colour is only a ſenſible quality, and not a real property, of matter.

But let us hear Mr. Weſley: who wildly thinks himſelf no leſs qualified to demoliſh the fundamental axioms of natural philoſophy, than to overturn the firſt principles of natural and revealed religion.

"Colour," ſays he, "is a real, material thing. There is no illuſion in the caſe, unleſs you confound the * perception with the * thing perceived. And all other ſecondary qualities are juſt as real, as figure, or any other primary one." With regard to colour (for I have neither room nor leiſure to run through all the other ſecondary qualities), its non-exiſtence is certain, not only from the preceding conſiderations; but, likewiſe, in general, from the natural darkneſs of matter. Every atom (even thoſe not excepted, which conſtitute that exquiſite fluid, called light; though it is the moſt attenuated and ſubtil body with which we are acquainted) is, in-

** The plain, natural meaning of this, is, that "the thing perceived," viz. colour, conſidered as reſident in bodies, is "real:" but that our "perception" of that "real" colour is a mere "illuſion!"—Without any "illuſion" at all, may we not pronounce Mr. Weſley to be the lameſt, the blindeſt, and the moſt ſelf-contradictory waſter of ink and paper, that ever pretended to the name of reaſoner? It is almoſt a diſgrace, to refute him.

trinſically,

trinſically, dark: and, conſequently, colourleſs. Light itſelf, by whoſe intervention other bodies become viſible, ſeems to depend greatly, if not entirely, for that power, on the exility, the extreme rarefaction, and on the incomparably rapid motion, expanſion, and protrudibility, of its component particles: by which properties, it is peculiarly fitted, to act upon the inſtruments of animal ſight; as theſe are likewiſe reciprocally fitted to admit that ſenſation, which Providence deſigned they ſhould receive, in conſequence of being ſo acted upon.

"All colours," ſays Mr. Weſley, "do as really exiſt without us, as trees, or corn, or heaven, or earth." He is welcome to enjoy a deluſion, which (like moſt of his other opinions) has not one ſound argument for its ſupport. But hear him again: "When I ſay, that cloth is of a red colour; I mean, its ſurface is ſo diſpoſed, as to reflect the red; i. e. the largeſt, rays of light. When I ſay, the ſky is blue, I mean, it is ſo diſpoſed, as to reflect the blue, i. e. the ſmalleſt, rays of light. And where is the deluſion here? Does not that diſpoſition, do not thoſe rays, as really exiſt, as either the cloth, or the ſky? And are they not as really reflected, as the ball in a tennis-court?"

What, in the name of wonder, could induce Mr. W. to make theſe conceſſions? Conceſſions, which cut the throat of his own hypotheſis from ear to ear! For I appeal to any competent Reader, whether the following concluſions do not neceſſarily flow from thoſe premiſes?

1. That colour is the mere creature of ſenſation: which ſenſation is occaſioned (not by any real tinge inherent, either in the object, or in the rays of light; but occaſioned!) by the "diſpoſition," i. e. by the texture, or configuration and connection, of the ſuperficial particles; and by the "largeneſs," or "ſmallneſs," i. e. by the ſize, of the "reflected rays." This is all very right, ſo far as it goes.

2. That

2. That "redneſs" and "blueneſs" (for inſtance) are mere ideas, reſulting from the peculiarly "diſpoſed ſurfaces" of the reflecting bodies, and from the magnitude, or minuteneſs, of the "rays" which thoſe ſurfaces either ſtrike back, or refract in various directions. And what is this, but the very doctrine, againſt which Mr. Weſley profeſſedly draws his wooden ſword? For,

3. As to the real exiſtence of bodies, and their ſurfaces, and rays of light; it is not queſtioned by any, I know of, except by the few followers of biſhop Berkley; and they are very few indeed. Not three dozen, I ſuppoſe, in the three kingdoms.

4. It follows, that Mr. Weſley's inconſiſtent aſſertion cannot, even on his own principles, be true: viz. that "colour is a real, material thing." No: it is an ideal thing; generated in our minds by the "diſpoſition" of "ſurfaces," and by the reverberation, &c. of "rays."

The Methodiſt goes on. "It is true, that, when they" [i. e. when irradiated ſurfaces] "ſtrike upon my eye, a particular ſenſation follows in my ſoul. But that ſenſation is not colour: I know no one that calls it ſo." Nor I neither. The ſenſation only gives at firſt, and repeatedly excites afterwards, the idea of colour. For, properly ſpeaking, there is no ſuch thing as abſolute colour, either in the bodies themſelves, or in the rays which they reflect, or in the eye, or in the ſoul. Yet is the ideas founded on a complication of realities. For both the bodies, and the rays, and the eye, and the ſoul, have a poſitive exiſtence.

But Mr. Weſley has a dreadful peal of thunder in reſerve; which he thus rattles over the head of natural philoſophy. "Take it altogether" [i. e. believe the ſenſible qualities to be no more than ſenſible], "what a ſuppoſition is this! Is it not enough to make one's blood run cold? The great God, the creator of heaven and earth, the father of the ſpirits

of

of all fleſh, the God of truth, has encompaſſed with falſehood every ſoul that he has made! Has given up all mankind to a ſtrong deluſion, to believe a lie! Yea, all his creation is a lie! You make God himſelf, rather than the devil, the father of lies!"— Mighty pious, mighty rhetorical, and mighty philoſophical. I ſhall leave the horrid criminality of this indecent paſſage, to the cognizance of the adorable being it blaſphemes: and only obſerve, that Mr. Weſley's heat and prophaneneſs (of which he has, elſewhere, given innumerable ſamples) are ſuch, that he dares to ſcold his Maker, with as little ceremony, and with as much ſcurrility, as an enraged fiſh-woman would be-din the ears of a 'prentice wench.

But let me aſk: Is God (I tremble even to put the queſtion!) therefore "the father of lies," becauſe he has not furniſhed us with acuteneſs of ſight, ſufficient to take in the real magnitudes of the ſun and other celeſtial bodies? Or, can he be ſaid to "encompaſs us with falſehood," becauſe we do not perceive the annual and diurnal motions of the earth? Our ſenſes tell us (and the far greater part of mankind, upon the credit of their ſenſes, live and die in the belief) that the ſun is not ſo large as a coach-wheel; that the moon is leſs than the dial of St. Paul's clock; that the diameter of the largeſt viſible ſtar is inferior to that of a tea-cup; and that the earth is abſolutely quieſcent, inſtead of conſtantly travelling (as in reality it does) at the rapid rate of about 60,000 miles an hour, exclaſively of its diurnal rotation round its own axis. The illuſions of colour, taſte, and ſmell, are nothing, when compared with the immenſe difference between appearances and facts, in theſe and other points of ſo much greater conſequence. And, hence, it becomes the office of reaſon and ſcience, to rectify, ſo far as they can, the frequent miſtakes of ſenſe.

I ſhall add, to theſe remarks, a ſketch of what Mr. Locke has obſerved, concerning the qualities, called ſenſible. And I the rather do this with ſome extent, becauſe that profound and maſterly genius has cultivated this part of ſcience, with a perſpicuity and ſolidity, equalled, I believe, by few other writers on the ſubject.

" It being manifeſt, that there are multitudes of bodies, each whereof are ſo ſmall, that we cannot, by any of our ſenſes, diſcover either their bulk, figure, or motion, as is evident in the particles of the air and water; and others, extremely ſmaller than thoſe, perhaps as much ſmaller than the particles of air and water, as the particles of air and water are ſmaller than peaſe or hail-ſtones: let us ſuppoſe at preſent, that the different motions and figures, bulk and number, of ſuch particles, affecting the organs of our ſenſes, produce in us thoſe different ſenſations, which we have from the colours and ſmells of bodies. Let us ſuppoſe, for example, that a violet, by the impulſe of ſuch inſenſible [i. e. inviſible] particles of matter, of peculiar figures and bulks, and in different degrees and modifications of their motions, cauſes the ideas, of the blue colour and ſweet ſcent of that flower, to be produced in our minds. It being no more impoſſible to conceive, that God ſhould annex ſuch ideas to ſuch motions, with which they have no ſimilitude; than that he ſhould annex the idea of pain to the motion of a piece of ſteel dividing our fleſh, with which that idea hath no reſemblance.

" What I have ſaid, concerning colours and ſmells, may be underſtood alſo of taſtes, and ſounds, and other ſenſible qualities: which, whatever reality we by miſtake attribute to them, are in truth nothing in the objects themſelves, but powers to produce various ſenſations in us; and depend on the primary qualities, viz. bulk, figure, texture, and motion of parts.

" Flame

" Flame is denominated hot, and bright; ſnow, white, and cold; manna, white, and ſweet: from the ideas they produce in us. Whoever conſiders, that the ſame fire, which, at one diſtance, produces in us the ſenſation of warmth, does, at a nearer approach, produce in us the far different ſenſation of pain; ought to bethink himſelf, what reaſon he has to ſay, that his idea of warmth, which was produced in him by the fire, is actually in the fire; and his idea of pain, which the ſame fire produced in him, is not in the fire. Why are whiteneſs and cold in ſnow, and pain not; when it produces both one and the other of thoſe ideas in us, and can do neither, but by the bulk, figure, number, and motion, of its ſolid parts?

" The particular bulk, number, figure, and motion, of the parts of fire or ſnow, are really in thoſe bodies, whether any one's ſenſes perceive them, or no: and may therefore be called real qualities. But light, heat, whiteneſs, or coldneſs, are no more really in ſnow or fire, than ſickneſs or pain is in manna. Take away the ſenſation of them; let not the eye ſee light or colours, nor the ears hear ſounds; let the palate not taſte, nor the noſe ſmell; and all colours, taſtes, odours, and ſounds, as they are ſuch particular ideas, vaniſh and ceaſe, and are reduced to their cauſes, viz. bulk, figure, and motions of parts.

" Let us conſider the red and white colours in porphyry [marble]. Hinder light but from ſtriking on it, and its colours vaniſh; it no longer produces any ſuch ideas in us. Upon the return of light, it produces theſe appearances again. Can any one think, that any real alterations are made in the porphyry, by the preſence or abſence of light; and that thoſe ideas of whiteneſs and redneſs are really in porphyry in the light, when it is plain it has no colour in the dark? It has, indeed, ſuch a configuration of particles, both night and day, as are apt,

by the rays of light rebounding from ſome parts of that hard ſtone, to produce in us the idea of redneſs, and from others the idea of whiteneſs; but whiteneſs and redneſs are not in it, at any time; but only ſuch a texture, as has power to produce ſuch a ſenſation in us.

" Pound an almond, and the clear white colour will be turned into a dirty one; and the ſweet taſte into an oily one. What real alteration can the beating of a peſtle make in any body, but an alteration in the texture of it?

" He that will examine his complex idea of gold, will find ſeveral of the ideas, that make it up, to be only powers: as the power of being melted, but of not ſpending itſelf in the fire; and of being diſſolved in aqua regia. Which are ideas, as neceſſary to make up our complex idea of gold, as its colour and weight: which, if duly conſidered, are nothing but different powers. For, to ſpeak truly, yellowneſs is not actually in gold, but is a power in gold to produce that idea in us, by our eyes, when placed in a due light. And the heat, which we cannot leave out of our idea of the ſun, is no more really in the ſun, than is the white colour which it introduces into wax. Theſe are both equally powers in the ſun, operating by the motion and figure of its inſenſible parts ſo on a man, as to make him have the idea of heat; and ſo on wax, as to make it capable to produce in a man the idea of white.

" Had we ſenſes, acute enough to diſcern the minute particles of bodies, and the real conſtitution on which their ſenſible qualities depend, I doubt not, but they would produce quite different ideas in us, and that, which now [ſeems] the yellow colour of gold, would then diſappear, and, in ſtead of it, we ſhould ſee an admirable texture of parts of a certain ſize and figure.

" This microſcopes plainly diſcover to us. For what, to our naked eyes, produces [the ſemblance of]

of] a certain colour, is, by thus augmenting the acuteneſs of our ſenſes, diſcovered to be quite a different thing: and the thus altering, as it were, the proportion of the bulk of the minute parts of a coloured object to our ſight, produces different ideas from what it did before.

"Thus ſand, or pounded glaſs, which is opake, and white, to the naked eye; is pellucid, in a microſcope. And an hair, ſeen this way, loſes its former colour, and is in a great meaſure pellucid, with a mixture of bright, ſparkling colours, ſuch as appear from the refraction of diamonds, and other pellucid bodies. Blood, to the naked eye, appears all red: but, by a good microſcope, wherein its leſſer parts appear, ſhews only ſome few globules of red, ſwimming in a pellucid liquor. And how thoſe red globules would appear, if glaſſes could be found, that could magnify them yet 100, or 10,000 times more, is uncertain *."

No diſhonour will accrue to this great man, now ſo largely quoted, by obſerving, that, in what he ſo ably delivered concerning the ſecondary or ſenſible qualities of matter, he ſtood on the ſhoulders of his illuſtrious fore-runner in ſcience, Mr. Boyle.—Permit me, at once, to enrich the preſent appendix, with a few paragraphs from this laſt-mentioned philoſopher; and to confirm its general drift, by the ſanction of ſo exalted an authority.

"I do not deny, that bodies may be ſaid, in a very favourable ſenſe, to have thoſe qualities [potentially], which we call ſenſible, though there were no animals in the world. For a body, in that caſe, may have ſuch a diſpoſition of its conſtituent corpuſcles, that, if it were duly applied to the ſenſory of an animal, it would produce ſuch a ſenſible [effect], which a body of another texture would not. Thus, though, if there were no animals,

* Locke's Eſſay, book 2. chap. 8, and chap. 23.

there would be no ſuch thing as pain; yet a [thorn] may, upon account of its figure, be fitted to cauſe pain, in caſe it were moved againſt a man's finger: whereas a blunt body, moved againſt it with no greater force, is not fitted to cauſe any ſuch perception. So ſnow, though, if there were no lucid body, nor organ of ſight, in the world, would exhibit no colour at all (for I could not find it had any, in places exactly darkened); yet hath it a greater diſpoſition, than a coal, or ſoot, to reflect ſtore of light outwards, when the ſun ſhines upon them all three. We ſay, that a lute is in tune, whether it be actually played upon or no, if the ſtrings be all ſo duly ſtretched, as that it would appear to be in tune, if it were played on.

" Thruſt a pin into a man's finger both before and after his death. Though the pin be as ſharp, at one time, as at another; and makes, in both caſes alike, a ſolution of continuity; yet, in the former caſe, the action of the pin will produce pain: and not in the latter, becauſe, in this, the pricked body wants the ſoul, and, conſequently, the perceptive faculty.—So, if there were no ſenſitive beings, thoſe bodies, which are now the objects of our ſenſes, would be no more than diſpoſitively endued with colours, taſtes, and the like: but actually with only the more catholic affections of bodies, as figure, motion, texture, &c.

" To illuſtrate this yet a little farther. Suppoſe a man ſhould beat a drum, at ſome diſtance from the mouth of a cave, conveniently ſituated to return the noiſe he makes. People will preſently conclude, that the cave has an echo: and will be apt to fancy, upon that account, ſome * real property in the place, to

* Real properties it undoubtedly has: and it is impoſſible that any portion of matter ſhould be without them. But Mr. Boyle means, that the particular effect, which we term ſound, is not of the number of thoſe real properties, but merely ſenſitive and ideal; and

to which the echo is ſaid to belong. Yet, to ſpeak phyſically of things, this peculiar quality, or property, which we fancy to be in the cave; is, in it, nothing elſe but the hollowneſs of its figure, whereby it is ſo diſpoſed, as when the air beats againſt it, to reflect the motion towards the place whence that motion began. And what paſſes on the occaſion, is indeed but this: the drumſtick, falling on the drum, makes a percuſſion of the air, and puts that fluid body in an undulating motion; and the aërial waves, thruſting on one another, until they arrive at the hollow ſuperficies of the cave, have by reaſon of its reſiſtance and figure, their motion determined the contrary way: namely, backward, towards that part where the drum was when it was ſtruck. So that, in that which here happens, there intervenes nothing but the figure of one body, and the motion of another: though if a man's ear chance to be in the way of theſe motions of the air forward and backward, it gives him a perception of them, which he calls ſound.

" And whereas one body doth often ſeem to produce, in another, divers ſuch qualities as we call ſenſible; which qualities therefore ſeem not to need any reference to our ſenſes; I conſider, that, when one inanimate body works upon another, there is nothing really produced by the agent, in the patient, ſave ſome local motion of its parts, or ſome change of texture conſequent upon that motion: but, by means of its effects upon our organs of ſenſe, we are induced to attribute this or that quality to it. So, if a piece of tranſparent ice be, by the falling of ſome heavy and hard body upon it, broken into a groſs powder that looks whitiſh; the falling body doth nothing to the ice, but break it into very ſmall

and becomes ſo, when matter, under certain modes and circumſtances of figure and motion, is objected to and operates upon the ſuitably diſpoſed organ of a perceiving animal.

fragments, lying confuſedly upon one another; though, by reaſon of the fabric of the world and of our eyes, there does, in the day-time, upon this comminution, enſue ſuch a kind of copious reflection of the incident light to our eyes, as we call whiteneſs. And when the ſun, by thawing this broken ice, deſtroys its whiteneſs, and makes it become diaphonous, which it was not before; the ſun does no more than alter the texture of the component parts, by putting them into motion, and, thereby, into a new order: in which, by reaſon of the diſpoſition of the intercepting pores, they reflect but few of the incident beams of light, and tranſmit moſt of them.

" When you poliſh a rough piece of ſilver, that which is really done is but the depreſſion of the little protuberant parts, into one level with the reſt of the ſuperficies: though, upon this mechanical change of the texture of the ſuperficial parts, we men ſay, that it hath loſt the quality of roughneſs, and acquired that of ſmoothneſs; becauſe, whereas the exſtances did, before, by their figure, reſiſt a little the motion of our finger, our finger now meets with no ſuch offenſive reſiſtance.

" Fire will make wax flow, and enable it to burn a man's hand. And yet this does not argue in it any inherent quality of heat, diſtinct from the power it hath of putting the ſmall parts of the wax into ſuch a motion, as that their agitation ſurmounts their co-heſion. But though we ſuppoſe the fire to do no more than variouſly and briſkly to agitate the inſenſible parts of the wax, that may ſuffice to make us think the wax endued with a quality of heat; becauſe, if ſuch agitation be greater than that of our organs of touch, it produces in us the ſenſation we call heat: which is ſo much a relative to the ſenſory which apprehends it, that the ſame lukewarm water (i. e. water whoſe corpuſcles are moderately agitated by the fire) will ſeem hot to one of a man's

man's hands, if that hand be very cold; and cold to the other, in caſe it be very hot; though both of them be the ſame man's hands.——Bodies, in a world conſtituted as our's now is, being brought to act upon the moſt curiouſly contrived ſenſories of animals, may, upon both theſe accounts, exhibit many different ſenſible phænomena: which, however we look upon them as diſtinct qualities, are but the conſequent effects of the often-mentioned catholic affections of matter, and deducible from the ſize, ſhape, motion, (or reſt), poſture, order, and the reſulting texture, of the inſenſible parts of bodies. And therefore, though, for ſhortneſs of ſpeech, I ſhall not ſcruple to make uſe of the word, qualities, ſince it is already ſo generally received; yet, I would be underſtood to mean it, in a ſenſe ſuitable to the doctrine above delivered *."

But there is one conſideration, which, in my view of it, decides the queſtion abſolutely and irrefragably. To wit, the eſſential ſameneſs of matter in all bodies whatever.

The opinion, that what are commonly termed the four elements, (viz. earth, water, air, and fire,) are ſo many ſimple and eſſentially different principles, or abſolute and firſt rudiments; ſeems, to me, an exceedingly erroneous ſuppoſition. For I take thoſe elements, as they are uſually ſtyled, to be, themſelves, but ſo many various modifications of that ſame ſimple matter, whereof all body, or extended ſubſtance, without exception, conſiſts †.

Now,

* Boyle's Origin of Forms and Qualities, p. 31—38. Edit. Oxf. 1667.

† Without entering either deeply, or extenſively, into the conſiderations which determine me to this belief; I would barely offer the following hints.

1. To imagine, that Infinite Wiſdom would multiply eſſences, without reaſonable cauſe, were to foſter an hypotheſis directly contrary to that beautiful ſimplicity, which, ſo evidently, and ſo univerſally, characteriſes the variegated works of God. Nature (i. e. omnipotence behind the curtain) is radically frugal, though

Now, if it be allowed, that all matter is eſſentially the ſame, under every poſſible diverſity of appearance;

its phænomena exhibit almoſt an infinity of modal diverſification. Two eſſences only (viz. ſpirit and matter) are fully ſufficient, to account for every appearance, and to anſwer every known purpoſe, of creation, and of providence. What occaſion, then, for five? or, as ſome ſuppoſe, for no fewer than ſeven; viz. earth, water, air, fire, light, æther, and ſpirit? Might we not, juſt as rationally, dream of ſeventy, or even ſeventy millions of eſſences?

Sir Iſaac Newton's rule for philoſophiſing, and the argument on which he grounds it, ſtrike me with all the force of ſelf-evidence: Cauſas rerum naturalium non plures admitti debere, quàm quæ et veræ ſint, & earum phænomenis explicandis ſufficiant. Dicunt utique philoſophi: Natura nihil agit fruſtra; & fruſtra fit, per plura, quod fieri poteſt per pauciora. Natura enim ſimplex eſt, & rerum Cauſis ſuperfluis non luxuriat. If this be juſt, the admiſſion of more eſſences, than two, would be totally inconſiſtent with a firſt and fundamental principle of all natural knowledge.

2. The four claſſes of matter, commonly called Elements, are, in reality, not ſimple, but exceedingly compound, bodies; and partake very much of each other. Which circumſtance forms no inconſiderable branch of that ἀλαξία, or confuſion, literally ſo termed; introduced by original ſin. Thus,

Earth aſſociates to itſelf all the ſolvable ſubſtances that are committed to its boſom. Which ſubſtances, after the time reſpectively requiſite for their ſolution, and for their co-aleſcence with the earth, are not diſtinguiſhable from original earth itſelf.

Water is known to comprehend every ſpecies of earthy particles; as well as to include no ſmall portion of air: and to be capable, by motion, of aſſuming that quality which we term heat; even in ſuch a degree, as to be no leſs intolerable by animals, than flame itſelf.

Air is conſtantly intermingled with an immenſe number of diſſimilar particles. With houſehold duſt (for inſtance), which is, in fact, the wearings of almoſt every thing. Not to mention the countleſs effluvia, with which the atmoſphere is charged, inceſſantly flying off from animal bodies, both ſound and putreſcent; and from the whole world of vegetable ſubſtances, both fragrant and fœtid. Theſe particles, through the continual attrition occaſioned by their motion and interference with each other, and by the ambient preſſure of the air upon them all, undergo, it is probable, a gradual atomic ſeparation: and, when ſufficiently comminuted, become, at laſt, a genuine part of that aerial fluid, in which they only floated before.——Could we breathe nothing but pure, unmixed air, human health and life would, probably, extend to an extreme length.

Fire, or more properly a fiery ſubſtance, will burn (i. e. communicate a portion of its own motion to), and aſſimilate, all other contracting

ance; it will follow, that what we call ſenſible qualities are, rather, modal diſcriminations, than real differences.

Let us apply this doctrine to colours.

Several

contracting bodies, whoſe corpuſcular co-heſion is not ſufficiently cloſe and firm to reſiſt the ſubtil agency of that inſinuating power. But, when its force is exhauſted (i. e. when the inteſtine agitation of its parts has forced off all that was volatile; and ceaſes, in conſequence of having no more to do), what remains? A quantity of particles, equally capable (for ought that appears to the contrary) of being condenſed into earth, or expanded into water, or rarefied into air.—Which reminds me,

3. Of the continual tranſmutation of one modified ſubſtance into another, by the chemical proceſs of nature; ſometimes aſſiſted, but oftener quite unaſſiſted, by art; which literal metamorphoſis ſeems to be a grand and fundamental law of this lower world; and, if admitted, furniſhes me with an additional argument for the ſameneſs of matter under all its vaſt variety of modes and forms.

We may, for example, aſk, with the poet:

" Where is the duſt, that has not been alive?
The ſpade, and plough, diſturb our anceſtors.
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
" The moiſt of human frame the ſun exhales:
Winds ſcatter, through the mighty void, the dry:
Earth re-poſſeſſes part of what ſhe gave."

And thus the myſterious wheel of nature goes round; the vaſt mechanic circulation is kept up; and, by a wonderful, but real, μετεμψυχωσις, well-nigh every thing (I ſpeak of matter only) becomes every thing, in its turn.

So thoroughly perſuaded am I, in my own mind, that all the atoms, particles, and larger portions, of matter, are primarily and intrinſically and eſſentially homogeneous; that I make no doubt, but a millſtone is phyſically capable of being rarefied into light, and light phyſically capable of being condenſed into a millſtone.—By the way, light is, perhaps, no more than melted air: and air is, perhaps, the never-failing reſervoir, which ſupplies the ſun with materials for its rays. Air is, inconteſtibly, a neceſſary pabulum of ſublunary, and why not of ſolar, fire?

I ſhall conclude this excurſive note, with a pertinent paſſage from Mr. Boyle: in which that profound and judicious naturaliſt informs us, on the authority of an experiment made by himſelf, that even water is ultimately convertible into oil, and into fire.

" Since the various manner of the coalition of ſeveral corpuſcles into one viſible body, is enough to give them a peculiar texture, and thereby fit them to exhibit divers ſenſible qualities, and to become a body, ſometimes of one denomination, and ſometimes of another; it will very naturally follow, that, from the various [but providential] occurſions of theſe innumerable

Several neceſſary pre-requiſites muſt concur, to impreſs my mind, at firſt, with an idea of colour. 1. There muſt be the preſence of a viſible object: 2. The

merable ſwarms of little bodies that are moved to and fro in the world, there will be many fitted to ſtick to one another, and ſo compoſe concretions: and many (though not in the ſelf-ſame place) disjoined from one another, and agitated apart. And multitudes alſo, that will be driven to aſſociate themſelves, now with one body, and preſently with another.

" And if we alſo conſider, on the one ſide, that the ſizes of the ſmall particles may be very various; their figures almoſt innumerable; and that if a parcel of matter do but happen to ſtick to one body, it may give it a new quality; and, if it adhere to another, or hit againſt ſome of its parts, it may conſtitute a body of another kind; or if a parcel of matter be knocked off from another, it may, barely by that, leave it, and become, itſelf, of another nature than before: if, I ſay, we conſider theſe things, on the one ſide; and, on the other ſide, that (to uſe Lucretius's compariſon) all the innumerable multitude of words, which are contained in all the languages of the world, are made of the various combinations of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet; it will not be hard to conceive, that there may be an incomprehenſible variety of aſſociations and textures of the minute parts of bodies, and conſequently a vaſt multitude of portions of matter endued with ſtore enough of different qualities, to deſerve diſtinct appellations, though, for want of heedfulneſs and fit words, men have not yet taken ſo much notice of their leſs obvious varieties, as to ſort them as they deſerve, and give them diſtinct and proper names.

" So that, though I would not ſay, that any thing can immediately be made of every thing; as a gold ring, of a wedge of gold; or oil, or fire, of water; yet ſince bodies, having but one common matter, can be differenced but by accidents [i. e. by modes and circumſtances not eſſential to their nature as parts of matter at large], which ſeem, all of them, to be the effects and conſequents of local motion: I ſee not, why it ſhould be abſurd to think, that (at leaſt among inanimate bodies), by the intervention of ſome very ſmall addition or ſubtraction of matter (which yet, in moſt caſes, will not be needed), and of an orderly ſeries of alterations, diſpoſing, by degrees, the matter to be tranſmuted, almoſt of any thing may at length be made any thing.

" So, though water cannot, immediately, be tranſmuted into oil, and much leſs into fire; yet, if you nouriſh certain plants with water alone, as I have done, until they have aſſimilated a great quantity of water into their own nature, you may, by committing this tranſmuted water (which you may diſtinguiſh and ſeparate from that part of the vegetable you firſt put in) to diſtillation in convenient glaſſes, obtain, beſides other things, a true oil, and a black combuſtible

2. The ſurface of that object muſt have a certain diſpoſition, texture, or conſtruction, of parts:—3. Rays of light muſt fall towards, and be returned from, that ſurface:—4. My organs of ſight muſt (1.) be of ſuch a ſtructure, and, (2.) be in ſo ſound a ſtate, as duly to admit the impreſſion naturally reſulting from the above complication of circumſtances. Who, that conſiders all this, can doubt, a moment, whether the idea of colour, with which my mind is affected, on its perception of an object, depend, as abſolutely, on the ſtructure and on the ſtate of my eyes, as on the ſuperficial diſpoſition and illumination of the object itſelf? Yea, it depends much more on the former, than on the latter. For, as it has lately been well argued, "If all mankind had jaundiced eyes, they muſt have been under a neceſſity of concluding, that every object was tinged with yellow: and, indeed, according to this new ſyſtem" [viz. the ſyſtem which ſuppoſes that bodies are of the colour they ſeem to be of], "it would then have been ſo; not in appearance only, but alſo in reality!*"

Beſides; was it to be granted, that "colour is a real, material thing;" ſuch conceſſion would naturally engender a farther miſtake, viz. that at leaſt thoſe ſeven colours, which are denominated original ones, and which appear ſo very different from each other, are in fact ſo many different eſſences. But as this concluſion, though forcibly deducible from the premiſe, would be fraught with abſurdities neither few nor ſmall, we may fairly ſuſpect the premiſe itſelf to be untrue.

combuſtible coal (and conſequently fire); both of which may be ſo copious, as to leave no juſt cauſe to ſuſpect, that they could be any thing near afforded by any little ſpirituous parts, which may be preſumed to have been communicated, by that part of the vegetable that is firſt put into the water, to that far greater part of it which was committed to diſtillation." Origin of Forms, &c. p. 61—63.

* Dr. Prieſtley's Examination of Beattie, &c. p. 143.

An

An objection was lately ſtarted in private company, againſt the doctrine which maintains the univerſal fameneſs of matter, as if, upon this hypotheſis, it would follow, that "All bodies and all qualities of bodies, are equally eſtimable." Nothing, however, can be more frivolous than ſuch a ſuppoſition. It might as plauſibly be alledged, that, "Becauſe all actions, conſidered, as actions, are exertions of power; therefore, all actions are equally good." Whereas the modes and effects of action occaſion ſuch vaſt relative differences in actions themſelves: that a man of common underſtanding and virtue cannot long heſitate, what ſpecies of action to approve. Thus it is, with regard to bodies, and ſemblances. For,

"Tho' the ſame ſun, with all-diffuſive rays,
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the diamond blaze;
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the gem above the flow'r."

If a philoſophic lady viſits a mercer's ſhop with a view to ſelect the brighteſt ſilk it affords; the fair cuſtomer will be naturally led to fix her choice on that, whoſe colourings appear, to her, the moſt elegant and vivid: though ſhe knows that thoſe colourings are illuſive, and that, in reality, there is no ſuch thing as abſolute colour at all.

In ſhort, we are ſo conſtituted, as to receive much more delectable idea, from ſome ſemblances, and from ſome combinations of ſemblances, than from others. And we, with very good reaſon, like or diſlike accordingly. Though, were our organs contrarily fabricated to what they are; the ſame objects, which now give us pleaſure, would be ſources of pain: and what we now reliſh as deſirable, and admire as beautiful, would ſtrike us as diſguſtful and deformed.

How

How often are pleaſures and pains generated by imaginary conſiderations! And yet thoſe pains and pleaſures are as real, and ſometimes ſtill more poignant and exquiſite, than if they were juſtly founded.

Dr. Dodderidge has ſome conciſe obſervations, on the ſecondary qualities of bodies, much to the purpoſe of my general argument. "The ſame external qualities, in objects, may excite different ideas in different perſons.

"1. If the organs of ſenſation be at all different, the ideas of the ſame object muſt be proportionably ſo, while the ſame laws of nature prevail.

"2. It is probable, there may be ſome degree of difference, in the organs of different perſons. For inſtance: in the diſtance of the retina and chryſtaline humour of the eye; in the degree of extenſion in the tympanum of the ear; in the acrimony of the ſaliva, &c. And the variety, which is obſervable in the faces, the voices, and the bones of men; and almoſt through the whole face of nature; would lead us to ſuſpect, that the ſame variety might take place here.

"3. Thoſe things, which are very pleaſing to one, are extremely diſagreeable to another.

"4. Thoſe things which are, at one time, very agreeable; are, at another, very diſagreeable; to the ſame perſon: when the organs of his body are indiſpoſed, or when other diſagreeable ideas are aſſociated with thoſe that had once been grateful *."

Thus, as Mr. Boyle remarks, "Some men whoſe appetites are gratified by decayed cheeſe, think it then not to have degenerated, but to have attained its beſt ſtate, when, having loſt its former colour and ſmell and taſte, and, which is more, being in great part turned into thoſe inſects called mites; it is both, in a philoſophical ſenſe, corrupted, and, in

* Dodderidge's Lectures, p. 15.

the

the eſtimation of the generality of men, grown putrid *."

It is well-known, that ſome perſons have, literally, fainted, not only at the continued ſight of the above-mentioned viand, whether decayed or ſound; but (which evinces the antipathy to be unaffected) even when the offending ſubſtance has been totally concealed, from the view of the unſuſpecting gueſt, by thoſe who have purpoſely tried the brutal and inhoſpitable experiment.—Others will be convulſed, at the approach of a cat.—And I have heard of a gentleman, who would ſwoon, at the preſence of a cucumber properly cut and prepared for the table.

Now, whence is it, that what eminently gratifies the ſenſes of one individual, ſhall thus have a reverſe effect on thoſe of another? Certainly, not from any difference in the object: for both the ſubſtance and the attributes of that remain preciſely the ſame, whether the perceptions, which they occaſion in us, be pleaſing, or offenſive. Conſequently, if one and the ſame object operáte in ſo contrary a manner on the ſenſitive organs of various people; the diverſity of effect, where it really obtains, muſt be owing to a modal variation in the mechanical ſtructure of the ſenſitive organs themſelves.

I conſider it, therefore, as equally ungenerous and abſurd, when particular averſions, ſeem they ever ſo odd, are haſtily blamed and ridiculed. They may be, and very frequently are, conſtitutional, and inſuperable.

The elegant ſex, eſpecially, are often ſavagely cenſured, on theſe accounts. If a lady turn pale, when it thunders; or ſtart from a ſpider; or tremble at a frog; or ſhriek at the nigh appearance of a mouſe; I cannot, in common juſtice, laughingly exclaim, with Dean Swift,

* Origin of Forms, &c. p. 59.

"If

" If chance a mouſe creep in her ſight,
She finely counterfeits a fright:
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it come near her,
It raviſhes all hearts to hear her."

Such antipathies are not, always, to be claſſed under the article of affectation, nor even of prejudice. They frequently ariſe, more particularly in females, and in very young perſons, from the extreme delicacy of their nervous and organic ſyſtems.

I ſmiled, indeed, on a lady's once ſaying to me, I have juſt payed a morning viſit to Mrs. G———; and really thought I ſhould have fainted away, on ſeeing the cloth laid for dinner, at ſo ſhocking an hour as one o'clock. This, I confeſs, ſtruck me, at firſt, as the language, not of real, but aſſumed, elegance: and I treated it accordingly; by hoping, that "in all her future viſits to Mrs. G——, ſhe would previouſly arm herſelf with a ſmelling-bottle, for fear of conſequences." I will not, however, be too peremptory in denying, that the ſight of a table-cloth, diſplayed at an hour deemed ſo "ſhockingly" unſeaſonable, might literally excite ſome, though not an inſupportable, degree of painful vibration, in the nerves of ſo refined a perſon.

A few other familiar illuſtrations of our main point ſhall cloſe the preſent diſquiſition.

We will imagine a gentleman to be, as we commonly phraſe it, violently in love. That is: the charms, or aſſemblage of ſenſible qualities, in a particular lady, are exactly adapted to ſtrike with rapture a ſyſtem of ſenſes ſo fabricated as his; and, of courſe, to fall in with his ideas of beauty, merit, and accompliſhment.—What is the conſequence? He becomes her captive; and can no more avoid becoming ſuch, than an aſpin leaf can reſiſt the impulſe of zephyr. Hence, ſhe is neceſſarily conſidered, by him, as an Helen, a Venus, a Panſebia.

" Grace is in all her ſteps: heav'n in her eye:
In ev'ry geſture, dignity and love."

And yet this ſelf-ſame lady may appear far leſs attracting; or but barely paſſable; or, perhaps, in ſome reſpects, even homely and diſagreeable; to the eyes of another man.—Why? Becauſe our ideas depend upon our ſenſes: and our ſenſes depend upon their own interior conformation, for the particular caſt and mode of every perception which is impreſſed upon them from without. Hence, it is a common phraſe, concerning a man who has never been in love, that he has not ſeen the right object. And nothing can be more philoſophically true.

A lady, too, may be totally and inextricably captivated. When this is the caſe, the happy ſwain ſhines, in her eſtimation, a Narciſſus, an Adonis, a Phœbus. Nor are the virtues of his mind diſtanced by the charms of his perſon. Other gentlemen may have their moral excellencies: but he, the incomparable he, is

> "More juſt, more wiſe, more learn'd, more ev'ry thing."

While, perhaps, a great part of her acquaintances ſhall unite to wonder, very ſeriouſly, what ſhe could poſſibly ſee in this imaginary ſanſpareill; and even lift up their hands, at her monſtrous indelicacy of taſte.

Parental affection, likewiſe, affords obvious and ſtriking proof of the theory for which I have been pleading.

> "Where yet was ever found a mother,
> Who'd give her booby for another?
> No child is half ſo fair and wiſe!
> She ſees wit ſparkle in its eyes."

Very probably. And it is alſo very poſſible, that ſhe may be the only perſon in the world, who is able to diſcern any ſuch thing. An acquaintance, or an occaſional viſitant, ſo far from agreeing with the enraptured parent, would, perhaps, cry out, if politeneſs

heſs did not prohibit, concerning the ſweet little dear, who paſſes for the "very image of his papa and mamma."

"Where are the father's mouth and noſe?
And mother's eyes, as black as ſloes?
See here a ſhocking, awkward creature,
That ſpeaks the fool in ev'ry feature!"

Different people ſee the ſame things differently.—And thus, as Mr. Melmoth writes to his friend: "Though we agree in giving the ſame names, to certain viſible appearances; as whiteneſs, for inſtance, to ſnow: yet it is by no means demonſtration, that the particular body, which affects us with that ſenſation, raiſes the ſame preciſe idea in any two perſons who ſhould happen to contemplate it together. I have often heard you mention your youngeſt daughter, as being the exact counter part of her mother. Now, ſhe does not appear, to me, to reſemble her, in any ſingle feature. To what can this diſagreement in our judgments, be owing; but to a difference in the ſtructure of our organs of ſight*?"

What ſhall we ſay of ſelf-love? How many noble and delightful ſenſible qualities does a man of this caſt really believe himſelf to poſſeſs; moſt, if not all, of which, are abſolutely inviſible to every other being!

What fine fingers I have! ſaid a lady, once, in my hearing: how beautiful the joints are turned! Undoubtedly ſhe thought ſo. But doctors differ. Not only the articulation of her fingers, but the conſtruction of her own hand, ſeemed, to me, rather clumſy than elegant. The ſame lady (by the way) actually thought herſelf ſinleſs. But herein, likewiſe, I could not help diſſenting from her judgment.

* Fitz-Oſborne's Letters, Vol. 1. Let. 34.

A vain man is, generally, ſtill vainer, than the vaineſt female. Mr. John Weſley, for example, declares himſelf to be "the greateſt miniſter in the world." I do him the juſtice to believe, that, in permitting this declaration to paſs the preſs, his avowed vanity was the honeſt trumpeter of his heart. But how few others will ſubſcribe to his opinion! There is more learning, in one hair of my head, ſaid the ſelf-enamoured Paracelſus, than in all the univerſities together. Who ever queſtioned, herein, the ſincerity of that pratling empiric? But who does not more than queſtion the reality of thoſe great qualities, on which he ſo extravagantly and ſo ridiculouſly valued himſelf?—When a bookſeller, deſirous to prefix an engraving of Julius Scaliger to one of that critic's publications, requeſted him to ſit for a likeneſs; Julius modeſtly anſwered, If the artiſt can collect the ſeveral graces of Maſſiniſſa, of Xenophon, and of Plato, he may then be able to give the world ſome faint idea of my perſon. If Scaliger was in love with his own outward man, Dr. Richard Bentley was no leſs ſo with his own intellectual improvements. Mr. Waſſe (ſaid the doctor, very gravely) will be the greateſt ſcholar in England, when I am dead.—Peter Aretin had a medal ſtruck, at his own expence, exhibiting his own profile; encircled with this humble inſcription: *il divino Aretino*, i. e. the divine Aretin*. When I reflect on ſuch inſtances of ſelf-idolatry, as theſe, they remind me of Congreve's obſervation:

"If happineſs in † ſelf-content is plac'd,
The wiſe are wretched, and fools only bleſt."

We

* In ſetting Mr Weſley at the head of theſe ſelf-admiring gentlemen, I by no means intend to inſinuate, that he ſtands on a level with the loweſt of them, in any one article; that of vanity and conceit, alone, excepted. Miſtake me not, therefore, as though I meant to put him, abſolutely, into the company of ſuch men as Paracelſus, Scaliger, Bentley, and Aretin.

† True happineſs, however, is not placed in "ſelf-content:" *it ariſes from a comfortable apprehenſion of our reconciliation to*

God

We have taken a ſurvey of love, in more of its terminations than one. Let us, for a moment, adveſt to its oppoſite.

In revolving the deſcription, which the celebrated Dr. John Ponet, biſhop of Wincheſter, has given us of his Popiſh predeceſſor in that ſee, I have been prone to ſurmiſe, that the latter might really appear as hideouſly frightful, in the eyes of the former, as the following written picture repreſents him to have done. "This doctor," ſays biſhop Ponet, ſpeaking of Stephen Gardiner, "has a ſwart colour, hanging look, frowning brows, eyes, an inch within his head; a noſe, hooked like a buzzard; noſtrils like an horſe, ever ſnuffing into the wind; a ſparrow mouth, great paws, like the devil's. Talons on his feet, like a gripe [i. e. like a gryphon], two inches longer than natural toes; and ſo tied to with ſinews, that he cannot abide to be touched, nor ſcarce ſuffer them to touch the ſtones. And nature, having thus ſhaped the form of an old monſter, gave him a vengeable wit, which, at Cambridge, by labour and diligence, he made a great deal worſe: and brought up many in that faculty*." Such was biſhop Gardiner, according to biſhop Ponet's view of him. Notwithſtanding which, this identical Gardiner might ſeem, in his own eyes, and in the eyes of queen Mary and others of his friends, a portly, perſonable prelate.

To be ſerious. Let me, by way of needful and ſincere apology, for a diſquiſition which has extended to an unexpected length, obſerve; that, in ſifting the queſtion, it was neceſſary to recur to firſt principles, and to ſurvey the argument in various points of view. Let me, moreover, add; that, in

God by the blood and righteouſneſs of his ſon. Hence, a good man ſhall be ſatisfied [not with, but] from himſelf: Prov. xiv. 14. viz. from within: or from the inward teſtimony of the Holy Spirit, witneſſing to his conſcience that he is a child of God. Rom. viii. 16.

* Biogr. Dict. vol. v. p. 307.——Article, Gardiner.

all I have delivered on the ſubject, I do but expreſs my own ſenſe of it, without the leaſt aim of dictating to others: or of preſumptuouſly ſeeking to obtrude my philoſophic (any more than my religious) creed, on ſuch perſons as may honour theſe pages with peruſal.

Upon the whole, I conclude, with Mr. Locke*; that "The infinitely wiſe Contriver of us, and of all things about us, has fitted our ſenſes, faculties, and organs, to the conveniences of life, and to the buſineſs we have to do. Such a knowledge as this, which is ſuited to our preſent condition, we want not faculties to attain. But, were our ſenſes altered, and made much quicker and acuter, the appearances and outward ſcheme of things would have quite another face to us: and, I am apt to think, would be inconſiſtent with our being, or at leaſt well-being, in this part of the univerſe which we inhabit."

* Eſſay on Und. book ii. chap. 23.

COLLECTION OF LETTERS.

THE following letters were written by the author without the leaſt view to publication, but ſoon after his deceaſe, by the advice of friends, ſome of them were deemed proper to be printed. It ſhould have been notified at the time, that they were ſudden thoughts committed to paper without correction. For in a book that the rough draught of the letters were inſerted, a memorandum was made, *verbatim*, as follows:

"In looking among ſome old papers, I met with the copies of a few letters, which I had formerly written, and which I deſigned to enter, either in this or ſome other plain paper book, by way of preſerving them, for my own future ſatisfaction, if Providence ſhould pleaſe to preſerve my life."

"The finding of thoſe, ſuggeſted to me the hint of taking foul copies of ſuch letters as are any way intereſting. I may, hereafter, write to particular friends, before I draw them out fair for the poſt. If I live, they may be of uſe to myſelf; if not, they can do me no hurt."

Broad Hembury, Oct. 1, 1772. A. T.

The chief value of this collection, lies in the exhibition it gives of the diſtinguiſhed merit, and pious occupation that followed the writer of them in his private correſpondence. They are interſperſed with ſeveral obſervations on religion and human life, and ſhew a heart penetrated with truth, endeavouring to perſuade others, accompanied with ſprightlineſs of wit, ſolidity of judgment, extent of knowledge, and elegance of taſte, joined with all the undefineable eaſe, and familiarity of the moſt unreſerved converſation, which takes off that inſipidneſs of a laboured ſtiffneſs that often attends the epiſtolary intercourſe of many very ſenſible perſons. EDITOR.

LETTER I.

Mr. E.

Fen Ottery, March 6, 1767.

EVER DEAR SIR,

WILL my honoured friend forgive me, if, from a kind impatience to be informed of his welfare, I take the liberty to enquire how he does? Though writing letters is one of the things, which, in general, I am leaſt fond of, yet I cannot forbear, dear ſir, to preſent you and Mrs. ——, with my reſpects, and to wiſh you the joys of believing, and the comforts of the holy ſpirit. I have been returned into Devonſhire about a fortnight: Mr. —— is at London, attending the ſervice of parliament; ſo that I cannot, very readily, get my letter franked. I am glad, notwithſtanding, that he is abſent, as he was one of the two hundred and ſix members, who, this day ſe'nnight, carried the vote for the reduction of the land-tax, in oppoſition (as he writes me word) to one hundred and eighty-eight, who were for keeping it up to four ſhillings. But, to come to matters of infinitely greater importance, I hope, ſir, you are enabled to truſt your ſoul to Chriſt, and to caſt your care on God. Satan, no doubt, will be ever ready to bring in the indictment, and conſcience cannot help pleading guilty to a great part of the charge: but remember, that your judge is, at the very ſame time, your advocate and Saviour. He is a lover of your ſoul, and was the propitiation for your ſins; they cannot be too numerous, nor too heinous, for mercy like his to pardon, nor for merit like his to cover. Only flee to him for refuge, fly to the hiding place of his righteouſneſs, death and interceſſion; and,

and then, the enemy can have no final advantage over you, nor the ſon of wickedneſs approach to hurt you, in your everlaſting intereſt. Aſſault you he may, in your way to the kingdom of God; overcome you he cannot, if you look, or deſire to look, to Jeſus for ſafety; lie at his bleſſed feet for protection; lay hold on his victorious croſs for ſalvation; and then you ſhall find him gracious to relieve, mighty to deliver, and faithful to uphold. Caſt anchor on his love, and be happy, rely on his omnipotence, and be ſafe. He knows that you are very near my heart, that not a day paſſes, in which I do not beſeech him on your behalf; may his holy ſpirit diffuſe his heavenly peace throughout your ſoul; make you be joyful with his holy viſitations; and while he comforts you from on high, ſanctify you to the uttermoſt! In life, in death, in eternity, may he be your light, your ſtrength, and your exceeding great reward! I know that your health is ſo bad, you cannot read much, but you can pray; you can ſend up your deſires, as incenſe, to the throne of God, almoſt every moment. As you ſit, as you walk, as you take an airing, you may cultivate an intimacy with heaven; you may carry on a correſpondence with God, you may hold ſilent intercourſe with the ſpirit of grace. Every ſigh, if directed to him, is a prayer; every tear ſhed for ſin, is a ſort of oblation, acceptable to him in Chriſt, and ſhall be noted in his book. Yet, not the ſighs we breathe, nor the tears we pour, are our juſtifying merit; but the ſigh, the tears, the obedience, the death, of his co-eternal Son: his are the propitiations; our's are the memorial, and the proof of the work of grace, which his ſpirit begins in the ſoul. Reſign yourſelf to his will, in every diſpenſation; lie paſſive in his hand, ſtir not from his footſtool, take all your ſpiritual diſtreſſes, as commiſſioned from him. The cup, the medicinal cup, is of his mixing; the chaſtiſement is the chaſtiſement of a father, who loves while he ſtrikes, and

whoſe ſeeming wrath is real mercy. May his everlaſting arms be ſpread beneath you; may his grace (as I doubt not it will) be ſufficient for you; may his preſence be

with you, with yours, and with your
affectionate ſervant in him,

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. From my earneſt deſire, for to have you manage every one of your affairs in ſuch a way as may moſt conduce to the peace of your own mind, and the welfare of your family; I cannot help requeſting leave to ſuggeſt an hint, which, was my regard for you leſs than it is, I ſhould certainly ſuppreſs: it is, my dear ſir, in relation to Mrs. ——, and your two youngeſt ſons: with reſpect to Mrs. ——, God forbid that you ſhould leave her dependent, either for habitation, or for maintenance, on your children, or on any body elſe. If you are not quite clear as to theſe two points, do let me beſeech you, to reviſe your papers; and if there is any deficiency in either of theſe reſpects, ſet it right, while Providence, by prolonging your life, continues it in your power. Indeed, and indeed, you will not diſcharge your duty without it; nor can you expect to depart in peace, if you omit it. With regard to your two youngeſt ſons, let me entreat you to leave them equally; they have both the ſame right to your affection, and to what you may deſign to give. Their aunt's kind intentions, ought to make no difference as to this point: it is incumbent on you, my dear ſir, to do your duty; and by that means, Mrs. ——, will be left (as ſhe ought to be) at full liberty to beſtow her favours on the moſt deſerving. Weigh what I have ſaid, and may the Lord God give you a right judgement in all things. It is not from motives of impertinence, that I have preſumed to mention theſe particulars, but from the ſincere affections I have for you and your's.

your's. Adieu, my dear friend, and forgive me, if my regard has carried me too far. My beſt reſpects, when you write next to Bath, and my kind compliments to the young gentlemen. Do not neglect to take the air every day. Once more, adieu.

LETTER II.

To Mr. MORRIS,

Broad-Hembury, near Honiton, Deviſh. Sept. 2, 1768.

IT is, now, above eight years, ſince I ſaw, or heard from, my ever dear Mr. Morris. The Lord knows, you are near my heart, and are often preſent to my thoughts. God grant that this letter may find my valued friend as well in body, and as lively in ſoul, as when I ſaw him laſt!

I have been in orders, between ſix and ſeven years; and now write to you from my living. The ſpirit of God has kept me ſtedfaſt in his glorious truths, and given me much joy and peace in believing. I truſt, too, that my labours, as a miniſter, have been owned from above, to the calling in of ſome choſen veſſels, and to the conſolation of others who were, before, quickened from their death in treſpaſſes and ſins: which I mention to the praiſe of the glory of his grace, who vouchſafes to make uſe of the meaneſt, the feebleſt, and the unworthieſt inſtruments, to accompliſh his deſigns of love towards thoſe he delights to ſave.—Whilſt I am writing, the fire kindles in my ſoul: may it reach your heart, when this letter reaches your hands. I am, at preſent, high on the mount of divine love, and can ſing with the Church, Iſa. lxi. 10. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord," &c.—How is it with you? Are you as

zealous

zealous for Chriſt, and for ſouls, as when God made you the means of my converſion twelve years ago? O that the Lord would rend the heavens, and come down, and ſet you all in a flame for himſelf! Permit your ſpiritual Son to remind you of the ſweet, the memorable days and months that are paſt. Indeed, and indeed, I love you tenderly, in the bowels of Jeſus Chriſt. How has my heart burnt within me, and how have my tears flowed, like water from the ſmitten rock, when I have heard you preach the unſearchable riches of his grace, blood, and righteouſneſs! The word came with power, and with the Holy Ghoſt ſent down from heaven. And is it true, can it be poſſible, that you ſhould ceaſe from your work of calling ſinners to repentance? Do you withdraw your hand from the goſpel-plough, after God has made it proſper ſo long in your hands? I am told ſo; but I cannot believe it. O man of God, ſtir up the gift that is in thee: let it not ruſt and moulder, by lying uſeleſs. The Lord hath often ſpoke to me by your mouth: Oh, that he would now ſpeak to you by my pen! Do, at my requeſt, meet the dear people of C. and who knows, but there may, once more, be ſhowers of bleſſing? Blow the trumpet in Zion, as heretofore. While life and health and ſtrength continue, let your feet ſtand upon the mountains, and the law of goſpel-kindneſs dwell upon your tongue, to the very laſt: yea, let your lips feed many.—Adieu. I ſcarce know how to leave off, when I write to any of my brethren in the faith. If even the poor, feeble, mortal ſaints below, love one another ſo well: no wonder that the love of an infinite God to his own dear elect, ſhould be from everlaſting to everlaſting.—Electing, juſtifying, regenerating, ſanctifying, and perſevering grace, have been, and are, the ſubjects of my miniſtry: and, I hope, will be, to my lateſt breath. If a meſſenger of Chriſt is under the lively, experimental influence of theſe glorious truths; the word

of

of his maſter will be as fire in his bones: yea, he will be in pangs, as it were, like a woman in travail, until Chriſt is formed in the hearts of them that hear. God Almighty pour out ſuch a ſpirit of fervency on my dear Mr. Morris, and on his

ever affectionate friend,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER III.

To Mr. PHILIPS,

Broad-Hembury, Sept. 6, 1768.

SIR,

I Believe I ſhall go to town by way of Saliſbury; in which caſe, I will certainly do myſelf the pleaſure of calling on you. I wiſh I could fulfil your requeſt in the other particular, concerning which you write: but the times will not allow it. Every one, that knows me, knows that I have the greateſt and moſt cordial regard for the evangelical diſſenters. I am exactly the ſame, in that reſpect, as when you knew me firſt: and moſt heartily wiſh that the wall of partition was ſo far pulled down, as to admit all goſpel miniſters to occupy each others' pulpits, without diſtinction of party and denomination. But, as this is an happineſs we cannot expect to ſee; I am under a neceſſity of foregoing the ſatisfaction it would give me to hold forth the word of life to thoſe Chriſtians who are beyond the pale of the eſtabliſhment: except (which, in the courſe of my miniſtry, many hundreds have done) any of them are ſo condeſcending as to attend on me, who, they know, am tied up from waiting on them.—I am well acquainted with Mr. Elliot; and an excellent man he is: but he has ſet himſelf more at liberty, than I can be, by

abſolutely

abſolutely renouncing all connection with the Church of England; which, I freely own, conſcience will not ſuffer me to do: and I am clear, moreover, that it would be going out of bounds, and over-leaping thoſe limits which Providence hath preſcribed me, was I to attempt it.

Pray make my affectionate compliments acceptable to your people, and let them know, that it is neither bigotry, want of reſpect, nor want of love, that hinders me from complying with the requeſt they have done me the favour to make. Lawful, in itſelf, I am convinced, it would be: but, all things conſidered, far from expedient.—As matters at preſent ſtand, it is a great bleſſing, never to be ſufficiently valued and acknowledged, that there are ſome faithful miniſters of every Proteſtant denomination among us: ſo that no denomination, unleſs particularly circumſtanced, need go beyond their own tents, in order to gather the goſpel manna: by which wiſe and gracious diſpenſation of things, God's elect, of every name, are fed and nouriſhed up to life eternal, notwithſtanding the nominal diſtinctions, which bigotry, prejudice, and human laws, have fixed.—I am concerned to hear of Mr. H——'s defection. If he was ever of us in reality, God will, in due time, bring him to us again. A truly gracious man, like a thorough good watch, may deviate, and point wrong, for a ſeaſon; but, like the machine juſt mentioned, will, after a time, come round, and point right as before. In the mean while, let ſuch inſtances teach us to be jealous over our own corrupt hearts; make us dependent, ſenſibly and increaſingly dependent, on the power and faithfulneſs of the Holy Ghoſt: ſtir us up to prayer, that we may be kept from being carried away with the error of the wicked; and put a ſong of thankſgiving into our mouths, to that God, whoſe free, invincible grace hath enabled us to ſtand, when others (in appearance, ſtronger than we) have fallen, and become as water

water that runneth apace.—You enquire about my uſefulneſs, acceptance, and number of hearers. My pariſh is very large, and conſiderably populous. My Church, I ſuppoſe, will hold ſix hundred at leaſt. Strangers, I apprehend, uſually make one third of my auditory: and the word has been ſignally bleſt to ſome, both in the pariſh and out of it. I have the greateſt reaſon to believe, that, within the courſe of the laſt twelvemonth, God has owned my miniſtry more than ever. May my Maſter's feet go on to ſound behind me; and may the laſt works be, continually, more and greater than the preceding!

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. RUTTER,

Broad-Hembury, October 3, 1768.

REV. and WORTHY SIR,

SLENDER as our acquaintance is, I yet cannot forbear requeſting leave to expreſs the real concern I feel, on being informed of the afflictive viſitation you lately experienced: if that may be termed afflictive, which is the reſult of God's unerring providence, who does all things well. May he vouchſafe to ſanctify this, and every ſubſequent diſpenſation which may yet befal you! May the light of his gracious countenance, the comforts of his ſpirit, and the chearing intimations of his favour, be your ſtrength, and your portion, when heart and fleſh fail! You have, I truſt, a merciful and faithful high-prieſt above, who bears you on his heart, and is touched with the feeling of your infirmities. To him, let us look; on him, let the anchor of our reliance

liance be caſt. The merit of his blood and righteouſneſs, like the waving of Elijah's mantle, ſhall ſmite the waters of death; ſo that the ſtream ſhall part hither and thither, and open a way for his redeemed to paſs over on dry ground. Doubt not, dear ſir, but he will ſend forth his light and his truth, to lead you to his holy hill and to his dwelling-place, that land of reſt, and that city of habitation, where the inhabitants ſhall no more ſay, I am ſick. I beg an intereſt in your prayers, and remain, with much reſpect and eſteem, Rev. Sir, your affectionate brother,

and moſt humble ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER V.

To Mr. BOTTOMLEY,

New-Way, Weſtminſter, Dec. 3, 1768.

WORTHY SIR,

I HAVE read, attentively, the paper you condeſcended to put into my hands; and which I return, becauſe I apprehend you meant I ſhould only peruſe it. I not only approve, but admire, the modeſty, with which you write. I pray God, I may be enabled, more and more, to adopt the ſame truly Chriſtian ſpirit. And I verily hope and believe, that that moſt gracious Being, who has led you thus far, will go on to tranſlate you farther and farther into the light and liberty of his children.—As I once took occaſion to tell you, it is much the ſame with miſtakes in matters of judgment, as it was with the two diſciples in the dungeon of Philippi: firſt, the priſon ſhakes; and, next, the doors fly open. I

am

am heartily glad, that you are ſhaken, as to the ſyſtem you have long embraced; and truſt, that it is preluſive to your deliverance from it.—I do not trouble you with my thoughts on the ſubſtance of your paper: though I muſt own, there is not, in the whole of it, any ſingle exception againſt the doctrine of predeſtination, which will not admit of a very eaſy ſolution. But I omit attempting this, as the perſon, to whom that letter was particularly addreſſed, is abundantly more capable, than myſelf, of obviating your doubts.—Suffer me, dear ſir, to repeat, with all humility, the requeſt I made to you ſome time ago. Be not haſty, in determining your judgment on this moſt important point. View the queſtion on all ſides. Chiefly, keep your eye fixed on the Scriptures; and derive, by humble, earneſt, waiting prayer, all your light and knowledge from thence. One thing I am very clear in; that, if you reduce your ideas to the ſtandard of Scripture, and make this the model of thoſe; ſuffering the unerring word of revelation to have the caſting vote, and turning your mind into the goſpel mould; you muſt and will, eventually, throw the idol of Arminianiſm, in all its branches, to the moles and to the batts; you will no longer dwell with Meſech, nor have your habitation among the tents of Kedar. Having taſted the good old wine of diſtinguiſhing grace, you will no longer have any reliſh for the new ſcheme of grace without a plan, and of a random-ſalvation: for you will both know and acknowledge, that the old is better. Hoping to ſee that happy time, I remain, with great eſteem, dear ſir,

your affectionate brother in Chriſt,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER VI.

Mr. N——.

Broad-Hembury, Oct. 5, 1772.

DEAR SIR,

YOU need not trouble yourſelf to ſend me the pamphlet you mention, entitled, A Philoſophical Survey of Nature. It is already in my poſſeſſion. I remember to have read it, ſeveral years ago, when it firſt came to my hands: and, ſince my receipt of your laſt favour, I have given it a freſh peruſal. The author is, undoubtedly, a profeſſed materialiſt. His ſyſtem therefore is atheiſtical, to all intents and purpoſes. He is, I ſhould imagine, a perſon of too much ſenſe, to be an abſolute atheiſt himſelf: but he ſeems to wiſh he could. The two grand principles, which enter into the very baſis of his ſcheme, viz. That matter may have exiſted from all eternity; and that matter may, by organization, be refined into intelligence: are poſitions, which, if admitted, would lay the axe to the very root of all exiſtence purely ſpiritual; and, conſequently, render the being of God impoſſible.

To ſuch horrid lengths of abſurdity and impiety, are men, even thoſe of the brighteſt talents, liable; when they unhappily ſhut their eyes againſt that written revelation, which ſo kindly holds the lamp to benighted reaſon. One would almoſt think, that writers of this caſt are purpoſely raiſed up by Providence, to ſhew mankind the neceſſity of ſuperior illumination; and to demonſtrate the utter inſufficiency of mere reaſon, genius and philoſophy, to guide us either to happineſs or truth.

This is the only principle, on which I can account for the glaring inconſiſtencies, which never fail to diſgrace the reaſonings of infidels. The very author, now under conſideration, though he attenuates

tenuates his theory to a very nice and plauſible texture, is yet guilty of departing from an axiom which he profeſſes heartily to adopt, and from which more than a few of his own deductions are ſpun. The axiom is, that every effect muſt reſult from ſome prior, producing cauſe. If ſo (and, ſurely, if this be not true, we have no evidence of any thing), how is it poſſible for matter to be eternal? Matter muſt be either the firſt cauſe, or an effect. Should the ingenious writer affirm matter to be the firſt cauſe: he would only beg the queſtion, by taking for granted what (I am bold to ſay) he will never be able to prove: and, on a point of this conſequence, wherein both religion and philoſophy are ſo eſſentially concerned, the bare opinion and unſupported aſſertion even of this able ſpeculator will never carry the force of demonſtration.—On the other hand, if matter, in all its diverſity of modes, cannot be proved to be the firſt cauſe (i. e. to have cauſed its own exiſtence); unprejudiced reaſon will immediately conclude, that matter muſt, originally, have been the effect of a ſuperior intelligent power: which intelligent power could be no other than that adorable agent whom we call God.

If the whole ſyſtem of material nature be (as this author himſelf acknowledges) a regular ſucceſſion of cauſes and effects; will it not follow, that the eternity of matter is a matter of abſolute impoſſibility? Let us inſtance in an horſe. Who was Lightfoot's father? Turk.—Who was father to Turk? Sweepſtakes.—Who got Sweepſtakes? Hazel. Were we capable of tracing back the pedigree of Lightfoot to its original ſource, we ſhould not ſtop until we came to the very firſt horſe that ever exiſted. Being arrived ſo high as that, another queſtion would yet remain: how came this firſt horſe to exiſt at all? Certainly, by the will and power of ſome ſuperior being.

Would not reaſon laugh at the man who ſhould affirm, that there never was a firſt horſe, but that horſes exiſted eternally?

There muſt, therefore, in all our aſcending enquiries, be ſome *ultimatum*, ſome given point, at which to ſtop. This given point, this firſt cauſe, is God.—The ſame analyſis, which has been applied to Lightfoot, will hold equally true, when applied to any material thing whatever. All muſt terminate ſomewhere: for there is "no effect without a cauſe." Conſequently, matter is not eternal.

"But may not matter be ſo organized and refined, as to riſe into what we call intelligence?" The plain Engliſh of this queſtion is, "May not matter, (ſuch as a cabbage, a marble ſtatue, a candle, or a cheſt), be able to hear, ſee, feel, taſte, ſmell, reaſon, ſpeak, read, write, and walk?" If any individual of the human ſpecies can coolly and in earneſt ſuppoſe this; let his next of kin (if the inſane man's poſſeſſions will recompence the trouble) ſue for a ſtatute of lunacy, and tranſmit him to his proper apartment in Moorfields.

I confeſs myſelf aſhamed to encounter ſuch a poſition, with any degree of ſerioufneſs. Suffer me, however, to aſk: Is there no eſſential, but only a modal difference, between the writer of the Philoſophical Survey of Nature, and the pen with which he committed his ideas to writing?

A correſpondent, leſs polite than yourſelf, would tell me, perhaps, that, inſtead of enquiring into the capacities of our author's pen, it is time I ſhould lay down my own. I cannot, however, do this, without firſt repeating the affection and reſpect with which I am, yours, &c.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To B. S. Esq.

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 9, 1772.

SIR,

ACQUAINTED as you are with the leading objects of my thoughts, you ſtill would not eaſily conjecture on what ſpeculation they lately turned.—I have been comparing my own ſituation (not as ſome philoſophers adviſe, with perſons of inferior rank to myſelf; but) with that of thoſe whom the world calls great. Every great man I know, has paſſed before me in a kind of intellectual review: and the reſult is, that, if it were even in my power, I would not make an exchange of condition with any one of the twenty-ſeven.

To be happy, we muſt be virtuous: and, in order to our becoming truly virtuous, we muſt experience the grace of God which bringeth ſalvation.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER VIII.

AMBROSE SERLE, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 20, 1772.

SIR,

CONTRARY to my wiſhes, and by a ſort of fatality, for which I find myſelf unable to account, I am, uſually, leaſt regular, in writing to thoſe, whom I moſt regard. Though incapable of forgetting them, experience proves that I am but too

too capable of ſeeming to neglect them: and none has more reaſon to be diſpleaſed with me, on this account, than my dear, my very dear friend, to whom I am now, after a long interval of ſilence, addreſſing myſelf at laſt.

How many defects have I, for your candour to excuſe! Prove yourſelf candid indeed, by excuſing them all. Thus will you lay me under ſtill deeper obligation, and ſhame me, by your condeſcenſion, into a more punctual acknowledgement of your favours. —Your favours, dear ſir, eminently deſerve the name. They have followed me, at home, and abroad, ever ſince I ſaw you: and if I had, by a deadneſs to all gratitude, been even diſpoſed to forget you, they would have conſtantly reminded me of you, whether I would or not. In juſtice, however, to myſelf, as well as to you, I muſt repeat my long intermitted aſſurances, that the perſon does not breathe, whom I love and reſpect more than yourſelf. If I do not tell you ſo, as often as I ought; impute the omiſſion to any cauſe, except the want of thoſe two.

The goodneſs of God ſtill continues to ſurround me on every ſide. Oh, that my thankfulneſs, and improvements in grace, bore ſome little proportion to his exuberance of mercies! But in vain do I look within myſelf, for that excellence, which I ſhall never find there, until death is ſwallowed up in victory. God enable me, in the mean while, to feel my own nothingneſs, more and more; and to truſt in that great fulfiller of all righteouſneſs, who

"Toil'd for our eaſe, and, for our ſafety, bled."

To thoſe who believe, he is τιμη, precioufneſs, in the abſtract. And the more we ſee of his precioufneſs, the more humbling views we have of our own vileneſs. Indeed, ſelf-renunciation is the grand, central point of the ſpiritual life. It is the *ratio formalis*, the very eſſence, of true religion. Oh, for a larger meaſure of it! We are then happieſt, and ſafeſt, when

when we lie loweſt, and feel that Chriſt and grace are all in all.

But I am, unawares, almoſt preaching, to one, at whoſe feet I wiſh to ſit. May you take the beſt revenge, and preach largely to me, in return. The longer your ſermon, the better I ſhall like it: like him, who thought the longeſt of Demoſthenes's orations, the beſt. I greatly deſire to hear from you: and hope, you are too forgiving, to follow the bad example of delay, which I have ſet you.

Commend myſelf to the continuance of your affection, I need not. Commend myſelf to your prayers, I ought, and humbly do. Every bleſſing be with you. Above all, the beſt of bleſſings, the peace and love of God in Chriſt.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER IX.

To Mrs. G——.

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 20, 1772.

WILL good Mrs. G. permit the moſt unworthy, but not the leaſt ſincere, of her well-wiſhers, to enquire after her health; and, at a conſiderable diſtance of place, and after a long interval of time, to repeat his thanks for her many inſtances of politeneſs and condeſcenſion?

Above all, Madam, how is it with your ſoul? What are your views of God, and Chriſt, and heaven? Lively, I truſt, and full of glory. Yet, if our views are dim and languid, ſtill he abideth faithful, and cannot deny himſelf. Not upon our frames, but upon the adorable giver of them, is all our ſafety built. If we cannot follow him in the light, God help us to follow him in the dark: and if we cannot

follow him ſo, to fall down at his feet, and ſink into nothing, under the feelings of our own vileneſs. They, who are enabled thus to fall, ſhall be raiſed in due time.

I know not why, but I could no longer forbear writing to you. May the ſpirit of the living God write his conſolations on your heart, and cauſe your triumphs in Chriſt to abound more and more. Impute this liberty to reſpect and eſteem: and believe me to be, with a great ſhare of both, Madam, your obliged and obedient ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER X.

To Mr. SAMUEL NAYLOR,

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Nov.* 27, 1772.

I AM informed, that inveterate troubler in Iſrael, Mr. J. W——, has lately publiſhed a fourth ſquib againſt Mr. Hill, I ſhould be glad to ſee it. What a mercy it is, that the enemies of the goſpel, amidſt all their plenitude of malice, have little ſkill, and leſs power! Mr. W——, conſidered as a reaſoner, is one of the moſt contemptible writers, that ever ſet pen to paper. O, that he, in whoſe hand the hearts of all men are, may make even this oppoſer of grace a monument of its almighty power to ſave! God is witneſs, how earneſtly I wiſh it may conſiſt with the divine will, to touch the heart and open the eyes of that unhappy man. I hold it as much my duty, to pray for his converſion, as to expoſe the futility of his railings againſt the truths of the goſpel.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Mr. B. E——.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Dec.* 4, 1772.

I AGREE with you, that the expreſſion [viz. That one drop of Chriſt's blood would have ſufficed to the redemption of ſinners] has been uſed by ſome very pious and well-meaning perſons. Yet, I can by no means look upon the idea itſelf as true, or on the expreſſion as warrantable. If an individual drop had been ſufficient, we might indeed well aſk, Why all this waſte of ſufferings and of love? The overplus was, according to this ſuppoſition, abſolutely ſhed in vain. But I cannot bring myſelf to believe, that any part of Chriſt's moſt precious humiliation was ſuperfluous and unneceſſary. His ineffable dignity as God, and his abſolute innocence as man, forbid me to imagine, that the Father would inflict a ſingle grain of puniſhment, on his co-equal and immaculate Son, beyond what was abſolutely requiſite to the plenary payment of our infinite debt. If it be a rule even in the operations of nature, *fruſtra fit per plura, quod fieri poteſt per pauciora*; much more ſtrongly will it hold, in the preſent argument. What idea ſhould we have of that man's wiſdom, who ſhould laviſh a million of guineas, to procure what a ſhilling might purchaſe?

As to the ſecond queſtion, "Whether ſinners might not have been ſaved in ſome other way, than by the incarnation, righteouſneſs, and death of Chriſt?" I make no ſcruple to give it as my judgment, that there was no other poſſible way of ſalvation for the loſt ſons of Adam. If there had, Infinite Wiſdom and Goodneſs would certainly have fixed upon it, in preference to the ſorrows and agonies, the wounds and death, of him who had done no ſin, neither was guile found in his mouth. His own

prayer,

prayer, If it be poſſible, let this cup (the cup of pain and death) paſs from me; would moſt infallibly have been granted (for the Father heareth him always,) and Chriſt could no more pray, than he could bleed, in vain, if any thing ſhort of the oblation of himſelf could have obtained eternal redemption for the people of his love.—Ought not Chriſt to have ſuffered theſe things? ουχι ταυτα δει παθειν; was there not a muſt be, a neceſſity for it? Yes: there was. And, upon any other hypotheſis, I ſee not how it could pleaſe the Father to bruiſe the ſinleſs Meſſiah and and put him to grief; without forfeiting every claim to juſtice, wiſdom, and goodneſs.

Neither is this, "fettering and limiting the omnipotence of God." It is a received maxim in metaphyſics, and no maxim can be more juſt and reaſonable, that an eſſential contradiction is no object of power. Now, the pardon of ſin, without an adequate expiation; the juſtification of ſinners, without a perfect righteouſneſs; and, in a word, the ſalvation of the guilty, without a complete redemption; would have eſſentially contradicted every attribute of God, and every declaration of his will. It is, therefore, putting no more limitation on the divine power, to believe that fallen men could not poſſibly be reſtored, but by the intervention of Chriſt's obedience, atonement, and interceſſion; than to believe, that God cannot poſſibly ceaſe to be wiſe and holy, juſt and true. Infinite exemption from all poſſible imperfection, is a proof, not of defective power, but of ſuch inconceivable greatneſs, as more than dazzles the keeneſt view of man, and utterly abſorbs the moſt extended comprehenſion of all created intellect.

I feel the overwhelming glory of the ſubject, too forcibly to proceed.—May the adorable, the ever bleſſed God, who only hath independent immortality, dwelling in the light which no man, in the preſent ſtate of unſpiritualized nature, can approach unto;

may

may he, my dear ſir, ſhine into our hearts, and inſpire us with "wonder, love, and praiſe!" Soon will mortality be ſwallowed up of life: and then, with what holy contempt ſhall we look back, and look down, on the littleneſs, the comparative nothingneſs, of our puny reaſonings when below! An angel of light is not more ſuperior, in knowledge, dignity, and bliſs, to an infant in the cradle; than the ſouls of the elect, when death tranſmits them to the throne of God, differ from what they are while plunged, I had almoſt ſaid, while buried, in the living ſepulchre of a mortal body.

Minors of yeſterday we are;
Nor into manhood riſe,
'Till death pronounces us of age,
And crowns us for the ſkies.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XII.

To RICHARD HILL, Eſq.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Dec.* 11, 1772.

THE farther my thread of life is extended, the more clearly I ſee, and the more deeply I feel, the infinite importance of thoſe ineſtimable doctrines, of which God has made you ſo able an aſſertor. Go on, ſir, in the ſtrength of him, who hath placed you foremoſt in this bleſſed warfare; and doubt not, that he will enable you to be more than conqueror, through his love. Certainly, this is not a time, for any, who have his cauſe at heart, to hold their peace. Fond as, I ſuppoſe, moſt men naturally are, of eaſe and quiet; there is, ſtill, a bleſſing, incomparably ſuperior: even the honeſt and

and indefatigable avowal of thoſe truths, which lie at the foundation of all that can render us happy in time and eternity; truths, in which, the glory of God, the conſolation of his ſaints, and the intereſts of holineſs, are ſo eminently and eſſentially involved. I pray God, that you may never (as Dr. Young expreſſes it) "unbuckle your armour, until you put on your ſhrowd."

I have never ſeen Mr. W——'s Remarks on the *Farrago*, nor Mr. F——'s *Logica Genevenſis*. But, if I may conjecture of thoſe, by what I have already ſeen in time paſt, you have abundantly more, than even the goodneſs of your cauſe, in your favour. May your ſmooth ſtones of the brook, ſlung by the hand of faith, continue to pierce thoſe foreheads of braſs, which oppoſe themſelves to the living God.

I admire and bleſs his providence, which has put you on entering the liſts, not only againſt the declared adverſaries of the goſpel, but alſo againſt its pretended friends: who, under the maſk of ſpirituality, affect to promote the religion of Jeſus; while, in very deed, they are labouring to cut it up by the roots. Two or three years ago, you ſeemed to think, that I was rather exceſſive, in forming ſuch a judgment of them. Themſelves have, ſince, given you ample reaſon to be of my mind.

May the Holy Spirit keep you lively, and humble, and richly comfortable in your own ſoul; while you wield the ſpiritual ſword, which, as matters now ſtand, you cannot ſheath without ſin. And let me preſume to drop an hint, which, by the way, I need to have impreſſed on myſelf; namely, conſult not your own eaſe, at the expence of God's cauſe. Be not weary of, and God will keep you from being weary, in well-doing. Forgive my freedom, and know, that, if I had not the higheſt opinion of your candour, I ſhould not expreſs my wiſh with ſo little ceremony. Dr. Doddridge was ſtrengthened and comforted,

comforted, at a time when he was greatly ſtraightened in ſoul, by only hearing (as he was riding through a country village) a child reading, at a door, to his ſchool-miſtreſs, thoſe words, Thy ſhoes ſhall be iron and braſs, and, as is thy day, ſo ſhall thy ſtrength be. May this haſty ſcribble, though coming from me, who am, in all things, a child, except in years, be condeſcendingly accepted: and may my utmoſt prayers and expectations, concerning you, be anſwered.—Believe me to be,

Ever your's, in him who died for us and roſe again, *Auguſtus Toplady.*

LETTER XIII.

To Mrs. BACON,

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 11, 1772.

I HOPE I ſtand too fair in dear Mrs. B's opinion, to be ſuſpected of levity in friendſhip, only becauſe I do not trouble her with my reſpects ſo often as I ought and wiſh. However appearances may be againſt me, realities are not. I ſhall always remember you, madam, with high eſteem: and conſider myſelf more than a little intereſted, in whatever refers to your ſpiritual or ſecular happineſs.

For this reaſon, on my receipt of your laſt favour, I deeply felt for the writer. That ſpirit of grief and that turn of dejection, by which it was ſo ſtrongly marked, made me, whether I would or no, ſigh on your behalf at the throne of God.

Oh, let faith dry your tears: and know, that what he wills and does, is, and muſt be, not only right but beſt. Afflict not yourſelf with uneaſy apprehenſions, concerning the ſtate of him, whom you mourn as an huſband, and I regret as a friend.

Leave

Leave his ſoul with him, who, I humbly truſt, redeemed it with his own moſt precious blood: blood, which cleanſes from all ſin; and ſprinkled with which, any and every ſinner, who is enabled to truſt in it, may lift up his head, with boldneſs and joy, in the preſence of him who chargeth even the angels with folly.

Bleſſed be God, that dear Mr. Bacon pleaded that availing blood, as the baſis of his ſupplications for mercy.—I have read, concerning good Mr. Fox, the Martyrologiſt, that "he could never refuſe giving pecuniary relief to any, who aſked him in the name and for the ſake of Chriſt." Much leſs will the Great Father of mercies reject the petitions of thoſe, whom his bleſſed ſpirit hath ſtirred up (and none can ſtir us up, but his own ſpirit) to intreat his favour, on account of what the agonizing friend of ſinners has done and ſuffered for the unworthy, the guilty, and the hell-deſerving. It is a plea that cannot fail, while God is God.—May the plea be your's and mine, both in life and death.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XIV.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Eſq.

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 18, 1772.

DEAR Mr. Serle's moſt obliging favour of the 28th ult. calls for an affectionate acknowledgement on my part. I muſt, however, enter an exception to the ceremonious paſſages which occur in his much eſteemed letter; and beg leave to file a proteſt againſt all future declarations of that high reſpect, with which my valued friend vouchſafes to honour

honour me. I know, my dear ſir, that your politeneſs is not a mere complaiſance, like that of the world. If I conſidered it in ſuch a view, I could diſpenſe with it, readily enough. But your tranſparent ſincerity, which adds weight and ſerioufneſs to the elegance with which you write, is the very circumſtance that humbles and abaſhes me. Certain I am, that you condeſcend to allow me a place in your regard: and, by that regard, I intreat you to conſider me, and to addreſs me, as (what indeed I am) leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints. The higheſt character, to which I aſpire (God grant I may be entitled to it,) is that of an elect ſinner, redeemed with blood, and ſaved by grace.

I rejoice unfeignedly on your behalf, that you are favoured with a calm and ſettled comfort from on high. I ſaid, from on high: for, that peace and joy, which lay us in the duſt, at the footſtool of free grace, do and muſt come from God alone. To be abſorbed, and melted as into nothing, under the over-whelming radiance of his unmerited love; to ſit in holy ſilence and ſtillneſs of ſoul, beneath the ſhadow of the croſs; to derive, by the miniſtration of his ſpirit, all our hope, happineſs, and tranquility, from the ineſtimable merits and interceſſion of the Lamb that is in the midſt of the throne; to caſt anchor on the covenant-favour, and covenant-faithfulneſs, of Father, Son, and Spirit;—are the grand and only ſources of holineſs and joy.

I admire your excellent motto. It is more than a motto: it is a maxim, an axiom, certain as certainty itſelf. *Deo duce, omnia bona*; is the language of reaſon, no leſs than of faith. It is a text, on which, eternity itſelf will be an everlaſting comment. God enable us to live under the chearful influence of that great principle, until mortality is ſwallowed up of life.

I did not apprehend, that your knowledge of—— amounted to an intimacy. I thank you for informing

ing me of it, as it gives me a double pleaſure. You may eaſily gueſs, that I mean the pleaſure of congratulating you on ſuch a connection; and the pleaſure of knowing, that ſo worthy a perſonage has the happineſs of ſo valuable a friend. Had I the honour of being acquainted with his ——, I ſhould felicitate him on his acquiſition: an acquiſition, which rarely falls to the portion of the great. God, I doubt not, will enable you to wait, with implicit confidence, and with the moſt paſſive ſerenity, the iſſue of his own all-wiſe purpoſes. He that believeth ſhall not (at leaſt, he ſhould not) make haſte.

You condeſcend to enquire after my projected life of archbiſhop Laud. I cannot ſay, that I have not began it. But I am in doubt, whether I ought to proceed in it. Eccleſiaſtical matters wear a very different aſpect among us, from what they did when I firſt formed the deſign. We bid fair, at preſent, not for having an high Church, but for having no Church at all. A review of the life and times of that prelate, pregnant with the moſt horrid detail of civil and religious tyranny, would hardly be ſeaſonable at preſent, when every unfledged ignoramus has a ſtone to ſling at the eſtabliſhment. I may, perhaps, ſeem to ſpeculate too minutely: but, I aſſure you, it is a ſpeculation which has conſiderable weight with me.

It is time, however, that my ſpeculations ſhould ceaſe to intrude on the attention and valuable moments of my dear friend: elſe, he may be induced to ſuppoſe, that my motto is,

Scriptus & in Tergo, necdum finitus, Oreſtes.

I ſhall, therefore, with affectionate compliments to Mrs. S. and your family in general, ſubſcribe myſelf, dear ſir,

Your obliged and obedient ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To the Rev. Dr. B. of *Saliſbury*.

Broad-Hembury, Feb. 4, 1773.

YOUR late favour, dear ſir, arrived in due courſe: and as your letters never fail to be fraught with friendſhip, politeneſs, and good ſenſe, I cannot but lament that ſo few of them find their way hither. If you had my excuſe to plead, I could not, with any tolerable propriety, expect you to write oftener to me, than I to you. But, as you have hitherto found no employment for the printers, you are the more at leiſure to entertain and improve me by manuſcript.

Accept my condolences, on your loſs of your uncle at Bulbridge: the qualities of whoſe heart rendered him more truly amiable and reſpectable, than, without them, the brighteſt talents could poſſibly have done.

Your account of your own health is ſuch, as I wiſh ever to receive. Next to the pleaſure of enjoying your converſation, I value every information that aſſures me of your welfare. As to myſelf, in conſequence of being well, I have, for ſome months paſt, been far from idle: though, that induſtry might not make me ill, I keep (as you rightly conjecture) to my old cuſtom of intermixing labour with occaſional relaxation. I could wiſh, indeed, to be ever on the wing, ever on the ſtretch: but it is impoſſible, in the preſent ſtate. We muſt wait, for every ſpecies of perfection, until we enter a ſuperior world.

What think you, concerning the archi-epiſcopal ſcheme of "reforming" the liturgy and articles? Such a plan is certainly on the carpet; and it, as

 certainly,

certainly, originated at Lambeth. The oſtenſible pretext is, to expunge ſome exceptionable paſſages, which are "offenſive to thinking men, and hurtful to tender conſciences." The new Lambeth-articles (if Providence do not render the deſign abortive) will be of a very different caſt, from the old ones of 1595.

I am much obliged to you, for your kind invitation, in my way to London, if I ſhould have occaſion to go thither. The truth is, I ought to have ſeen the capital, long ago. But I really dread to do ſo. The ſight of places, and the converſation of perſons, where and with whom I have enjoyed ſo many happy hours in the company of my late honoured parent, will naturally recall her ſo ſtrongly to my remembrance, that, I fear, my nerves will hardly bear it. I am thankful, that ſhe never accepted any of my invitations into Devonſhire; as it would, now, have only tended to revive thoſe ideas, which I ſhould be happier never to recollect. The higher a departed ſatisfaction has been, the more painful (ſuppoſing the departure to be final) is its remembrance. Philoſophy may cenſure theſe feelings, as a weakneſs; but they are ſuch a weakneſs, as I cannot help. Reſignation is one thing, inſenſibility is another.

I have, unawares, extended theſe reflections to too great a length. If I was not writing to a friend, I ſhould certainly, on a review, cancel this letter, and ſubſtitute a more reviſed half-ſheet. But, as the caſe ſtands, I will avail myſelf of your candour. Believe me to be,

Rev. and dear ſir, ever your's,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To Mrs. S. H.

MADAM, *Broad-Hembury, Feb.* 5, 1773.

MY pariſhioner, Mrs. H. H. deſires me to preſent you with her moſt reſpectful and affectionate thanks, for your late kind and obliging letter. Indeed, as the good woman told me, with tears of gratitude, your many inſtances of friendſhip and regard are ſuch, as plainly indicate the particular hand of Providence, which alone could raiſe up ſo valuable and diſintereſted a ſupporter of her old age. She is inexpreſſibly ſenſible of the kindneſs of your offer, reſpecting your readineſs to ſend her ſome additional aſſiſtance, on account of her preſent illneſs. But ſhe deſires, moſt thankfully, to decline putting you to that trouble: as, through the goodneſs of God, ſhe can hitherto defray the expences of her ſickneſs, by means of your ſtated ſupply. I hope ſhe recovers, though ſlowly, her pain and feebleneſs continuing very great.

She requeſts me to inform you, that any advantages of outward ſituation, which might attend her removal to Columpton, would not, in her judgment, compenſate for the ſpiritual want of ſuch a miniſtry, as ſhe could ſit under with comfort.

Permit me now, madam, to apologize, for my taking upon myſelf to acquaint you with theſe particulars. The truth is, Mrs. H. has now no near neighbour, in whom ſhe can venture to confide, but myſelf. She knows I love her dearly; to which I am induced, by the grace which is given her of God. I may ſafely expreſs myſelf ſo unreſervedly, of one who cannot be leſs than ninety. And, I own, there are very few in my pariſh, large as it is, whom I ſo tenderly eſteem. Her many doubts and fears, reſpect-

ing the ſafety of her ſoul, and the certainty of her acceptance with God, are, to me, ſo many proofs, that ſhe is indeed choſen, redeemed, and juſtified. And I am perſuaded, that the Lord will not take her hence, until he has ſhone her doubts and fears away. At leaſt, it is a remark, to which I never remember to have met with a ſingle exception, that ſuch of God's people, as are moſt exerciſed with fear and trembling on their journey through life, are the moſt comfortable and triumphant in the hour of death. Like Mr. Ready-to-halt, in the Pilgrim's Progreſs, they are uſually the firſt to fling away their crutches, when they actually come in view of Jordan.

It would be needleſs to inform you, that Mrs. H. begs you to accept her beſt reſpects and moſt grateful acknowledgements. To which I add the ſincere compliments of, &c.

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. If Providence ſhould prolong all our lives until ſummer, and you ſhould have leiſure and inclination to ſee Mrs. H. before ſhe goes to Heaven, I have a part of the vicarage houſe at your ſervice.

LETTER XVII.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Eſq.

Broad-Hembury, March 5, 1773.

EVER DEAR SIR,

GOD, I truſt and believe, will, himſelf, be the giver of that ſupport and conſolation, which I, with all my ſympathy, can only wiſh and pray that you may experience. Having premiſed my hope,

hope, permit me to thank you for your letter: the only one of your's, that ever gave me pain.

With melting heart, and lifted eye, I bleſs the Lord, for his having pointed the late providential ſhaft with gold: in other words, for his having ſoftened your unſpeakable loſs of dear Mrs. Serle (dearer, as an angel, than when only a ſaint) with ſuch undoubted and juſt aſſurance of her eternal reſt in Chriſt. May thoſe foretaſtes of the joy that ſhall be revealed, with which ſhe was ſo eminently favoured, be our ſtrength and ſong, during the appointed courſe of our remaining pilgrimage, until the ſpirit of God have matured us for the inheritance of the ſaints in light.

I have long obſerved, that ſuch of his people, as are leaſt on the mount, while travelling to Heaven; are higheſt on it, and repleniſhed with the richeſt diſcoveries of divine love, in the cloſing ſcene of life. When they come in actual view of that river, which parts the Church below from the Church above, the celeſtial city riſes full in ſight. The ſenſe of intereſt in the covenant of grace becomes clearer and brighter. The book of life is opened to the eye of aſſurance. The holy ſpirit more feelingly applies the blood of ſprinkling, and warms the ſoul with that robe of righteouſneſs which Jeſus wrought. The once feeble believer is made as David. The once trembling hand is enabled to lay faſt hold on the croſs of Chriſt. The ſun goes down without a cloud.

Thoſe lines of Dr. Watts are as weighty, as they are beautiful.

" Juſt ſuch is the Chriſtian. His race he begins,
Like the ſun, in a miſt, while he mourns for his ſins,
And melts into tears. Then he breaks out and ſhines,
And travels his heavenly way.
But, as he draws nearer to finiſh his race,
Like a fine, ſetting ſun, he looks richer in grace;
And gives a ſure hope, at the end of his days,
Of riſing in brighter array."

On occaſions of this kind, I never offer to condole. I would wiſh to conceal even my own feelings. Officious lenitives generally operate as corroſives, when tendered to an heart that bleeds under ſo exquiſite a loſs; and do but irritate the wound, they are meant to aſſuage. Rather, let me wiſh you to take down your harp from the willows, and to adore the unerring wiſdom of him, who is daily "accompliſhing the number of his elect, and haſtening his kingdom."

You have my thanks, dear ſir, for your polite and obliging invitation. Should buſineſs force me to London, this year, I certainly ſhall, were it only for my own ſake, pay my reſpects to you, as uſual; though I ſhall hardly prevail with myſelf to take full advantage of your kind and friendly offer.

Our meeting together again, on earth, is, humanly ſpeaking, precarious. Not ſo, our meeting in Heaven. We are, by no means, ſure of the former; but I am fully aſſured of the latter.

Grace, mercy, and peace, be with you and your's. So prays, from the inmoſt of his heart, dear ſir,

Your obliged, &c.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XVIII.

To RICHARD HILL, Eſq.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, March* 12, 1773.

I AM told, that Mr. Fletcher has it in contemplation to make an attack on me too. He is welcome. I am ready for him. Nor ſhall I, in that caſe, altogether imitate the amiable examples of yourſelf and your brother; unleſs Mr. Fletcher ſhould treat me with

with more decency, than he has, hitherto, obſerved towards others. Tenderneſs, it is very evident, has no good effect on Mr. Weſley, and his pretended family of love. Witneſs the rancour, with which Mr. Hervey's memory and works are treated by that lovely family. For my own part, I ſhall never attempt to hew ſuch millſtones with a feather. They muſt be ſerved as nettles: preſs them cloſe, and they cannot ſting.—Yet have they my prayers, and my beſt wiſhes, for their preſent and future ſalvation. But not one hair's breadth of the goſpel will I ever (God being my helper) offer up at their ſhrine, or ſacrifice to their idol.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XIX.

To Mr. RYLAND, Junior.

London, April 30, 1773.

MANY and beſt thanks to dear Mr. R. for his two valuable and much eſteemed letters: as alſo for the ſeveral pamphlets, with which the latter of his two favours was accompanied. Mr. Richard Hill had ſhewn me Weſley's ſecond remarks, immediately on my coming to town: I am, however, greatly obliged to you for forwarding it.

Heartily I wiſh, that I could avail myſelf of your dear father's invitation to Northampton. But it is a pleaſure, which my time, at preſent, will not ſuffer me to enjoy. I muſt, *volente Deo*, leave town next week. Should life be ſpared, and opportunity granted, in future, I know not the family, with whom I could ſpend a week or two, more profitably and agreeably, than your's.

The word of God runs and is glorified in London. Cobler Tom laments, it ſeems, publicly from his preaching-tub (miſ-named, a pulpit), that ſuch an Antinomian as myſelf ſhould have crouded auditories, while the preachers of the pure goſpel (by which, you know, he means free-will, merit, and perfection) are ſo thinly attended.

The envy, malice, and fury of Weſley's party, are inconceivable. But, as violently as they hate me, I dare not, I cannot hate them in return. I have not ſo learned Chriſt.—They have my prayers and my beſt wiſhes, for their preſent and eternal ſalvation. But their errors have my oppoſition alſo: and this is the irremiſſible ſin, which thoſe red-hot bigots know not how to forgive.

You deſire to be informed of the title to my intended publication, now in the preſs. It runs thus. "Hiſtoric Proof of the doctrinal Calviniſm of the Church of England: including, a brief Account of ſome eminent Perſons, famous for their Adoption of that Syſtem, both before and ſince the Reformation; with Specimens of their Teſtimonies."

I fear, it will extend to a four or five ſhilling volume. But the facts and evidences are ſo numerous, and drawn from ſuch a multiplicity of ſources, that I could not poſſibly bring it into leſs compaſs. Acquaint your good father, that his grand favourite and mine, archbiſhop Bradwardin, makes a very eminent figure, in the chapter which relates to our own Engliſh heroes.

Though I have, for fifteen years paſt (i. e. for very near half my life), been ſolidly and clearly convinced of the original and intrinſic Calviniſm of the eſtabliſhed Church; ſtill, I did not know, that the ſubject was ſupported by ſuch a vaſt confluence of poſitive authorities, until the furious oppoſition of the Methodiſts forced me to take a nearer and more exact view of the argument. Thus far, at leaſt, I am obliged to that virulent ſect. And, on a retroſpective

ſpective ſurvey of the whole matter, I myſelf ſtand aſtoniſhed at that profuſion of evidence, which pours from every quarter, in favour of the main point. My own collections (to go no farther,) viewed in the aggregate, abſolutely ſurpriſe me. And yet, the argument is far from being exhauſted.—But, if that is not exhauſted, my paper almoſt is. I muſt therefore conclude: having but juſt room to ſalute you and your family; to commend me to your prayers; and to ſubſcribe myſelf, ever dear ſir,

Your's moſt affectionately,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XX.

To the Rev. Mr. P.

[Extract.] *London, May* 3, 1773.

YOU was not miſ-informed, as to my having had an interview with Thomas Oliver. It happened thus:

On Saturday, the 8th of laſt month, I was going to ſee good Mr. Hitchin, of Hoxton. On my way, paſſing by the Foundery, it occurred to me, that I had now an opportunity of gratifying my curioſity, by purchaſing Weſley's laſt printed Journal. I therefore went in, and found a man reading, in what is called the Book-room, i. e. the room where Weſley's publications are ſold. The man, on my telling him what I wanted, anſwered, "Sir, I am not the perſon that ſells the books; but I will ſtep and call him." He left me, for two or three minutes; and returned with (I think) two other men and three women. Having paid for the Journal and taken my change, I was coming away: when one of the men, who proved to be Mr. Joſeph Cownley, aſked me, "whether my name was not Toplady?"

Toplady?" My anſwer was, "Yes, ſir, at your ſervice." All preſent immediately aſſumed an air of much civility. I ſtopped and chatted with them for, I believe, ten minutes. In the courſe of my ſtay, I took out my ſnuff-box. Mr. Cownley aſked for a pinch. As I held it to him, I ſaid, with a ſmile, "Is not it againſt the law of this place, for a believer to take ſnuff?" Mr. Cownley huddled the matter up, by alledging, that he was troubled with the head-ach. Immediately on which, one of the good women (whom I afterwards found to be the wife of Mr. Thomas Oliver) ſaid, directing herſelf to me, "O ſir, Mr. Weſley has no objection to people's taking ſnuff medicinally." I anſwered, "I am glad you are allowed ſome latitude: I thought you were tied up by an abſolute prohibition, without any loop-hole of exception." Our chat (which, though humorous, was extremely civil on all ſides) being over, I took leave of the company.—I ſhould have told you before, that, no ſooner was my name authenticated, than one of the women ſlipped out of the room. Who ſhe was, I know not: but ſhe was ſufficiently corpulent: as broad, comparitively, as ſhe was long. The reaſon of her decampment, I ſuppoſe, was, to announce the tidings to cobler Tom, of the unexpected viſitant in the Book-room.

As I was going out of the ſaid room, the fat lady ſtood on the right hand, and a man in black on the left, without ſide the door. In paſſing, I moved my hat. Sir, cried the corpulent ſiſter, pointing to the other ſide of me, "that is Mr. Oliver."—I ſaid, ſmiling, "what, my famous antagoniſt?" Oliver ſmiled and bowed. "Mr. Oliver," added I, "give me your hand: cudgel-players ſhake hands, though they mean to break each others' heads." He made me no verbal anſwer, but, repeating his bow, ſhook me by the hand; and ſeemed pleaſed. As I was not willing to have quite a ſilent meeting on his part, I began afreſh: "Your complexion, Mr. Oliver,

Oliver, ſeems to indicate too cloſe an intenſeneſs of thought. Do not ſtudy too hard, leſt the ſword be too ſharp for the ſheath." He then began to open: "Oh, ſir, I do not ſtudy too cloſely. I do not hurry myſelf. I take my time." On which I told him, "As you are thrown in my way, I ſhould be glad of a quarter of an hour's converſation with you, if you are at leaſure." He anſwered, "with all my heart, ſir: I ſhall be very glad:" and calling for a key, up ſtairs we went to his apartment.

On entering it, I ſaw a ſmall table covered with printed pamphlets and written papers. Among the pamphlets, was Mr. Hill's *Logica Weſleïenſis*.—To avoid the frequent repetitions of ſaid I, and ſaid he; I ſhall throw as much of our converſation as I can recollect, dialogue-wiſe, under the initials of our reſpective ſur-names. Premiſing one remark, viz. that he ſtrove much to draw me into a pitched debate on the Arminian points, which I was as much determined to avoid; and that for this reaſon, becauſe, as none were preſent but himſelf and his wife, what I might have ſaid, would have lain at the mercy of their miſrepreſentation afterwards. I therefore parried him at arm's length, and was rather an hearer than a ſpeaker.

After reconnoitring his table at my firſt going up, I obſerved to him, "So, here is the whole polemical apparatus, ready to fire off. When do you intend to publiſh againſt us?

O. It ſeems, ſir, that you too are going to publiſh a book againſt Mr. Sellon.

T. Perhaps ſo: and I will give you a friendly hint. Do not be too haſty in printing your next attack. If you will have patience to wait, you may have an opportunity of killing two or three birds with one ſtone. You know, if we write a folio, it is but your printing a penny ſheet, and we are anſwered at once. Nay, write but a ſingle page, and call it an anſwer, and we are knocked down flat.

O. Mr.

O. Mr. Richard Hill is a very bitter abuſive writer.

T. If you knew him, you would pronounce him as amiable a man as lives.

O. We once thought you the bittereſt of Mr. Weſley's oppoſers: but, upon my word, Mr. Hill's ſcurrilities exceed every thing.

T. How partial are moſt men to themſelves and to their own party! Had Mr. Hill written for Mr. Weſley, inſtead of writing againſt him; he would have been cried up, by the gentlemen on your ſide of the queſtion, as one of the meekeſt and moſt candid authors that ever put pen to paper, had he written ten times more ſmartly than he has.

O. I believe the time will come, when both you and Mr. Hill will be grieved in your minds, for what you have publiſhed againſt Mr. Weſley.

T. Mr. Weſley, if you pleaſe, has abundant reaſon to be grieved for what he has publiſhed againſt the truths of God. I hope, for his own ſake, that divine grace will make him grieve ſoon and grieve deeply.

O. Mr. Weſley is a very good man, and a very honeſt one.

T. He has amply ſhewn himſelf ſo. Forgery, for inſtance, is honeſty all over.

O. He only drew ſuch plain inferences from Zanchy, as neceſſarily flow from Zanchy's principles.

T. He ought to have given the inferences as his own: and not to have fathered them upon another man.

O. Do you not think I have demonſtrated that thoſe inferences are juſt?

T. Do not you think that I have refuted every one of them?

O. Mr. Weſley is certainly an honeſt man.

T. Mr. Weſley's honeſty, Mr. Fletcher's meekneſs, and Mr. Sellon's politeneſs, are very fit to go together.

O. Sir,

O. O ſir, ſurely you will not talk about meekneſs!

T. Certain I am, that your writers have no more title to arrogate meekneſs to themſelves, than many of your preachers and perfectioniſts have to ſet up for a monopoly of holineſs.

O. Sally, [or Nanny; I am not ſure which]—do fetch a bottle of wine. Mr. Toplady, perhaps, will drink a glaſs.

Mrs. Oliver went, and returned in half a minute.

T. To ſhew you that I bear you no enmity, I will drink your health in a ſingle glaſs.

O. I have read logic, and I have read metaphyſics, and I have read natural philoſophy.

T. Doubtleſs, your reading has been very extenſive.

O. Oh ſir, I am no more than a cobler, you know. You have bid me get away to my ſtall.

T. Certainly you are a Criſpinian, though not a Criſpian. Do you remember one William Gay, of Uffculme, in Devonſhire?

O. Gay? Gay? Let's ſee. What is he?

T. A maſter maſon. He remembers you, if you do not remember him. You lodged at his houſe, ſome years ago; and like St. Paul, preached and worked at your trade by turns.

O. It is a good many years ſince I was at his houſe.

T. I beg pardon for breaking the thread of metaphyſics.

O. Why, ſir, I was going to ſay, that ſome metaphyſical writers think the will takes the lead of the underſtanding. Others ſuppoſe the underſtanding leads the will.

T. You have read logic too.

O. Yes, indeed.

T. Mr. Weſley's three-penny cut?

O. O, much more than that. I have read ſeveral ſyſtems.

T. The

T. The poor predeſtinarians had need look about them.

O. Before I would be a predeſtinarian, I would ſuffer myſelf to be tied hand and foot, and carried through this window to yonder mad-houſe

T. Should you ſtand in need of confinement, there would be no occaſion for removing you out of your preſent quarters. The Foundery would anſwer all the purpoſes of a mad-houſe, without conveying you out at the ſaſh. I ſhould vote for keeping you where you are.

O. Ha, ha, ha! Well: But ſmartneſs is not argument.——Pray, ſir, have you read the Aſſembly's Catechiſm?

T. Yes, ſir.

O. The poſition with which it ſets out, is, that "God hath from all eternity unchangeably ordained whatever comes to paſs." I ſuppoſe, ſir, you agree with thoſe learned divines as to this particular.

T. You may poſſibly have ſeen ſome of my pamphlets: and, as you are remarkably pat at drawing inferences, you may from my writings infer pretty nearly, how far I do or do not agree with thoſe learned divines.

O. But, ſir: their doctrine deſtroys all free-agency.

T. What may your idea of free-agency be?

O. Why—why—free-agents are them that can act or not act, juſt as they pleaſe.

T. You do not ſuppoſe that men are free, with a freedom of independency?

O. I acknowledge, that men are dependent on God, as creatures. He made them, and he can put an end to their lives whenever he thinks fit.

T. But are man's volitions independently free?

O. Moſt undoubtedly.

T. Men, in determining their own wills, are independent on their Maker himſelf?

O. They

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T. The

to mine, held me by one of my coat buttons, while he ſpoke as follows: "My dear ſir, you have been talking largely in favour of man's free-agency. Allow me to leave argument, and come to experience. How was it with you, when God firſt laid hold on you by effectual grace? had you any hand in procuring it? Nay, would you not have reſiſted and baffled God's ſpirit, if he had left you to your will?" I was more embarraſſed with this queſtion, than I was willing to ſhew. Yet I had then too much pride to confeſs how much I was *non-pluſt* by this calm and ſingle interrogation. However, before I was eighteen, God was graciouſly pleaſed to enlighten me into that precious chain of truths which, through his good hand upon me, I ſtill abide by.—Permit me, Mr. Oliver, to put the above queſtion to you. I truſt, you have experienced ſomething of a work of God, upon your heart. What ſay you? Did you chuſe God, or did God chuſe you? Did he lay hold on you, or did you lay hold on him?

O. I muſt own to you, that, before my converſion, I was one of the moſt abandoned ſwearers and drunkards in England. I received my ſerious impreſſions from Mr. Whitefield. On the day of the evening in which I firſt heard him preach, I ſuppoſe I had not ſworn ſo few as forty prophane oaths.

T. Then it is very clear that your converſion, at leaſt, was not conditional.

O. I will not ſay, that I procured grace, of myſelf. Nor will I ſay, how far I might have reſiſted it.

T. I plainly perceive, that you are not diſpoſed to return a direct anſwer to my firſt queſtion. But, if you will not anſwer it to me, let me requeſt you to take an early opportunity of anſwering it on your knees before God in prayer. Go to your cloſet, and pour out your heart in his preſence: and beg him to

ſhew

ſhew you, whether you was converted by free-will, or by free-grace alone.——To this he gave little or no reply.

At my coming away, I ſaid: "I am going to mention a circumſtance, of no importance in itſelf, but of ſome conſequence to your own reputation as a man of integrity. I ſhould have deemed it no ſort of blot, had I been, what you have raſhly repreſented me in print, a native of Ireland. Thouſands have been born in that country, whoſe ſhoes latchet I am unworthy to looſe. With regard to myſelf, however, your conjecture was a miſtaken one. If you doubt it, conſult the regiſter-book at Farnham, in Surrey. My ſole motive, for ſetting you right in ſo inſignificant a particular, is, that you may, for the time to come, be more cautious of publiſhing uncertain anecdotes.

He very civilly attended me down ſtairs, to the Foundery door. As we paſt through the preaching-place, I obſerved, "This, I preſume, is looked upon as your cathedral." He anſwered, "We have lately had it repaired. We are not without thoughts of building it anew." "A good ſcheme," ſaid I: "new doctrines deſerve a new place."—"Our's," he rejoined, "are the true old doctrines." I added, "There we differ; but let it be our mutual prayer, that we may experience the efficacy of God's word in our hearts, and evidence the power of it by the holineſs of our lives." On which, we ſhook hands, and parted.

Upon the whole, this was a curious interview. To ſay the truth, I am glad I ſaw Mr. Oliver: for he appears to be a perſon of ſtronger ſenſe and better behaviour, than I imagined. Had his underſtanding been cultivated by a liberal education, I believe he would have made ſome figure in life.

What pleaſed me moſt, was that appearance of honeſty, by which he is ſo greatly diſtinguiſhed from the old fox, Mr. John Weſley.—In perſon, he is

rather low of ſtature, of a full make, pale and broad faced, and conſiderably disfigured by the ſmall-pox. His wig was fitter for a biſhop, than for a ſhoemaker.

I am not without hope, that God will lead him into the way of truth. He is, I believe, extremely ſincere; and the promiſe runs, "them that are upright will he learn his way." Not that I ſuppoſe man's uprightneſs, or ſincerity, is conditional of divine guidance; but where God has given ſincerity, I look upon it as a token for good, and am in hopes of his graciouſly giving ſomething more. As I told Mr. Oliver, in the courſe of our chat, "I have known as ſtubborn freewillers as he brought to lick the duſt at God's footſtool."

The Wedneſday after this converſation, his curioſity led him to hear me preach at Black-friars. My text was, Matth. xii. 21. I thought I glimpſed him; but, being near-ſighted, was not certain.—However, leſt it ſhould be he, I threw out ſome things, in the courſe of my ſermon, which I ſhould not have mentioned, if I had not thought him preſent. A friend of mine, Mr. Flower, of Cannon-ſtreet, happened to ſit in the ſame pew with him. When ſermon was ended, Oliver turned to Mr. Flower, and ſaid, with much rancorous emotion, "Believe this, and be damned." Mr. Flower anſwered, "No, ſir; believe this, and be ſaved." Mr. Flower himſelf was the perſon, from whom I afterwards learned this particular. He added, that, during ſermon-time, Oliver was in ſuch uneaſineſs and agitation, that he ſeemed hardly able to contain his rage. Poor, dear man, if God has a ſet time for opening his eyes, the enmity of his freewill ſhall not be able to ſteel him againſt the goſpel, when the ſet time comes.

Another intimate friend of mine went, ſhortly after, to hear Mr. Oliver preach at one of Weſley's meeting-houſes. The preacher had not forgot the

penance

penance he underwent at Black-friars, in hearing a whole ſermon on free grace and finiſhed ſalvation. "I went," ſaid he to his auditory, "laſt Wedneſday morning, to a famous Antinomian Church in the city, to hear one of the Antinomian clergymen. I expected to have ſeen but very few people there. But, alas! though it was on a week-day, and a rainy morning, and though the Church is large, the Church was quite full. What a ſhame is it, my brethren, that an Antinomian preacher ſhould have ſo many people to hear him, when I, who preached the pure goſpel, was forced, but now, to wait a conſiderable time for my congregation; and, after waiting long, to begin to eighteen or twenty people! I never talked to you about election, and perſeverance, and imputed righteouſneſs. I never tell you of a finiſhed ſalvation. I preach the pure goſpel. And yet, how backward are you to hear it! You diſcourage your miniſters. I cannot omit one paſſage in the ſermon, which was as follows: "My brethren, if man's free-will is nothing, there can be no room for praiſe or blame. If I ſtick a candle into this ſocket" (pointing to the ſconce at or near the preaching deſk) "am I to thank the ſconce for receiving and holding the candle; nay, verily, for the ſocket, not being a free agent, cannot help admitting the candle that is thruſt into it: and it is the ſame with man and grace, if grace be given irreſiſtibly."

And ſo ſay I. Man is no more to be thanked, for the grace which is given him of God, than a ſconce is to be thanked for the taper which it holds. But here lies the difference; man in regeneration, is made willing to receive grace, and made happy by receiving it, neither of which can be ſaid of Oliver's ſconce.

I wiſh, my dear ſir, you may not be as tired, with reading this long letter, as the enraged ſhoemaker was with hearing what he calls my Antinomian ſermon. I muſt, however, do myſelf the juſtice

to ſay, that I have not written ſo prolix an epiſtle, theſe many years; nor are there many perſons, in the three kingdoms, to whom I would have written a letter of half this length. I wiſh you would make retaliation, and revenge yourſelf in kind.

Every bleſſing be with you and your's.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XXI.

To Mrs. MACAULAY.

Broad-Hembury, June 11, 1773.

DEIGN to accept my beſt acknowledgements, madam, for your very obliging letter, which, you told me, awaited me in Devonſhire; and which I, accordingly, found on my return. You do me infinitely too much honour, in condeſcending to ſolicit my opinion of the merits of your laſt publication. But, as my judgement is aſked, I will give it, without reſerve. I think its merits are unſpeakable, both as to ſubſtance and compoſition. That ſedulous attention to truth, that undeviating zeal for the rights of mankind, and that nervous refinement of thought, which ſo eminently mark and adorn your character and writings, ſhine, with full force, in your fifth volume. Be it ſo, that your political theory is too ſublimely virtuous, to be univerſally adopted by an age, of ſuch a caſt as the preſent; yet are you ſecure of the affections and the admiration of the honeſt and diſcerning: who, though they have, in all periods of times, conſtituted far the ſmaller part of ſociety; yet is their eſteem of more weight

weight and value, than the diſgraceful applauſe of the weak or the intereſted multitude.

As greatly, madam, as I revere your uncommon talents; and as ſincerely as I regard your public and private virtues, there are two or three minutiæ, on which I reſpectfully diſſent. It is not, for inſtance, clear to me, that the levellers were a "brave and virtuous party:" nor that Cromwell was ſo utterly deſtitute of conſcience and principle, as, to you, he ſeems to have been. That he was a traitor to the liberties of his country, can admit of very little diſpute. Yet can I perceive, in various features of his mental character, ſome ſtriking ſymptoms of magnanimity and virtue, which leave me in ſuſpenſe, as to the total corruption of his heart. You, who have penetrated into the receſſes of hiſtory, with more attention than I have had opportunity of applying, and with far greater judgement than I am capable of exerting, may wonder, perhaps, at the freedom, with which I venture to mention any thing relative to a province ſo peculiarly your own. But you muſt place the liberty, madam, which I have preſumed to take, to the account of your own condeſcenſion, which commanded me to preſent you with my genuine thoughts.

I wiſh my honoured friend may, in her turn, prove as obedient to my requeſt, as I have to her command. If ſo, you will not fail to re-viſit Devonſhire, in the courſe of this ſummer. My neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, long, impatiently, for the happineſs of enjoying your company again. And, for myſelf, I hope I need not aſſure you, that I reap too much pleaſure and improvement from the privilege of your converſation, to be diſtanced, in the deſire of ſeeing you, by the warmeſt of your admirers. Though this is a ſpecies of avarice, which I deem it an honour to avow; I have ſtill another argument to urge, infinitely ſuperior to any motive deduced from my own ſelf-intereſt as an in-

dividual. I ſaw, with pain, when laſt in London, that the cloſeneſs of that over-grown town, your want of exerciſe, and your intenſe literary application, appear to have had an unfavourable effect on your health. Conſider, madam, that, notwithſtanding all your paſt meritorious ſervices, you are ſtill a debtor to ſociety. You owe yourſelf to your country. If you do not take care of its beſt citizen, you will be guilty of the higheſt injuſtice to the public. Say not, "How does this advice comport with your doctrine of predeſtination?" For I hope, you are predeſtinated to take the advice; and that a predeſtinated old age will be the reſult. Our friend, Mr. Northcote, ſometimes ſays, "Mr. Toplady believes abſolute predeſtination; and yet he is loth to ride on horſeback, for fear of breaking his neck." I anſwer, "True:" and, perhaps, that very fear may be an appointed means of preſerving my neck unbroken. The corollary from the whole, is; let Mrs. Macaulay, by coming down ſoon into Devonſhire, conſult her health, gladden her friends in the weſt, and ſhew herſelf juſt to the community. We ſet too high a value on the productions of your pen, to wiſh you to lay it aſide entirely, while you are with us. We will allow you to devote your mornings to ſtudy; and I am pretty certain, that Mr. N. and myſelf together, can furniſh you with moſt, if not with all the books which you may wiſh to conſult, relative to the period on which you are now employed. If invitation will not prevail, I ſhall have recourſe to threats. I told you, when I ſaw you laſt, that I would ſo peſter you with letters, that you ſhould be glad to viſit us, in your own defence: and I mean to be as good as my word. The preſent piece of prolix expoſtulation is a diſagreeable ſample of what you have to expect, from, madam,

your's, &c.

Auguſtus Toplady

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To Mrs. MACAULAY.

Broad-Hembury, July 13, 1773.

LET a lady alone for dexterity. The king has loſt by you. Your late much eſteemed favour, madam (doubly valuable, for being double in ſize), was ſo ingeniouſly folded, as to elude the vigilance of the poſt-office, and be charged only as a ſingle letter. The circumſtance, however, of poſtage, is an article that I ſhall never think of, when Mrs. Macaulay's improving favours are the freight. It is in obedience to your own deſire, that I trouble you with an incident, in all other reſpects, too trivial for notice. But, as I am on the ſubject, I muſt requeſt you, once for all, never to let a deficiency of franks lay the ſhorteſt embargo on your correſpondence hither. I imagine them to be (what, conſidered in this relation, they indeed are) mere things of nought.

Of all the letters, madam, with which you have vouchſafed to honour me, I ſet the higheſt value on your laſt. Should you aſk why? My anſwer would be, becauſe it is the longeſt. That a perſon of your eminence, and engaged by ſo many avocations of uſefulneſs and importance, ſhould oblige me with ſo much of your time and attention, is an inſtance of condeſcending friendſhip, which reflects as much honour on your own politeneſs, as I can receive from its effects.

Doubtleſs, the character of Cromwell, when contraſted with the ſhining benevolence and exemplary diſintereſtedneſs of Antonius Pius; or with that gentleneſs, yet ſteadineſs of wiſdom, that ſelf-denying ſimplicity, that diſcreet but noble liberality, that

unrelaxing adherence to juſtice, truth, and equity, which (ſtill more than even his writings) have ſtamped greatneſs and immortality on the name of Marcus Aurelius; the maxims and conduct of the Engliſh uſurper, when weighed againſt ſuch characters as thoſe, cannot but appear, on the compariſon, black as darkneſs, and lighter than emptineſs itſelf. Much leſs will Cromwell's meaſures bear to be paralleled with the humane, the juſt, the wiſe, the improving adminiſtration of our own Alfred: who, perhaps, both as an individual, and as a chief magiſtrate, came the neareſt to moral and political perfection, of any regal character, which adorns the page of ſecular hiſtory. I know of but one prince who would, probably, have out-ſhone Alfred; I mean, Edward VI.

Yet, after all, I queſtion if it be ſtrictly fair, to bring Cromwell to the teſt of ſuch very exalted ſtandards. Antoninus Pius, Antoninus the philoſopher, Nicocles of Salamis, Alfred and Edward VI. of England, Louis XII. of France, and (perhaps) one or two more individuals, who were formed for the good of mankind, and for the honour of monarchy; are examples, too ſeverely bright, for Cromwell's competition. Inexcuſable, as many of his principles ſeem to have been, and unjuſtifiable as the main of his conduct undoubtedly was; the peculiar exigencies of his ſituation might ſtill, in ſome degree, oblige him to avail himſelf of maxims he deteſted, and to purſue a courſe of action which his heart might diſapprove. In ſhort, much allowance muſt be made for the times in which he lived; much for the ſituation, in which he was gradually placed; much for that teeming train of events, which appear to have drawn him in ſtep by ſtep; much for the embarraſſment ariſing from thoſe diſtreſſing alternatives, to which public perſons are ſometimes reduced, and which frequently poſe the ſhallowneſs of human wiſdom; and much for the depravity of human nature itſelf, which it is ſufficiently plain, was

not

not leſs operative in Cromwell, than in the reſt of the ſpecies. To which we may add, that perſons who are actually parties in the buſy ſcenes of political tranſaction, are often hurried and perplexed into meaſures, which the cool ſpeculative politician would juſtly condemn; and at either the proſpect or the retroſpect of which, the delinquents themſelves would ſhudder. But to cloſe this amicable controverſy, with a ſingle queſtion. What a figure would the generality of Engliſh hiſtorians (though many of them have great merit) make, if ſet in competition with Mrs. Macaulay's noble and ſpirited performance? Or, to vary the query; how ſhould I dwindle to a ſpan, to an inch, to a point, to nothing, if compared with a Witſius, a Turretin, a Spanhemius, a Gurnall, a Hervey! Think on this, when you are for contraſting Cromwell with the two Antoninus's and Alfred.

Sorry I am to learn, that your health is not improved, ſince I had the honour of ſeeing you in the ſpring. But, though deeply concerned, I cannot wonder. The heat of the ſeaſon, for ſome time paſt, has been intenſe, even at Broad-Hembury. At London, it muſt be ſcarce ſupportable. You, whoſe conſtitution is almoſt as delicate as your mind is elegant, muſt have ſuffered much by it, aided as, I fear, it has been, by confinement, and application. Would to God, you would receive, with your uſual attention in other matters, the hint I took the liberty to give you, at our laſt interview, viz. Write little, that you may write much.

If no entreaties can prevail with you to ſee the weſt this ſummer; yet be ſo kind to your friends and to the world, as to ſpare yourſelf all you can. When you perceive fatigue and languor approaching, lay down your pen for that day; and imagine that I am at your elbow, requeſting and adjuring you, with all the earneſt importunity of reſpectful friendſhip, to be tender of that exquiſite machine which Providence

dence has formed into the diſtinguiſhed tenement of ſo much exalted reaſon and virtue. Nothing exhauſts the ſpirits, and impairs the health, more, than the continued labour of deep hiſtorical reſearches. It engages, for the time, all the powers of the ſoul, and engroſſes the whole collective force of the nerves. What can be more dangerous, what more pernicious to the human fabric? Timotheus, the Athenian, is juſtly admired for having ſaid, that, "being at the head of an army, he took care not to expoſe himſelf raſhly to danger: for the life of a general is of too much conſequence, to be needleſsly thrown away." Valuable as your hiſtory is, it is not of equal value with the hiſtorian. Beſides: ſhould the hiſtorian fail, what would become of the remainder of the hiſtory? I fear, I ſhould be the means of detaining you too long from the exerciſe and relaxation I recommend, were I not to cut ſhort this free lecture, by ſubſcribing myſelf, with great reſpect,

Madam, your obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Rev. Dr. GIFFORD.

Broad-Hembury, July 14, 1773.

I AM often reminded of my much valued and reſpected friend, by the highly eſteemed plates of Engliſh coins, with which he favoured me. I conſult them very frequently: and, partly, on their own account, but more on his, I deſervedly number them amongſt my choiceſt literary κειμηλια.

I hope, dear ſir, you have, long ſince, received the Daniſh ſword (for, Daniſh it more probably was) which

which I left for you, at Mr. R's, when I was laſt in London. It was given me, the firſt time I was in Ireland, in the year 1755, by counſellor Harding, on whoſe eſtate (in the county of Limerick, if I rightly remember) that, and ſome hundreds more of the ſame make, were dug up. I have, firſt and laſt, ſhewn it to many virtuoſi: not one of whom could form any judgment of the metal it is of. It certainly is a very antient weapon: and if admitted to be Daniſh, or Norwegian, it cannot be leſs than 8 or 900 years old. But you, who are ſo conſummate an hiſtorian, know, much better than I can pretend to do, about what period thoſe Northern plunderers ceaſed to infeſt Ireland.

Permit me to enquire into a matter of incomparably greater importance. How is your health? Have you got rid of your cough? Is your appetite returned? I expect a full and diſtinct anſwer to each of theſe queſtions.

May our gracious covenant God in Chriſt cauſe you to renew your ſtrength, in every ſenſe of that promiſe. Remember me in your petitions: Let me hear from you, without delay: and believe me to be, what, *ab imo pectoris*, I am,

dear and Rev. ſir,

your affectionate and obedient ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. B. P. of *New York.*

Broad-Hembury, Sept. 6, 1773.

DEAR and Rev. SIR,

YOUR very obliging favour, of July 17, arrived here by the laſt poſt. Accept my thanks, for the regard it breathes; and permit me to ſhew my

my ſenſe of it, by ſincerely beſeeching God to crown you with thoſe important mercies, which you ſo affectionately wiſh to me, the unworthieſt of his meſſengers.

It gives me unſpeakable pleaſure, to perceive, that you are a clergyman of the Church of England. I ſhould have received ſo valuable a letter, as your's, with reſpect, and with joy, of what denomination ſoever the writer had been. But, I confeſs, I am ſo far partial to our own hill, in Sion, as to rejoice peculiarly, when I hear of faithful, ſpiritual, well-principled watchmen being ſtationed on her walls. I know not, how it is in America; but ſure I am, that, here, their number is, comparatively, exceeding few. Yet has God favoured us, of late years, with a manifeſt revival: and I had the ſatisfaction, when laſt in London (viz. about three months ago) of ſeeing ſix or eight evangelical clergymen, lately ordained, whom I had not, until then, ſo much as heard of. May the little leaven, in God's due time, leaven the whole lump!

Your idea of Mr. J. W. and his aſſociates, exactly tallies with mine. Abſtracted from all warmth, and from all prejudice, I believe him to be the moſt rancorous hater of the goſpel-ſyſtem, that ever appeared in this iſland. I except not Pelagius himſelf. The latter had ſome remains of modeſty; and preſerved, in the main, ſome appearances of decency: but the former has outlived all pretenſion to both.—Have two pieces, written by my learned and religious friend, Mr. Richard Hill, found their way to America? The one is entitled, "A Review of all the Doctrines taught by Mr. J. W." The other, "*Logica Weſleïenſis.*" If you have not yet ſeen them, they will give you unſpeakable ſatisfaction.

I am glad, for the truth's ſake, to hear, that my tranſlation of Zanchius was ſo well received, and has been re-printed, on your ſide of the Atlantic. God bleſs it there, as he has graciouſly vouchſafed to do

to

to many in England.—It was quite a juvenile exerciſe; accompliſhed, about a year and half before I entered into orders, by way of filling up a few ſupernumerary hours. I remember ſhewing the manuſcript, one day, to the late Dr. Gill, when he did me the favour of a viſit. He adviſed me to publiſh it: but, to ſay the honeſt truth, I was then not ſufficiently delivered from the fear of man: and it ſlumbered by me, from 1760, to 1769. I literally fulfilled Horace's direction (though from a motive, not at all allied to that for which he recommends it)

——— *nonumque prematur in annum.*

I can never ſufficiently bleſs God, for giving me to ſee the day, when I can truly affirm, that I care not whom I diſpleaſe, when the ineſtimable truths of his goſpel are at ſtake. His providence has rendered me independent on any but himſelf; and his grace enables me to act accordingly.—I muſt likewiſe add, as a ſtill further motive to my gratitude, that, the bolder I am in his cauſe, the more he gives me the affections of thoſe to whom I miniſter, and with whom I am connected. Where I have loſt one friend, by ſtanding up for Chriſt; I have gained a multitude.

The anonymous pamphlet, to which you refer, is the production of one Mr. W——— S———; who was, originally, it ſeems, a baker, by trade: he then became a lay-preacher of Mr. W's: and, in proceſs of time, lady Huntingdon got him into orders. She is now extremely ſorry that ſhe did ſo: for her ladyſhip is convinced, at laſt, that her tenderneſs for Mr. W——— was ſadly miſplaced.

Though, as you juſtly obſerve, Mr. S——'s low libel is not, in any reſpect whatever, a real anſwer to my Vindication of the Church of England from Arminianiſm; yet have I taken the opportunity which his virulence has afforded me, of ſetting the eſſential and abſolute Calviniſm, of the Church eſtabliſhed, in a

ſtill

ſtill fuller and ſtronger point of view. My piece, which is now far advanced in the preſs, is entitled, Hiſtoric Proof of the Doctrinal Calviniſm of the Church of England. If Providence ſpare me to ſee it out of the preſs, I will direct my bookſeller, purſuant to your requeſt, to leave a copy for you with our friend Mr. Gardner: and which I ſhall deſire your acceptance of, as my preſent.

There is but one paragraph, dear ſir, in your much eſteemed letter, which gave me uneaſineſs. I mean, the paſſage relating to your ſtate of health. I cannot help feeling a moſt tender concern, that ſo valuable a perſon, as you appear to be, ſhould labour under the diſadvantages of too delicate a machine.—And yet, why do I permit ſuch a remark to eſcape my pen? God beſt knows what he has to do with us. If brotherly affection compels me to ſympathize with you; faith, on the other hand, bids me leave you, without fear, and without complaint, to the paternal, the unerring diſpoſal of him who does all things well.

Be ſo kind as to indulge me with a line, by the firſt opportunity, after your receipt of this. One reaſon for which requeſt is, that I may know what pamphlets of mine you have met with; which I beg the favour of you to enumerate: that I may, by the channel you have pointed out, ſend you ſuch of them as are in print, and which you may not already have ſeen.

Grace be to you, ſir, and love, with faith, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. May the enlightening, the comforting, the ſanctifying, the ſealing influences of the eternal ſpirit be your ſtrength, your ſong, and your ever-preſent portion, all through the courſe of your pilgrimage.—Excuſe this inaccurate accknowledgement, written *currente calamo*; and believe me to be

your obliged, &c.

Auguſtus Toplady.

P.S. Why

P. S. Why do you expreſs ſo much diffidence of publicly taking up your pen in the cauſe of God? He ſeems to have ſtrongly breathed the deſire into your heart: and your letter fully convinces me, that he has endued you with abilities for ſuch a work. I hope (and, I aſſure you, it will be, in the mean while, an article in my prayers to God) that you may be effectually inclined, and powerfully enabled, to bear your teſtimony againſt error, in a day of ſuch rebuke and blaſphemy as this.—Up, then, and be doing: and the Lord crown your endeavours with his bleſſing. Adieu.

Pray for me, as I alſo for you.

LETTER XXV.

To the Rev. Mr. ROMAINE, (now at *Tiverton*).

Broad-Hembury, Sept. 11, 1773.

MANY thanks to dear and honoured Mr. Romaine, for his obliging favour of to-day, juſt received from Tiverton. I bleſs God, for bringing him ſafely thither; and for the expectation of hearing him at my Church, both parts of the day, on the 19th inſtant: of which I ſhall, gladly, give notice, to-morrow.—Mrs. R. and yourſelf will, I hope, give me the pleaſure of accommodating you both, as well as my batchelor's houſe will permit, as many days, next week, as you conveniently can, antecedently to the Sunday above-mentioned. For which purpoſe, I ſhall take care to be at home; or, at the utmoſt, within call.

God's Holy Spirit come with you, and ſpeak by you, and bleſs you to this people. You will ſow on ploughed ground: and cannot offend the generality of

of my hearers, preach free and finiſhed ſalvation as ſtrongly as you will. May you be enabled to reach their hearts.

With affectionate reſpects to dear Mrs. Romaine, I ſubſcribe myſelf, *ex animo* (as all my ſubſcriptions are) ever your's,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XXVI.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Eſq.

Broad-Hembury, Oct. 1, 1773.

MY having ſpent part of the week at Exeter, will account for this late acknowledgement of dear Mr. S's favours, which I found at my return.

You have my particular thanks, ever valued ſir, for the tranſmiſſion of your learned and ingenious manuſcript concerning the Origin of the Human Soul *. I waited, with ſome degree of impatience, for this completion of your kind promiſe, made when we were travelling together from Honiton to Exeter: and I muſt own, that, though I am not proſelyted, I am conſiderably ſtaggered, by the arguments you bring. The ſtrongeſt of which, in my idea, is, that, drawn from the eternal generation of God the Son. This, certainly, if any thing, bids faireſt for turning the ſcale in favour of the hypotheſis, you ſo heartily adopt, and ſo ingeniouſly de-

* The manuſcript, here alluded to, has ſince been publiſhed in a ſeries of ſome of the firſt numbers of the Theological Miſcellany, by the ingenious and reſpectable gentleman unto whom this letter is addreſſed; who is held in high eſtimation for his integrity, piety, and benevolence, but particularly for his profound and critical reſearches evinced in his exhibition of divine truth. EDITOR.

fend.

fend. Nor can I anſwer to the inference you deduce from that topic.

I muſt, however, with all the reſpect and tenderneſs ſo juſtly due to my excellent friend, ſuſpend my judgment concerning the whole matter: as I have, hitherto, been always forced to do; and as no leſs a man, than St. Auſtin, did, to the end of his life. Yet, though not determined to either ſide of the queſtion *(non noſtrûm eſt tantas componere lites)* I own myſelf inclinable to believe that ſouls are of God's own immediate creation and infuſion. Difficulties, both many and great, do, without doubt, clog the wheels of this opinion. But thoſe, which embarraſs the ψυχολογια, ſeem, at preſent, to me, both more and greater. I know not, for inſtance, how to reconcile it to ſuch Scriptures as Eccles. xii. 7. Zech. xii. 1. Heb. xii. 9. Nor can I conceive how ſoul can generate ſoul, without ſuppoſing the ſoul to have *partes extra partes:* and if we once grant its diviſibility, what becomes of its abſolute immateriality, together with its eſſential incorruptibility, and its intrinſic immortality? Neither can my dear friend aſcertain, from which of the two parental ſouls a third is educed: whether from the father's only, or from the mother's only, or by a *deciſione utriuſque.* —— As little can it be explained, how one, or two ſouls, can produce many. The uſual ſimile, of "candle being lighted by candle," will here give us no light at all. One candle, it is true, is able to light up an hundred others: but not *ſine interciſione materiæ propriæ.* It actually communicates ſome of its own luminous particles to the candle or candles which it enflames. But can we ſay this of the ſoul, and at the ſame time maintain its ſpirituality? Theſe, my dear ſir, are a ſpecimen of the difficulties which will not allow me to adopt the ψυχογονια; and which induce me to conſider the ψυχωσις as the leſs exceptionable ſcheme of the two.

After all, it may, perhaps, be beſt, for us, as humble Chriſtians, not to launch too far into the immenſe ocean of too curious ſpeculation. God's word is the believer's chart. God's ſpirit is the believer's pilot. Where the former ceaſes to deſcribe our path, and the latter to ſhape our courſe, it will moſt conduce to the ſimplicity and joy of faith, to limit our enquiries, to leave with God the ſecret things which belong to him, to keep within ſight of land, and wait for all unneceſſary ecclairciſſements until our diſ-impriſoned ſouls ſhall aſcend on angels' wings to the preſence of him whoſe are all the treaſures of wiſdom and knowledge.

And yet, I wiſh to ſee your modeſt and elegant diſquiſition in print. I hope you will give it to the public: for, whether the hypotheſis it aſſerts be intrinſically right or wrong, you treat the argument with ſuch purity of diction, with ſuch refinement of reaſon, and with ſuch tranſparent piety, that it muſt pleaſe the philoſophic, and cannot poſſibly offend the Chriſtian reader.—Permit me to detain it from you a week or two longer: as I am very deſirous of giving it ſeveral peruſals more.

After putting your patience to ſo long a trial, I muſt not aggravate my prolixity, by apologizing for it. Nor can I conclude, without reminding you, that you are ſtill my debtor, by promiſe, for a ſight of thoſe compoſitions in verſe, in which (by the few ſamples you have formerly indulged me with) I know you to poſſeſs ſo refined a taſte. Lay me, ſoon, under this obligation alſo: though no obligations, which even you are able to confer, can make me, more than I already am,

your affectionate and devoted,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

To Mr. M. POLLARD.

Broad-Hembury, Oct. 1, 1773.

DEAR SIR,

I FEAR you have, long ago, ſet me down for little leſs than a monſter of incivility, on account of my permitting your letter to lie ſo long unacknowledged. I am really aſhamed to review its date. You wrote it, Oct. 1, 1772. I am anſwering it, Oct. 1, 1773. Such a ſeeming failure, in common decency, needs much candour, in you, to excuſe it; and requires a very ſufficient apology, from me, to extenuate it.

The truth is, your favour was, by ſome means or other, miſlaid: and was not retrieved, until a few days ago, when I was hunting among my papers. I often recollected, with pain and regret, that I was your epiſtolary debtor: but was forced to continue ſo, until, by recovering your addreſs, I could know, with certainty, how to direct my anſwer.

I read that rancorous and paltry libel on the Church of England, compiled by Corniſh, of Culliton, which you was ſo obliging as to ſend me: a performance, raked together from a variety of antient and modern dunghills; and exhibiting ſuch a jumble of ſcurrility, as was never, I believe, before, crowded into ſo ſmall a compaſs.

I cannot agree with you, that it deſerves a public animadverſion. It is, moreover, by this time, dead and buried, in great meaſure. It was pity to recall it into life. Let it ſink, and be forgotten. The Church has nothing to fear, from the efforts of ſuch an indecent ſcribbler, who has ſtarted nothing new; but deals in ſtale, borrowed cavils, which have been refuted, again and again, times without number.

Beſides: an anſwer would only conduce to render both the man and his pamphlet conſpicuous. It would ſet the former, on a pedeſtal; and diffuſe the latter into a greater number of hands.

Mr. Addiſon ſomewhere obſerves, there are inſects, ſo exceedingly minute, that we cannot examine them, without magnifying them: and compares perſons, who enter the liſts with contemptible writers, to the traveller, in the fable; who, being incommoded with the noiſe of graſshoppers, "alighted from his horſe, in great wrath, to kill them all. Which was troubling himſelf, to no purpoſe: for, had he purſued his journey, without taking notice of them, they would have died, of themſelves, in a very few weeks."

This is my chief reaſon for declining the taſk you wiſh me to undertake. To which I muſt add, that my buſineſs, for ſeveral years paſt, has lain in another department. My call from Providence ſeems to be, not the aſſailing of thoſe who honeſtly ſeparate from a Church which (unhappily) they do not approve; but to expoſe the treachery, and to obviate the intereſted ſophiſtry, of too many among us, who, for cauſes ſufficiently notorious, pretend to revere the Church, and actually live by her breaſts, while they hate her doctrines in their hearts, and labour, with all their might, to ſtab her under the fifth rib.

With affectionate wiſhes for your welfare both here, and ever, I remain,

Sir, your obedient ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mr. BURGESS.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Oct.* 22, 1773.

I HAVE ſeen ſo much of the religious world, and have ſo largely experienced how little ſtreſs is to be laid on fair appearances; that I prize, with redoubled eſteem, the graces and the friendſhip of the genuine few: in which number, I am thoroughly ſatisfied, my valued Mr. B. ſtands. I am led to this remark, by the recent conduct of a very flaming profeſſor (R——, of Lyme) who has at length dropt the maſque, and, with equal diſhonour to the goſpel and himſelf, proves (I fear) no other than a whited wall and a painted ſepulchre.—In ſhort, one hardly knows, whom to truſt, or of whom to entertain a good opinion. But the great Head of the Church knows them that are his; and bleſſed be the riches of his faithful love, he will take care of his own to the end.

Mrs. W. I am afraid, will think my ſilence a mark of diſreſpect. But I am ſo thoroughly certain, that all Zion's children ſhall be taught of the Lord; that I am the leſs ſolicitous to obviate her ſcruples, reſpecting the doctrines of grace. God has, already, began to do great things for her. He will, doubtleſs, go on, to make her path brighter and brighter. There is no need of my holding a lantern to her ſteps. She is in a fair way for the kingdom: and I would have as little of human teaching enter into her experience, as poſſible.—Pray, preſent her with my Chriſtian ſalutations: and aſſure her of an intereſt in my unworthy addreſſes at the throne of our common Father.

The bleſſings of Providence, and of grace, continue, through mercy, to ſurround my path. I have no

cauſe of perſonal uneaſineſs, but the remains of unbelief and unthankfulneſs And even theſe ſhall be done away, totally and for ever, when mortality is ſwallowed up of life.

The richeſt bleſſings of God's covenant love be with you. I affectionately ſalute our friends in general: particularly, good captain T. Mr. and Mrs. S———r, Mr. and Mrs. S———y, and Miſs B. Write to me, as often as you can. And though my many engagements may not always permit me to return you letter for letter; yet believe me to be, what I moſt ſincerely am,

Your affectionate brother in the Lord our righteouſneſs,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XXIX.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Eſq.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Oct.* 22, 1773.

I FEEL my utter inability to debate ſo abſtruſe a point, with ſo potent and maſterly an antagoniſt. We are, however, both agreed, that we have ſouls. And bleſſed be God, for giving us cauſe to believe, that they are redeemed to himſelf, by the precious blood of his co-equal Son.

Allow me, dear ſir, to repeat my requeſt, relative to the publication of your thoughts on a ſubject, which has exerciſed ſo few pens of eminence, and which your own is ſo peculiarly qualified to diſcuſs. In ſhort, I ſhall never ceaſe teazing you, until my wiſh is granted.

You are too generous, to blame me, for the ſlowneſs, with which I recede from my own opinion concerning the queſtion in diſpute: or, rather, for my ſuſpenſe

ſuſpenſe between the two opinions. I well remember, that, in 1758, when I firſt began to diſcern ſomething of the abſurdities and impieties of Arminianiſm, my mind was in a ſimilar ſtate of fluctuation, for many ſucceeding months. Dr. Manton's Sermons on the 17th of St. John were the means, through which my Arminian prejudices received their primary ſhock: a bleſſing, for which an eternity of praiſe will be but a poor mite of acknowledgement to that God, whoſe ſpirit turned me from darkneſs to light. But it was a conſiderable time (and not until after much prayer, and much reading on each ſide of the argument) ere my judgment was abſolutely fixed.—I ſhall, when in heaven, remember the year 1758, with gratitude and joy: as I, doubtleſs, ſhall the year 1755, in which I was firſt awakened to feel my need of Chriſt.

The origin of the ſoul, though not of equal importance with the doctrines of grace, yet requires much diſquiſition, in order to our coming at any ſatisfactory and ſolid ground whereon to reſt the ſole of our foot. At leaſt, I find it extremely difficult. I ſee not any thing, by intuition. *Veritas in puteo.* It, moſt times, requires much labour, to draw it up: and, very frequently, eludes our utmoſt ſkill and pains, at laſt. It is a comfort, after all, that the ſoul may be happy here, and ſaved forever; though ignorant, at preſent, of her own immediate ſource.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XXX.

To Mrs. MACAULAY,

Broad-Hembury, Oct. 22, 1773.

AS we live at a period, when to be in debt, and to be in the faſhion, are almoſt inſeparable ideas; I offer no apology, for the length of time, during which, my honoured friend's obliging letter has paſſed without acknowledgement.

I will go farther ſtill: and even value myſelf on an omiſſion, which has, perhaps, contributed ſomething to the public benefit. In writing to me, you pleaſe and improve a grateful individual. But, as an hiſtorian, you convey pleaſure and inſtruction to multitudes. Was I to return you an immediate anſwer to the favours I receive, your friendſhip and politeneſs would not fail to balance the epiſtolary account with equal exactneſs. A conſideration, which induces me, now and then (contrary to the general maxim of the age), to conſult my country's advantage, though at the occaſional expence of my own.

With regard, madam, to Oliver Cromwell, on whom our correſpondence has, of late, chiefly turned, I find myſelf ſilenced, though not entirely convinced, by the force of your obſervations. I muſt reſign my client, to your better judgement and ſuperior powers: unleſs you will permit me to compromiſe matters, in the language of Lord Lyttleton. "By an uncommon appearance of zeal, by great addreſs, and great valour, Cromwell firſt enflamed the ſpirit of liberty into extravagance; and, afterwards, duped and awed it into ſubmiſſion. He trampled on the laws of the nation, but he raiſed

the

the glory of it: and it is hard to ſay, which he moſt deſerved; an halter, or a crown."

From a perſon, whoſe public merits were thus equivocal, I revert, with pleaſure, to one, whoſe patriotic deſerts no honeſt and capable judge can diſpute. To be informed, and from ſo good authority as your own, that your health and ſtrength are improved, give me far greater and ſolider joy, than any other information you were able to convey. I hope to be an eye-witneſs of their continuance, if, as I have ſome thoughts of doing, I ſhould ſpend a fortnight in London, during the enſuing winter.

I learned another piece of good news, a few days ſince, at H——, where our friend Mr. N——, acquainted me, on Mr. D—'s authority, that your 6th volume will appear, early in the ſpring. This will be the moſt valuable amends you can make us, for depriving us of your company, this year, in the Weſt.

Your old acquaintance and admirer, Mr. H. has, I am told, received ſome diſguſt at L——, and is very ſeldom there. Lord C. however, ſtill profeſſes to affect that romantic ſea-port; though it does not promiſe to yield him (as, if fame ſay true, he once hoped it would) a ſecond Sir W. P. it were pity a ſecond ſhould ever fall to his ſhare.

With every wiſh of happineſs, and with the utmoſt ſincerity of reſpect, I remain, Madam, your moſt obliged and obedient ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To Ambrose Serle, Eſq.

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 23, 1773.

WHEN favours, received, diſtance all power of equal return, the receiver can but barely acknowledge his receipt of them, and confeſs his incompetency to repay them. Your inſtances of friendſhip, to me, are of the above kind, both as to number and value. My returns, to you, are, and muſt ever be, as laſt deſcribed.

Allow me, dear ſir, ſo far to revive our late amicable conteſt, as to intreat you not to ſuppreſs the publication of your Thoughts *De Origine Animæ*. Were they to appear, they might open a way for other learned and ingenious perſons to ventilate the ſubject: which is one reaſon why I take the liberty to urge the requeſt.—If I have detained your valuable manuſcript, too long, you may draw on me, for it, whenever you pleaſe; though, the longer I am indulged with it, the more your debtor I ſhall be. —Pray, have you ſeen Mr. Charles Crawford's Remarks on Plato's Phædon? I am told, that performance is not deſtitute of fire and genius, though very excentric from the point of orthodoxy. Poſſibly, the peruſal of it might give you occaſion to enlarge your papers, on the ſubject we have debated, ſhould you be prevailed with to give them to the public: in which caſe, the random ſhots of the ſanguine and romantic Weſt Indian may be of ſervice to the Church of God, by being turned into a contrary direction. Do think of this, ſeriouſly.

I reckon myſelf ſo intereſted in whatever relates to you, that I cannot help intimating a wiſh, which dwells much upon my mind, concerning the treatiſe,

tiſe, you have in hand, on the proper divinity of our adorable High Prieſt and Saviour. My wiſh is, that you would take occaſion, in the courſe of that work, to vindicate and eſtabliſh the perſonality and divinity of the Holy Spirit: points, which were never more neceſſary to be aſſerted and elucidated, than at preſent; when the poiſon of *ſabellianiſm* begins to pour in, as a flood, even among ſome ſpiritual profeſſors themſelves.

Let me teaze you, with yet another requeſt. It is, that I may be indulged with a ſight of thoſe compoſitions, which you mentioned on our way between Broad-Hembury and Honiton. You ſee, I am already ſo deeply in your debt for obligations received, that, like a profeſſed bankrupt, I care not how many freſh debts I incur. Nay, I wiſh to ſink, deeper and deeper.

God give us to ſink deeper into his love, and to riſe, higher and higher, into the image of his holineſs! Thoroughly perſuaded I am, that, the more we are enabled to love and reſemble him, the more active we ſhall be, to promote his glory and to extend his cauſe, with our lips, our pens, our lives, our all. Be this our buſineſs, and our bliſs, on earth. In heaven, we ſhall have nothing to do, but to ſee him as he is, to participate his glory, and to ſing his praiſe; in delightful, in never-ending concert with angels, with ſaints who are got home before us, and with thoſe of the elect whom we knew and loved below. I would hardly give ſix-pence for a friendſhip, which time and death are able to quench. Our friendſhip is not of that evanid ſpecies. I can, therefore, ſubſcribe myſelf,

ever and forever your's,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Eſq.

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 8, 1773.

I Cannot but ſmile, at the eaſe and readineſs, with which we cut out work for each other. My dear friend's politeneſs, in ſo condeſcendingly hearkening to my ſolicitations for the public appearance of his maſterly thoughts, ſhould induce me, by every tie of reſpectful gratitude, to meet his wiſhes, with equal facility. But I am really unqualified for the department aſſigned me by his partiality of eſteem. My acquaintance with the fathers is too ſlender, and my general compaſs of reading far too contracted, for the undertaking you recommend. I ſhould be maſter of at leaſt, Irenæus, Epiphanius, and Auſtin, to write, in a manner tolerably ſatisfactory, on ſo complicated a ſubject, as a review of heretics and hereſies. I have, it is true, many ſubſidiary helps; but I ever wiſh, where the nature of the caſe will poſſibly admit, to derive my informations, not at ſecond hand, but from the fountain's head. Allow me, dear ſir, to recommend the propoſal, to the propoſer himſelf. The work would be as compleat, as any human performance can be, if you was to oblige and improve the world with the projected looking glaſs for heretics.

Glad I am, to be informed, that your defence of the Meſſiah's divinity is almoſt finiſhed. My admiration is ſure to be excited, by every thing you write: nor ſhall my moſt ſacred wiſhes be wanting, that God would ſtamp general uſefulneſs on all your attempts for the glory of his name.

Your deſign, of honouring and gratifying me with the firſt peruſal of your treatiſe, calls for more acknowledgement than I am able to expreſs. Next

to

to your converſation, I can receive no higher intellectual feaſt, than that which reſults from a peruſal of your writings. Though ſelf intereſt, therefore, operates, in this matter, too ſtrongly on my mind, to admit of my declining ſo deciſive a proof of your affectionate friendſhip; yet, that I may not be too greatly indulged at the public expence, I cannot help intimating a deſire, that my enjoyment of the firſt fruits may not prejudice the harveſt: I mean, that the advanced parts of your work may be tranſmitted hither, ſo ſeaſonably, as not to delay the publication of the whole.

Accept my thanks, likewiſe, for the promiſed ſight of what you are pleaſed to ſtile the *Verſus inertes*. If they "give me the head-ach," I will let you know it: and, by the ſame rule, if they charm me into admiration, your delicacy muſt diſpenſe with my telling you ſo.

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The ſubject of ordination, revives my wiſh, that you would ſubmit to the impoſition of hands. The Church would then (a very uncommon thing in this age) be a gainer at the expence of the ſtate.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Mrs. MACAULAY.

Broad-Hembury, Jan. 11, 1774.

LAST Saturday, I returned from a ſhort excurſion to Dorſetſhire. Though you can be no ſtranger to the loſs, which the public have ſuſtained, in the deceaſe of Mr. Hollis; yet, it is poſſible, you may not have been appriſed of the particulars, by an authentic hand.

That

That friend of the Britiſh empire and of mankind was, early in the afternoon of New Year's Day, in a field, at ſome diſtance from his place of reſidence at Corſcombe, attended by only one workman, who was receiving his directions, concerning a tree, which had been lately felled. On a ſudden, he put one of his fingers to his forehead; ſaying, "Richard, I believe the weather is going to change: I am extremely giddy." Theſe words were ſcarce off his lips, when he dropped. He fell on his left ſide: and, being near an hedge, his head was received by the ſubjacent ditch. The man (I know not, whether a carpenter, or a common labourer) ſprung to his aſſiſtance; and, raiſing him from that ſad ſituation, adminiſtered what little relief he could. The expiring patriot was ſtill ſufficiently himſelf, to ſay, "Lord, have mercy on me; Lord, have mercy on me; receive my ſoul:" which were the laſt words he was able to pronounce. His lips moved, afterwards; but no ſound was formed. In a few ſeconds more, his ſpirit was diſ-impriſoned.

The frighted aſſiſtant loſt no time. Leaving the corpſe on the graſs, he haſtened away, for ſuperior help. But in vain. The lancet, when applied, was without effect.

It ſeems, Mr. Hollis always wiſhed, that his death might be ſudden. Providence was pleaſed to grant his requeſt.—Was I qualified to chuſe for myſelf, and were it lawful to make it a ſubject of prayer, I would wiſh for the ſame indulgence, whenever my appointed change may come. It is, I think, the moſt deſirable mode of departure, where the perſon is in a ſtate of grace. How happy, to be ſurpriſed into heaven! And, to ſurviving friends, it is but a ſingle ſhock, once for all.

At the time of his deceaſe, Mr. Hollis was ready booted; intending to ride that day to Lyme Regis. When I was there, it was my melancholy lot to occupy the chamber in which he always ſlept, during his

his occaſional ſtay in that town, and which had been prepared for his reception, two or three nights before. It was at the Three Cups: an inn, which he purchaſed a few years ago.

How black is the ingratitude of human nature! Though this valuable man lived entirely to the benefit of others, and may be claſſed with the moſt public-ſpirited worthies that ever breathed; yet I have ſeldom known a death ſo little regretted by the generality. An eminent foreigner was of opinion, that "there is no ſuch thing as friendſhip in the world." Had he ſaid, "there is not much," he would have hit the mark.

"With fame, in juſt proportion, envy grows:
The man, that makes a character, makes foes."

Very exalted virtue is often admired: but not often loved. What is the reaſon? Becauſe, few are truly virtuous. And we muſt have ſome virtue, ourſelves, ere we are capable of loving it in others, or of loving others for it.

You knew and eſteemed Mr. Hollis's virtues; nor (which is one of the higheſt encomiums his memory can receive) was he unworthy even of your friendſhip.

Allow me, madam, to expreſs my wiſh, that the precious blood and the imputed righteouſneſs of the adorable Meſſiah, who lived and died for ſinners, may preſent you, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgement, faultleſs and complete before the uncreated Majeſty. But, for the ſake of thoſe whom, in virtue and in knowledge, you ſo greatly ſurpaſs; may you be long detained from receiving that crown of life, to which (I truſt) the Son of God has redeemed you by the atonement of his ineſtimable death.——

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

To Ambrose Serle, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, Jan. 11, 1774.

I WAS in Dorsetshire, when dear Mr. S—'s favour, of the 4th instant, arrived here: else, my thanks had waited on him, much earlier than they now do, for his repeated obligations. I never was master of so useful a pocket-book, as that, which your last packet conveyed. Nor have I often met with compositions, so pleasing, and so profitable, as those, which your friendship was so good as to communicate, under the same inclosure. But how could my dear friend (whose judgment rarely fails, unless when his own pieces are the objects of its criticism) ever think of submitting such finished performances to my corrections? No. To preserve their excellence, they must continue as they are. I must say of them, as Handell said concerning the old tune of the 100th Psalm, when he was asked to improve that consummate piece of noble music: "was I to alter a note, I should spoil the whole."—Make your obligation complete, by favouring me with more of those elegant and devout productions. If you have copies, of those already sent, I shall beg leave to keep them. If not, I shall solicit your permission to transcribe them, before they are returned.

I was once in company with Mr. M'Gregor, of Woolwich; whom you have honoured with your pious, benevolent, and judicious animadversions. I believe him to be a good man: but he is, certainly, a very ignorant one. If you suffer yourself to be at the beck of every conceited nibbler, who dreams himself qualified to contest the plainest truths, you will

will have work enough upon your hands.——My beſt thanks are due, for your valuable tract. Though, perhaps, it may conduce to render both your antagoniſt, and his antecedent ſcrawlation (forgive an homely Devonſhire term), more conſpicuous, than they might otherwiſe have been.

I am happy, in the expectation of ſoon receiving your introduction to your great work. Do not ſuſpect me of complaiſance, for ſtyling it great, before I have ſeen it. I give it that epithet, on account of the unutterable conſequence of the ſubject on which it treats. What my unworthy judgement may be, of the manner, in which you have treated the argument; ſhall, as uſual, be tranſmitted to you, *ex animo*, when I have had the long wiſhed-for indulgence of peruſing the welcome pacquet.

Some conſiderable time ago, I requeſted my ever dear friend, to reſtrain the overflowings of his kind partiality toward, not the leaſt grateful, but the leaſt important, of his obliged confidence. Talk no more, of a "giant" and a "dwarf," unleſs you will allow me to aſſume all title to the latter denomination. If you love me, treat me as (what I am) an ignorant, feeble, dying ſinner. And, if you are ſo benevolent, as to entertain a favourable idea of my wiſhes for the cauſe of God, keep that favourable idea to yourſelf, in time to come.

The holidays, I ſuppoſe, will hardly be expired, when this reaches your hands. Commend me, therefore, to your dear little folks. And may the children of my ineſtimable friend be the children of the living God.

Mr. Fletcher may fire off, as ſoon as he pleaſes. The weapons of his warfare can never wound the truths of God, any more than an handful of feathers can batter down my Church tower. I ſhall, however, be glad to ſee his performance, when it appears. Mr. Shirley told me, when I was laſt at Bath, that Fletcher is to ſucceed pope Weſley, as

commander in chief of the ſocieties, if he ſhould ſurvive his holineſs. No wonder, therefore, that the cardinal of Madely is ſuch a zealous ſtickler for the cauſe. One would think, that the Swiſs were univerſally fated to fight for pay. Adieu.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Rev. Mr. ROMAINE.

Broad-Hembury, Jan. 11, 1774.

ACCEPT my thanks, honoured and valued ſir, for the welcome preſent of your three precious volumes. May the life of faith be more and more operative in my heart; and may the walk of faith be diſplayed in every part of my converſation; until the great author and finiſher of faith give me an abundant entrance into the land of ſight and of glory.

I wiſh it was in my power, to render you an acknowledgement, adequate, in worth, to the kind favour you have conferred. When the printer will give my intended publication leave to appear, a copy of it, ſuch as it is, will ſolicit your acceptance.

The God, whoſe you are, and whom you ſerve, lend you long to his Church; multiply his mercies toward you, and cauſe your path to ſhine, with increaſing brightneſs, to the perfect day. You give me your friendſhip; give me alſo your prayers, and conſider me as

your affectionate and obliged,

Auguſtus Toplady.

My beſt remembrance waits on dear Mrs. Romaine. Miſs L—— expreſſes much concern and ſurprize,

ſurprize, at your having paſſed through Wellington, without calling on her; and wiſhes to know the reaſon.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mr. ——.

Broad-Hembury, Feb. 9, 1774.

DOCTOR Young has an obſervation, which diſcovers, as much as any he ever made, his knowledge of human nature: "It is dangerous," I think he ſays, "to dive, into moſt men, deeper than the ſurface; leſt cloſer acquaintance ſhould abate our good opinion of them."

You, my deareſt friend, are *primus è paucis*, eminent among the rare exceptions to that rule. The perſon, who knows you beſt, will be ſure to value you moſt: and, the longer he has the happineſs of knowing you, the more muſt he regard and reſpect you. His eſteem will reſemble the progreſſive enlargements of a river, which widens and increaſes as it flows. I am led to this remark, by a repeated peruſal of your valuable manuſcript. Pardon the delay, if no part of it wait on you by the preſent pacquet. Were your papers leſs excellent, they would be diſmiſſed from hence with greater expedition.

I did not doubt of your approving Gale's Court of the Gentiles. It is indeed a treaſure. Though, I think, in ſome caſes, the learned and devout author winds up his darling hypotheſis too high, in ſuppoſing, that the Jews, during the very infancy of their nation, were the ſole *lumina terræ*, or the fountains from whom the Egyptians and other eaſtern literati derived the ſubſtance of their erudition. I

likewiſe agree with you, that he might have diſplayed more judgement, in arranging his materials: which (like what Mr. Addiſon obſerves concerning Solomon's Proverbs) reſemble a ſuperb amaſſment of pearls, rather piled into a magnificent heap, than regularly ſtrung and artificially diſpoſed. However, it is eaſy to criticiſe. But, to compile ſuch a performance, was not attended with equal facility: *hic labor, hoc opus.*

Did you ever meet with a tract, written by Witſius, and entiled (to the beſt of my remembrance) *De Trinitate Judaïca?* It is the only part of his Latin works, which I have never been able to procure. I dare believe, it would be worthy of your peruſal: as every thing of his is peculiarly learned, elegant and judicious. Poſſibly, if you enquire among your literary friends, ſome of them may get you a ſight of that very ſcarce diſſertation. Markius mentions it, in his Oration at Witſius's interment.

Thanks to you, dear ſir, for the news-paper extraordinary; which contained ſeveral particulars, deſerving of attention. The anecdotes, related of Richard III's illegitimate ſon, are ſo curious, and wear ſuch an aſpect of probability, that I thought them worth cutting out; and have paſted them to a blank leaf of Walpole's Hiſtoric Doubts. The minutes of doctor Samuel Johnſon's Tour to Scotland are perfectly in character. He is the very original, there delineated. I have ſome perſonal knowledge of him: and, however I diſſent from various of his principles, nor can avoid ſmiling at ſome of his not-unpleaſing oddities: he ſtill paſſes with me, for one of the ableſt and honeſteſt men, who now adorn the republic of letters. Mr. Hollis's character is, I think, prodigiouſly overcharged; and the panegyric beyond meaſure exceſſive; though he certainly was a very valuable member of ſociety; and his deceaſe awakened, in me, much of that painful ſenſibility, which I heartily wiſh I could

diveſt

diveſt myſelf of. I ſtood obliged to him, for a number of ſcarce and curious tracts, relative to the time of Charles I. and he would have favoured me with incomparably more ſolid tokens of his eſteem, had I been capable of feigning myſelf a republican, and of diſſembling my ſincere attachment to the Scriptures and to our eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment.

I tremble, with you, for the event of things in America. But the kingdom of Providence rules over all. This is as much of politics, as I almoſt ever ventured to write. *Vox audita perit: Litera Scripta manet.* Adieu.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Mrs. MACAULAY, *now at Bath.*

Broad-Hembury, Feb. 18, 1774.

HAD I not lived long enough in the world, to ceaſe from wondering at any thing, I ſhould have more than wondered at the incident, of which you ſo juſtly complain. If almoſt any pen, except your own, had informed me of Mr. ———'s ingratitude and injuſtice, I ſhould have queſtioned the reality of the fact. I am ſorry, ſtill more for his ſake, than for your's, to find it ſo authentically atteſted. Well may Scripture (a book which you, madam, are too wiſe and too virtuous to deſpiſe) ſay, What is man!

Pity it is, that, on ſuch occaſions as the preſent, you are not diveſted of that exquiſite ſenſibility, which, at your own expence, adds too much honour to the remembrance of a ſocial delinquent. Forget it all; and, as you are more than female, in underſtanding; be more than maſculine, in fortitude.

Triumph over the irritating ſavageneſs of the cyniciſm which has requited you ſo ill, by oppoſing to it the iron apathy of the portico.

Do more. Riſe into a ſtill nobler revenge.—Namely, by centering your expectations in him, who never diſappoints thoſe deſires, of which his ſpirit is the gracious inſpirer.

" Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart:
At beſt, a broken reed; but, oft, a ſpear.
On it's ſharp point, peace bleeds, and hope expires."

Only the experienced favour and the felt poſſeſſion of God in Chriſt can fill the vaſt capacities of a ſoul like your's. Enjoy his communicated ſmile:

" Then bid earth roll; nor feel the idle whirl."

May Bath have an happy effect on the health of a perſon ſo important to the community. You tell me, your ſtay there will be of conſiderable duration. I think to ſee London, ſome time in April. Should you continue at the Weſtern Bethesda, until the latter end of that month, or until the beginning of May, I will take Bath in my return to Devonſhire, by way of ſeeing how the waters have agreed with you.

Let me ſubmit a ſingle caution to your candour, viz. Be careful not to renew your acquaintance with the dapper doctor; and, above all, beware of being ſeen with him in public.

——— *Hic niger eſt: hunc tu, Romana, caveto.*

He would derive luſtre from you; but, like a piece of black cloth, he would abſorb the rays, without reflecting any of them back. The world is very malicious: and a character, ſo eminently conſpicuous as your's, is a mark, at which envy and cenſure delight

light to ſeize every opportunity of diſcharging their arrows.

As you give me hopes of ſeeing you in this country, during the courſe of the enſuing ſummer; who knows, but I may have the honour of eſcorting you hither, through the whole length of Somerſetſhire? But I muſt not detain you from the Pump-room, by my tedious ſpeculations. So, for the preſent, farewel. God give you good ſpirits; for, where they lead the van, good health generally brings up the rear.

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. I could wiſh you acquainted with Mrs. Derham, of Green-ſtreet, Bath. You would find her one of the moſt ſenſible and amiable women in that city. She has all the genuine eaſe, without any of the affected grimace of politeneſs, her huſband is a wine-merchant, and ſhe has a lovely daughter, nearly the age of your's.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. De Coetlogon.

Broad-Hembury, April 5, 1775.

Dear Sir,

I Received your late favour; and am much your debtor, as well for your obliging partiality to my humble efforts in behalf of God's truths; as for the politeneſs, with which you expreſs it.

Were I ſituate near the capital, I ſhould, with much readineſs, accede to your requeſt, by contributing my aſſiſtance toward carrying on the Goſpel Magazine: but I find it ſo very inconvenient, to

have any concern with printing, at ſo remote a diſtance, that I ſhall, probably, in future, publiſh no more, in any way whatever, than abſolute occaſion may require. With beſt remembrance to your moſt amiable bride,

I remain, your affectionate ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mr. G. F.

Broad-Hembury, April 8, 1774.

LONGER time is uſually allowed, for the payment of large debts, than of trivial ones. By parity of argument, a delay of correſpondence, on the ſide of him who has received great epiſtolary obligations; is the more venial, on that very account. If my valuable and valued friend will not admit this reaſoning to be fair, I muſt own, that I have nothing better to urge, in extenuation of my having ſo long omitted to thank him for his laſt welcome and much eſteemed favour. Yet, as ſome degree of imperfection is connected with every thing human: I muſt likewiſe confeſs, that I cannot extend my thanks, for thoſe ſtrokes of undue panegyric, with which, dear ſir, your kind partiality ſo profuſely honours me. Sincerely I ſay it (and it may be ſaid, once for all) that I would much rather be told of my real faults, than of thoſe ſuppoſed excellencies which the extreme benevolence of my friends is ſo ready to place to my account. Candour and politeneſs, like your's, firſt illuminate every object, on which they ſhine; and then aſcribe, to the object itſelf, thoſe communicated rays, of which it is no *more than* the humble and obliged receiver.

Let

Let me now advert to a ſuperior ſubject: and thank you for the improving particulars, ſo kindly forwarded, concerning the lamented deceaſe of our honoured and deſerving friend, the late truly excellent Mr. Hitchen; that amiable and precious man of God, whoſe grace was as ſolid, as his parts were ſhining. His ſteady faith, and his calm, unruffled departure, amidſt ſuch circumſtances of bodily pain, can only be attributed to that everlaſting love, and to that atoning blood, which made him more than conqueror. Looking, the other day, into my book of occaſional collections, I found two remarks, which dropped from Mr. Hitchen, in a converſation I had with him, July 18, 1769; and which were well worthy of being preſerved from oblivion. They run, *verbatim*, thus:

"The greater our ſanctification is, and the more advanced we are in holineſs, the more we ſhall feel our need of free juſtification."

"An architect cannot ſay, to his rule, to his line, or other inſtrument, "Go, build an houſe." He muſt, firſt, take them into his own hand, ere the wiſhed for effect will follow. What are miniſters of God, but mere inſtruments? And, if ever they are uſeful in building up the Church of Chriſt, it is his own hand muſt make them ſo."

Such improving obſervations as theſe; ſuch valuable reliques, of ſaints indeed; are too precious, to be lightly forgot. May they be engraven on our hearts!

I rejoice to hear of dear Mr. Ryland ſenior's liberty and ſweetneſs, in his miniſtrations to Mr. H——'s widowed flock. Our Northampton friend is an Iſraelite without guile; and he is among thoſe, who ſtand higheſt in my regard. He blames me for ſeldom writing to him: but, was I to correſpond regularly, even with my firſt rate favourites, I ſhould do nothing more than write letters from morning to night. In heaven, we ſhall be all together, for ever and ever.

Make

Make my affectionate reſpects acceptable to dear Mrs. F——, &c. &c. Grace, mercy, and peace; bright evidences, ſweet experiences, and growing holineſs; be your portion, their portion, and the portion of

your affectionate ſervant in Chriſt,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XL.

To Mr. H.

[Extract.] *Titchfield-ſtreet, London, May* 23, 1774.

YEſterday afternoon, being Whitſunday, curioſity led me to hear Mr. Theophilus Lindſey, who lately reſigned the vicarage of Catterick. I took care to be there, before any of the ſervice began, in order to hear, what that gentleman calls, the reformed liturgy: but what may more truly be termed, the liturgy deformed. It is a wretched ſkeleton of the old Common Prayer, ſhorn and caſtrated of all its evangelical excellencies.

He preached, or rather read, a poor, dry, ungraceful harangue on Matt. xxv. 14, 15. So wretchedly was he tied and bound by the chain of his notes, that, if, by accident, he happened to take his eye from his papers (and it happened ſeveral times) he was ſure to blunder; and endeavoured, in an exceedingly confuſed and embarraſſed manner, to gather up the broken thread as well as he could. He is a palpable Arian, in his ideas of Chriſt's perſon; and appears to be a thorough-paced Socinian, as far as concerns the doctrine of atonement. Yet, God forbid that I ſhould judge and condemn him. To his own maſter he muſt ſtand or fall. But I muſt obſerve two things: 1. I bleſs the grace of God,

God, for giving me eyes to ſee, and an heart to value, the ineſtimable truths of his holy goſpel: 2. I never prized our good old liturgy, and the precious doctrines of the reformation, more, than on hearing Mr. Lindſey's liturgy and ſermon yeſterday. No man (as our Lord obſerves) having drank old wine, ſtraightway deſireth new: for he ſaith, the old is better.

Mr. Lindſey's Arian meeting is held in Eſſex-ſtreet, up one pair of ſtairs, in the houſe called Eſſex-houſe. It is a long narrow room (which, if filled, would hold about two hundred people) where auctions (particularly for books) uſed to be held. He ſeems to be a man of much perſonal modeſty and diffidence; and, I verily believe, acts upon principle. But he has no popular talents: no pathos, no dignity, no imagination, no elegance, no elocution. He muſt, unavoidably, ſoon ſink into obſcurity, when the novelty of his ſeceſſion begins to ſubſide, and when his Arian friends are weary of puffing him off in the news-papers. Take my word for it (and I am very glad I can truly have it to ſay) the Church of England has nothing to fear from a gentleman of Mr. Lindſey's ſlender abilities. He can neither thunder nor lighten; but crawls on, quite in the hum-drum way; and is no more qualified, either by nature or attainments, to figure at the head of a party; than I am, to undertake the command of a navy. One of my company (for a whole coachful of us went) ſaid to me, after ſervice was over; "Well, I ſuppoſe you will call Mr. Lindſey's diſcourſe a piece of arrant Lindſeywolſey." No, indeed, replied I: it was mere Lindſey throughout: abſolute Arianiſm, Socinianiſm, and Pelagianiſm, without one thread of the contrary from firſt to laſt.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

To Mrs. MACAULAY.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, July* 8, 1774.

I Arrived here, from London, no longer ago, than this day ſe'nnight; and though I was not able to take Bath in my way home, through the unavoidable length of my ſtay in town, I hope, madam, to be, ſoon, amply recompenſed for that loſs, by ſeeing you, ſafe and well, in this part of the world. Favour me with a line: and God grant it may import theſe two things: 1ſt, That all your complaints are completely annihilated by the Bath waters; and, 2dly, That you have begun to take the previous meaſures for your intended two months excurſion to Devonſhire.

I left good Mr. Ryland behind me in London. He deſired his beſt remembrance to you: and wiſhes (in his lively manner), "that you may be a perfect idiot once in every twenty-four hours, and incapable of writing, reading, thinking, or converſing, viz. from ten at night, until ſix or ſeven in the morning:" that you may not impair your health by ſitting up late. No friend, I verily believe, has more reſpect and eſteem for you, than he: not even your obliged and obedient

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. One day, when Mr. Ryland and I went to Iſlington, to dine with Mrs. Bacon, he took that opportunity of introducing me to Mr. Burgh, author of the "Political Diſquiſitions." I ſaw him to great diſadvantage, as he was in much pain, and in a very ill humour. The interview, on the whole, was a curious one. I was hardly ſeated, when he ſaid to Mr.

Mr. Ryland, concerning me, "This gentleman, I apprehend, is an antagoniſt of Mr. Lindſey's." I anſwered, for myſelf, no, ſir; I am not, indeed, of Mr. Lindſey's principles, but I look upon him, with all his miſtakes, to be an honeſt man: and I reſpect an honeſt man, be his opinions what they will. By degrees, our converſation grew rather engaging: and Mr. Burgh ſeemed, for a while, to feel a truce from the torments of the ſtone, and aſſume ſome degree of good-nature. But I ſhould have had a ſharp onſet, if he had been in perfect health. Even as it was, he could not forbear feeling my pulſe, on the article of freewill. In the courſe of our debate, I drove him into this dreadful refuge, viz. that "God does all he poſſibly can," [theſe were Mr. Burgh's own words] "to hinder moral and natural evil, but he cannot prevail: men will not permit God to have his wiſh." Leſt I ſhould miſtake his meaning, I requeſted him to repeat thoſe terms again; which he did. Then the Deity, ſaid I, muſt needs be a very unhappy being. "Not in the leaſt," replied Burgh. "What (rejoined I,) diſappointed of his wiſhes, embarraſſed in his views, and defeated of his ſchemes, and yet not be unhappy?" "No," rejoined Burgh: "for he knows that he muſt be ſo diſappointed and defeated, and that there is no help for it: and therefore he ſubmits to neceſſity, and does not make himſelf unhappy about it." A ſtrange idea this, of the Supreme Being! At coming away, I told Mr. Burgh, that however he might ſuppoſe God to be diſappointed of his will, I hope the public would not be diſappointed of the remaining volumes of the Political Diſquiſitions yet unfiniſhed. And, in very truth, madam, your friend Burgh is much better qualified for political diſquiſitions, than either for theological or for metaphyſical ones. Adieu.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

To the Rev. Mr. MADAN.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, July* 8, 1774.

ENOUGH of buſineſs. Now for chit-chat. My few *horæ ſubſicivæ*, ſince my return hither, have been devoted, chiefly, to the peruſal of lord Cheſterfield's Letters. I ſhould think the better of my own judgment, if it ſhould be ſo happy as to coincide with your's. Mine is, in general, that they are not only, what his lordſhip terms, "letters written from one man of the world to another;" but, many of them, ſuch as might well be expected from a decent civilized fornicator, to his favourite baſt—d. Do you not alſo complain of a negligence, in point of ſtyle, compoſition, and connection; really to be wondered at, in even the running productions of ſo maſterly an hand? It is true, letters are but converſation committed to paper: yet, I believe, the generality of well-bred people would bluſh to converſe in a ſtyle equally inaccurate and deſultory, with that, in which lord Cheſterfield ſometimes wrote.

I own, myſelf, however, on the whole, extremely entertained and improved, by this publication. There are almoſt an infinity of rules and remarks, reſpecting both men and *les maniéres*, founded on, the deepeſt worldly wiſdom and truth: yet, ſo intermixed with droſs and refuſe, that, had I the care of a young perſon, I would not venture to put thoſe letters into his hands, without the precaution of an *index expurgatorius*.

But was any thing ever like his portrait of the female ſex, in letter 129? Where he traduces them all, without making a ſingle exception. I know but one

one way to bring him off: and that, I fear, will be far from doing it effectually: viz. by supposing, that, when he sketched that caricature, his mind was acidulated by a recent fracas with Lady Chesterfield: and that, in revenge, he infinitely libelled the whole sex.

I never heard of Mr. Wesley's Semi-covenanters, until you was pleased to mention them. Poor creatures! to meet once a year, and solemnly bind themselves to keep the whole law! I wish I had known this particular, some months ago. Can you tell, whether they have a written form of covenanting, or whether it be all *ore tenus*? and, if the former, whether it be possible to procure a sight of it? This is a matter, well worth enquiring into.

You once favoured me with a more critical explication of Pet. i. 19, than I had before met with. I wish you would condescend to give it me in writing.

Augustus Toplady.

LETTER XLIII.

To the Rev. Mr. ROMAINE.

Broad-Hembury, July 8, 1774.

REV. and DEAR SIR,

AS it is possible that our valuable and valued friend, Mr. ———, may not hitherto have had an opportunity of acquainting you with the polite manner in which lord ——— received your late favour; and as Mr. ——— has been so good as to communicate to me, in a letter received here yesterday evening, the substance of what passed; permit me, without delay,

To

1. To inform you, in general, that your kind application appeared to have a very favourable effect: and that his lordſhip was ſo obliging as to ſay, he would "try the ground" with the lord chancellor.

2. To thank you, under Providence, for the very friendly intervention of your good offices: which, whether crowned with ultimate ſucceſs, or not, I ſhall, ever, moſt affectionately remember.—And,

3. To requeſt an exertion of your intereſt with that bleſſed and only potentate, who has all power both in heaven and earth; that he would graciouſly give ſuch an event to this whole matter, as he will be pleaſed to bleſs moſt to the glory of his own name.

I returned hither, from London, this day ſe'nnight: and, laſt Tueſday, attended the biſhop's viſitation at Tiverton. The ſermon was preached by Mr. Land: and upon the whole, a very excellent one it was. Among its few flaws, was, the claſſing of Hutchinſon, with Clarke, Shafteſbury, and Hume: the former of whom, if living, would have been very ſorry at being put among ſuch company. The Strand divines were, rather ſeverely, than ſmartly, taken to taſk: and, as I was afterwards told, old Whitter and young Wood held down their heads in ſome confuſion.

The epiſcopal charge, though extremely conciſe (i. e. diſpatched in about 12 or 14 minutes), was the very beſt I ever heard. It chiefly turned, on the excellency of the 39 articles; the expediency of ſubſcription; and the peculiar duties, more than ever, at this time, incumbent on the clergy, relative to their morals, manners, dreſs, and abſtractedneſs from the world. The whole of his lordſhip's behaviour, both in the Church, and afterwards at dinner, gave much ſatisfaction to the generality, and peculiar pleaſure to me.

Adieu,

Adieu, honoured and dear ſir. Kindeſt reſpects to yourſelf, and to Mrs. Romaine, from

your obliged and affectionate

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XLIV.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Eſq.

Broad-Hembury, July 8, 1774.

SHALL I attempt to thank my ever dear and ever reſpected friend, for his polite and obliging favour of the 30th ult. or for the kind ſervices, which preceded that favour, and to which it refers? No. It is a duty, to whoſe performance I feel myſelf unequal. Your friendſhip, therefore, like what ſome ſay concerning virtue at large, muſt be its own reward. Yet, think me not inſenſible. My ſenſibility is the very cauſe of the omiſſion. Were the obligations, under which you lay me, more moderate, I could with eaſe, thank you for them: but, as the caſe ſtands, I muſt follow Horace's direction, *conſule quid valeant humeri*; and not aim at impoſſibilities.

Sure I am, that God will incline the ſcale (and not this only, but every other, to the end of time,) ſo as ſhall conduce to his own glory, and to the accompliſhment of his own purpoſe. It is our's, to uſe the means, in a dependance on his abſolute providence; to bleſs the means uſed, is his. With him, all events muſt be ultimately reſted: and I truſt, I can ſay, *ex animo*, with him I ever wiſh and deſire to reſt them; nor would I have a ſingle incident removed out of his hand, were I poſſeſſed of all power both in heaven and earth.

You kindly remind me, "To ſtrike while the iron is warm." In anſwer to which, I muſt obſerve, that I have written, to-day, to Black-heath, and to Epſom. Can you ſuggeſt any other adviſable ſteps? You will find, not only my ear, but my heart, ever open to the leaſt hint ſuggeſted by a friend of your wiſdom and faithfulneſs, whether the ſubject relate to my own intereſt, or not.

You are ſo good as to enquire after my ſafe return into the Weſt. I bleſs God, my journey was both ſafe, and pleaſant. The ſlighteſt mercies ought to be thankfully received and noticed: for they are as abſolutely undeſerved, as the greateſt. We can no more merit a moment's eaſe, or ſafety, or happineſs, in our going out and coming in, or on any other occaſion whatever, than we can merit the kingdom of heaven.

I travelled with a very old (or rather, with a very early) acquaintance: an officer, of the 21ſt regiment: with whom, at our firſt ſetting off in the coach from London, I had an hour or two's controverſy, concerning the lawfulneſs of duelling. Your friend was on the negative ſide of the queſtion: the captain, on the affirmative. During the amicable ſkirmiſh (a duel againſt duelling,) and for many hours after, we were quite ignorant of each others names. And no wonder; for we had not met, ſince the year 1757, when we were both lads: and time has made ſuch alteration in each, that neither knew the other. We travelled to Bridport (i. e. 138 miles) before we found out who was who: and I have ſeldom known an ecclairciſſement which gave more pleaſure on both ſides. The captain, very politely, invited me to ſee him, if I ſhould ever go to Plymouth: and, on my aſking, for whom I ſhould enquire, the diſcovery was made.

On a review, I am really aſhamed of treſpaſſing on your patience and time, by ſuch petty chit-chat It is high ſeaſon for me to apologize; not by pro I excuſe

excuſes, but by cutting matters ſhort at once. Only obſerving, that, if the unexpected ſight of an old and valued friend, on earth, gives an heart-felt joy, which none, but a breaſt formed for friendſhip, can experience; what far more exceeding and exalted bleſſedneſs muſt reſult from that "Communion of ſaints" made perfect which will obtain in the kingdom of glory!—Until then, and when there, I am, and ſhall ever be,

your affectionate friend,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. O——.

Broad-Hembury, July 29, 1774.

BEST thanks to you ever dear ſir, for your kind and obliging letter, of the 19th inſtant. From what I felt, in reading it, I cannot help believing, that your ſoul was much alive to God, when you wrote it. May your holineſs and comforts reſemble the flow of ſome mighty river, which widens and enlarges, more and more, in proportion as it advances nearer the ocean into which it falls.

I rejoice at what you ſay, concerning the happy frame of ſoul, in which the reverend Mr. Green aſcended to Abraham's boſom. It is delightful, to live and walk in the ſhinings of God's countenance: but to die in the light and conſolations of his preſence, is (next to heaven itſelf) the crowning mercy of all. How gracious is the Holy Spirit of promiſe, thus to ſhine away the doubts and fears of his people, and put them to bed by day-light! O may we

taſte the ſweetneſs of his love, riſe into a nearer conformity to his image, enjoy cloſer communion with him both in and out of ordinances, and experience an increaſing ſenſe of his never failing faithfulneſs; till we receive the end of our faith, even the full and ultimate ſalvation of our ſouls. I bleſs the Lord, I cannot doubt of his making all this our portion. He ſometimes enables me to look as it were, into his heart of everlaſting love; and to catch a glimpſe of that page in the Book of Life, where he has written my unworthy name: and in the ſtrength of that comfort, I can travel many days.

I am very glad, that dear Mr. ——— has broken the ice, at Weſtminſter. Would to God, that the naſty party walls, which ſeparate the Lord's people from each other below, were every one of them thrown down. Sure I am, that, in heaven, all God's houſe will be laid into one. Ephraim ſhall, then, no more envy Judah; nor Judah vex Ephraim.

I am greatly indebted to Mr. M———, for what he did me the honour to ſay of me, and of my late publication, in the pulpit. But I deſire, at the ſame time, to be (and, I bleſs God, I am) humbled and abaſhed, inſtead of elevated and puffed up, by the unmerited obligations which I continually receive from the excellent of the earth. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but to thy name, be the undivided glory of every gift, and of every grace aſcribed.

Preſent my affectionate reſpects to dear Mrs. ———: who, I hope, has, by this time, added to your family, without danger to herſelf. Let me know this particular: for I bear her much upon my heart.

While your dear little daughter continues as little as ſhe is, I may venture to ſend my love to her. And I wiſh, alſo, to be kindly remembered to all in your houſe, who love your Lord and mine.

How

How is miſs ——! Chriſtian ſalutations to her and all that family; and to as many as condeſcend to enquire after,

Dear ſir, your obliged and very affectionate ſervant, *Auguſtus Toplady.*

LETTER XLVI.

To Mr. ——.

Broad-Hembury, Sept. 30, 1774.

EVER DEAR SIR,

THOUGH your kind politeneſs has deſired me, never to thank you by letter, for the many inſtances of the regard with which you are continually obliging me; yet, I muſt, for once, violate the prohibition, by acknowledging my ſafe receipt of the ——, &c. which you have lately added to my ——, and for which I requeſt you to accept my cordial thanks. I wiſh, that you and dear Mrs. —— were here, to help to uſe them.

I greatly admire the elegant —— and ——, in particular, and I pray the Father of mercies, that the ſweet ſentences, with which the former is decorated and inſcribed, may be written, indelibly, on the hearts both of the donor and of the receiver.

Next, let me thank you for your much eſteemed letter of the 15th inſtant, and for the kind trouble, you were ſo good as to take, in calling on Mr. ——. Whatever courſe the Northamptonſhire affair may take, it will be in conſequence of that "never failing Providence, which orders all things, both in heaven and earth." Bleſſed be God, for enabling me, in ſome meaſure, not only to acquieſce, but to rejoice, in the unerring diſpoſals of his will; and to adore, with thankfulneſs, that Infinite Wiſdom,

which alone is able to chuſe our heritage and our lot.

I have not been on the mount, for ſome days, until now. The Lord warm your heart with a ray of that fire, which, through the free grace of his ſpirit, he, at preſent, gives me to experience. Oh, what treaſures are in the blood of Chriſt, what ſafety, in his righteouſneſs! what ſweetneſs in his fellowſhip! Lord, enlarge our ſouls to receive of his fullneſs more and more. If the ſcanty veſſel of imperfect faith can draw ſuch water of comfort from the wells of ſalvation; what will be the bleſſedneſs of God's elect, when they are taken up into glory, and there walk with him,

"High in ſalvation and the climes of bliſs!"

The clearer views God gives us, of intereſt in his covenant, and in the unſearchable riches of Chriſt, the deeper we ſink into an humbling ſenſe of our own vileneſs and unfruitfulneſs. The ſame candle of the Holy Spirit, which ſhews us God's love, and our part in the Book of Life, diſcovers to us the exceeding hatefulneſs of ſin, and convinces us that we are hell deſerving ſinners. It alſo fires us with an inextinguiſhable wiſh and thirſt for conformity to Chriſt in holineſs, and effectually cauſes us to cry out, with David, "Make me to go in the path of thy commandments, for therein is my deſire."

Doubt not, my dear ſir, but the Lord will go on to take care of us, in all theſe reſpects, and in every other; even beyond the utmoſt we are able to aſk or think.

My beſt remembrance wait on the amiable and deſerving partner of your heart: and I do, with truth and love in Chriſt Jeſus, ſubſcribe myſelf, her and your

affectionate ſervant in him,

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. Be

P. S. Be ſo good as to preſent my reſpectful ſalutations to Mr. ——: whom I requeſt to accept my thanks for the intended token of his eſteem, which, when it arrives, I hope ever to preſerve and value, for the ſake of the giver.

I ſhall be happy, to hear from you, as often as you can find leiſure. Is Mrs. —— hour of danger paſt? She has my earneſt prayers. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs. B——.

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 11, 1774.

ON my receiving a letter, franked by lord Sandwich, I immediately conjectured, to whom I ſtood indebted for the contents: and on breaking the ſeal, found my hope moſt agreeably realized. Your friendſhip and politeneſs, dear madam, are great indeed: which not only induced you to forgive my omiſſions; but even prevailed on you to be yourſelf, the renewer of that correſpondence, which both your merit, and my own promiſe, required me to recommence. Happy in the continuance of your eſteem, and ſignally obliged by the accumulated favours you confer, I ſhould be totally inexcuſable, were I to perſiſt in putting your condeſcenſion to thoſe trials, whereof our truly valuable friend, Mr. Ryland, ſo loudly complains.

But what can I ſay, relative to the profuſe encomiums, with which you deign to honour my late publication? Your probity is unqueſtionable. Your diſcernment, in every other inſtance, unimpeachable. I am thankful, for not having diſpleaſed ſo refined a judge. May that adorable Being, whoſe ſpirit, alone, is able to enlighten the darkneſs of the human mind, command his gracious bleſſing on every attempt, which has his glory, and the illuſtration of his truths, for its objects!

A perſon, whom we both deſervedly admire, has juſt left Devonſhire, after a reſidence in it of no leſs than three months. I mean Mrs. Macaulay: who wiſely intermitted her hiſtorical purſuits, for the ſake of purſuing that, without which the former would ſoon come to a final period; namely, health. I left her very weak and languid (as, I believe, I told you), when I parted from her, laſt May, at Bath, on my way to London. But ſhe has quitted this part of the Weſt, in all the vigour and alacrity of health. She is returned to Bath, where ſhe has taken an houſe on St. James's Parade; and where, if buſineſs or inclination ſhould call you to that city, ſhe will be, I doubt not, extremely glad to ſee you. I have promiſed to make an excurſion thither, for a month or two, before winter is over, provided my ſtudies will any way give leave: and ſhould be happy, if you could, with convenience to yourſelf, contrive to viſit Bath at the ſame time.

You tell me, you have been amuſed at London, or rather ſhocked, by thoſe vehement exertions of female zeal, which, in peereſſes, are no leſs violations of law, than of delicacy. I too was, laſt Wedneſday, amuſed, here in my own pariſh, by a ſcene, much humbler than that which your electioneering ladies exhibited: viz. by what is called, in this country, a Skimmington. A proceſſion, which is very accurately deſcribed in Hudibras, and not with more humour than the real ſight conveys. A moſt uneaſy pair, whoſe conſtant jarrings, and whoſe frequent ſkirmiſhes (in which, however, the heroine, not the hero, generally came off victorious), have long been the talk of the pariſh, and a nuiſance to their immediate neighbours, were mimicked, and ridiculed, to the life, in this ruſtic exhibition: but accompanied with much better and ſofter muſic, than the ſquabbles of the original couple uſually afford.

I have

I have heard you remark, and no remark was ever more juſt, that, let me be where I will, I am ſure to meet with inſtances of connubial infelicity. They really occur to me, on every hand; juſt as "the graces" bolt, from every corner, on the purſuers of lord Cheſterfield's Letters. And yet (you will ſmile, if not triumph, at ſuch a declaration from me), I am, really and literally, tired of being a batchelor: not unwilling, to try a certain hazardous experiment; though half afraid to venture.

After giving ſuch a voluntary and deciſive proof of my ſincerity, I cannot be ſuſpected of duplicity, if I ſubſcribe myſelf, what in very truth I am,

dear madam, your obliged friend and moſt obedient ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. Good Mrs. Ch. has my reſpectful and affectionate remembrance. God loves her; and will take care of her, even to the end, and without end. —Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

To the Rev. Dr. B. of *Sarum.*

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 18, 1774.

AS I ſuppoſe you are, by this time, returned from Freſhford; it is incumbent on me, dear ſir, to acknowledge your favour of the 9th ult. which arrived here, a day or two after my laſt to you was forwarded to Sarum. I ſhould have been extremely happy to have enjoyed your and Mrs. B's company in Devonſhire: but cannot wonder at my diſappointment, when I conſider the ſuperior attractions, of which Freſhford and its environs have to boaſt. Another year, I hope, will make me amends.

Mrs.

Mrs. Macaulay has lately left us, in a more vigorous ſtate of health and ſpirits, than I ever yet remember to have ſeen her enjoy. Notwithſtanding the many local and ſocial charms of Freſhford, you have really ſuſtained a loſs, by not being here, during her long reſidence in this neighbourhood.

I ſhall be extremely obliged to you, for communicating the Jamaica epitaph on Bradſhaw. Though, before I ſee it, I muſt inevitably ſet it down for a mere *luſus ingenii:* the perſon, from whom you had it, being moſt egregiouſly miſ-informed, if he in earneſt believes that the ſubject of it died in that iſland where the epitaph was born. Certain it is, that Bradſhaw died at London, in November, 1657, the year before Cromwell expired: and that he [Bradſhaw] was interred in Henry 7th's chapel; Mr. Rowe, the famous Puritan miniſter, preaching his funeral ſermon, in Weſtminſter Abbey, from that text in Iſaiah, The righteous periſheth, and no man lays it to heart. Moreover, Bradſhaw's remains were, ſoon after the Reſtoration, dug up, and buried under the gallows, with thoſe of other partizans in the ſame cauſe. So that your Weſt Indian correſpondent is totally miſtaken, in every point of view. But, pray, let me ſee the epitaph: which is no more the worſe for the miſ information with which it was introduced to your acquaintance, than the intrinſic merits of Mr. Drelincourt's excellent Treatiſe on Death, are impaired, by the fabulous legend, prefixed to it, concerning Mrs Veal's apparition.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

To the Counteſs of HUNTINGDON.

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 9, 1774.

MADAM,

I WAS, in due courſe, honoured with your ladyſhip's letter, of Nov. 24; and, had its contents been leſs weighty, ſhould have ſooner acknowledged my receipt of it.

After ſo condeſcending, and ſo explicit, a diſplay of your views of divine things; I ſhould be criminally inexcuſable, were I not, with all poſſible reſpect, but yet with the moſt naked and undiſguiſed ſimplicity, to ſubmit the reſult, both of my prayers and of my reflections, to your ladyſhip's judgement and candour.

I conſider the true miniſters of God, as providentially divided into two bands: viz. the regulars, and the irregulars.

The former may be compared to centinels, who are to keep to their ſtations: or to watchmen, whoſe attention is immediately confined to their reſpective diſtricts.—The latter, like troops of light-horſe, are to carry the arms of their ſovereign, wherever an opening preſents, or occaſional exigence may require. —Both theſe corps are uſeful, in their diſtinct departments; and, in my opinion, ſhould obſerve the ſame harmony with each other, as obtains among the ſtationary and planetary ſtars, which are fixed and erratic in the regions above us.

Hitherto, I have conſidered myſelf as a regular: and have been very cautious, not to overſtep that line, into which, I am perſuaded, Providence has thrown me; and in which, I can thankfully affirm, divine grace has been pleaſed to bleſs me. Ought

I not

I not to ſee the pillar of divine direction moving before me, very viſibly, and quite inconteſtibly, ere I venture to deviate into a more excurſive path?

I remember, that, in one of my laſt converſations with dear Mr. Whitefield, antecedently to his laſt voyage to America, that great and precious man of God ſaid as follows: "My good ſir, why do not you come out? why do not you come out? You might be abundantly more uſeful, were you to widen your ſphere, and preach at large, inſtead of reſtraining your miniſtry to a few pariſh churches." My anſwer was to this effect: that "The ſame Providence, which bids others roll at large, ſeems to have confined me to a particular orbit."

And, I honeſtly own, I am ſtill of the ſame mind. If there be, for me, a yet more excellent way, God, I truſt, will reveal even this unto me. I hope I can truly ſay, that I deſire to follow his guidance, with a ſingle eye.

As to the doctrines of ſpecial and diſcriminating grace, I have thus much to obſerve: that, for the four firſt years after I was in orders, I dwelt, chiefly, on the general out-lines of the goſpel, in the uſual courſe of my public miniſtry. I preached of little elſe, but of juſtification by faith only in the righteouſneſs and atonement of Chriſt; and of that perſonal holineſs, without which, no man ſhall ſee the Lord. My reaſons for thus narrowing the truths of God, were (with humiliation and repentance I deſire to ſpeak it,) theſe two: 1. I thought theſe points were ſufficient to convey as clear an idea, as was abſolutely neceſſary, of ſalvation. And, 2. I was partly afraid to go any further.

God himſelf (for none but he could do it) gradually freed me from that fear. And as he never, at any time, permitted me to deliver, or even inſinuate, any thing contradictory to his truths; ſo has he been graciouſly pleaſed, for between ſeven and eight years paſt, to open my mouth to make known the entire

entire myſtery of his goſpel, as far as his ſpirit has enlightened me into it.—The conſequence of my firſt plan of operations was, that the generality of my hearers were pleaſed: but very few were converted.—The reſult of my latter deliverance from worldly wiſdom and from worldly fear (ſo far as the Lord has exempted me from thoſe ſnares), is, that multitudes have been very angry: but the converſions, which God has given me reaſon to hope he has wrought, have been, at leaſt, three, for one before. Thus, I can teſtify, ſo far as I have been concerned, the uſefulneſs of preaching predeſtination: or, in other words, of tracing ſalvation, and redemption, to their firſt ſource.

Your ladyſhip's goodneſs will pardon the unreſerved freedom and plainneſs, with which I have taken occaſion to open my mind. Nor will you, I hope, diſbelieve me, when, with the ſame ſimplicity and truth, I aſſure your ladyſhip, that I love and revere you, for what God has made you, and for what he has effected through you. Let me have, as you kindly promiſe, an intereſt in your prayers.

Should I viſit my Bath friends, this winter, as I have ſome thoughts of doing, I will avail myſelf of your ladyſhip's invitation, by paying my reſpects to you; and the rather, as it is, now, between ten and eleven years, ſince I had an opportunity of preſenting you with them in perſon. Whenever I have been in Bath, during this long period, your ladyſhip never happened to be there.

Wiſhing you, not the compliments of the enſuing ſeaſon, but an encreaſing enjoyment of the realities, which it brings to our remembrance, I remain, madam,

Your ladyſhip's moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. May I take the liberty, to wiſh, that, when you next write to lord Moira, your ladyſhip would conde-

condeſcend to make my reſpects acceptable to him: Mr. Shirley, if at Bath, has my affectionate ſalutations.

LETTER L.

To the Rev. Dr. PRIESTLEY.

Rev. SIR, *Broad-Hembury, Dec.* 23, 1774.

CONdeſcend to accept the thanks of a perſon, who has not the honour of being acquainted with you, for the pleaſure and improvement, recently received, from a peruſal of your ſpirited (and, for the moſt part, juſt) Animadverſions on the three Northern Doctors. Allow me alſo to thank, in an eſpecial manner, the good providence of God, which has raiſed up no leſs a man, than yourſelf, to contend, ſo ably, for the great doctrine of neceſſity: a doctrine, in my idea, not only eſſential to ſound and rational philoſophy; but, abſtracted from which, I could not, for my own part, conſider Chriſtianity itſelf as a defenſible ſyſtem.

Greatly as I admire the main of your performance, I ſhould, probably, not have taken the liberty to trouble you with my acknowledgements, but for the following circumſtance.

In your ſucceſsful aſſault and battery of the new Scotch fortification, you have, occaſionally, fired ſome random ſhot on a very numerous ſet of men, who, ſo far as concerns the article of neceſſity, are your actual friends, and your natural allies. Permit me, therefore, ſir, to offer you, in this private manner, a few plain, but not intentionally diſreſpectful, ſtrictures on ſome raſh and exceptionable paſſages; which

which ſerve, as foils, to render your penetration and candour, on ſome other occaſions, the more conſpicuous.

I ſhall confine myſelf to your Introduction.

1. Are you certain that "The common Arminian doctrine of freewill is founded on Scripture, and preſuppoſed by the philoſophic doctrine of neceſſity?" Is it not very poſſible, and often actually matter of fact, that men have not "the power of doing what they pleaſe, or will" to do? The triumvirate of doctors (for inſtance) are, I doubt not, very willing to beat you off from their intrenchments, and to give you a total defeat. But I am much miſtaken, if they have "the power of doing it."

2. Why are "Calvin's notions" repreſented as "gloomy?" Is it gloomy, to believe, that the far greater part of the human race are made for endleſs happineſs? There can, I think, be no reaſonable doubt entertained, concerning the ſalvation of very young perſons. If (as ſome, who have verſed themſelves in this kind of ſpeculations, affirm) about one half of mankind die in infancy; and if, as indubitable obſervation proves, a very conſiderable number, of the remaining half, die in early childhood; and if, as there is the ſtrongeſt reaſon to think, many millions of thoſe, who live to maturer years, in every ſucceſſive generation, have their names in the Book of Life: then, what a very ſmall portion, comparatively, of the human ſpecies, falls under the decree of preterition and non-redemption! This view of things, I am perſuaded, will, to an eye ſo philoſophic as your's, at leaſt open a very chearful viſta through the "gloom;" if not entirely turn the imaginary darkneſs into ſun-ſhine. For, with reſpect to the few reprobate, we may, and we ought to, reſign the diſpoſal of them, implicitly, to the will of that only King who can do no wrong: inſtead of ſummoning the Almighty, to take his trial at the tribunal of our

own

own ſpeculations, and of ſetting up ourſelves as the judges of Deity.

3. I muſt confeſs, I ſee nothing "wonderful," nor to be gazed at "as a ſtrange phenomenon;" in the co-incidence of "philoſophic neceſſity" with the Calviniſtic theology and metaphyſics. I ſhould rather "wonder," if they did not co-incide: ſince (according to the ideas formed by me, who live in a Chriſtian country, and believe the Chriſtian revelation) they mutually ſuppoſe and ſupport each other. For, what is Calviniſm, but a ſcriptural expanſion of the philoſophic principle of neceſſity? or, if you pleaſe, a ramification of that principle into its religious parts? It is poſſible, indeed, for a perſon to be a groſs Neceſſitarian, or a Neceſſitarian at large, without being, fully, a Calviniſt (witneſs many of the antient, and ſome modern, philoſophers:) but it ſeems impoſſible, to me, that any perſon can be, fully, a Calviniſt, without being a Neceſſitarian.

Moreover, every Chriſtian Neceſſitarian is, ſo far, a Calviniſt. Have a care, therefore, Dr. Prieſtley: leſt, having ſet your foot in the Lemaine lake, you plunge in, *quantus quantus*. A cataſtrophe, which, for my own part, and for your own ſake, I ſincerely wiſh may come to paſs; and of which I do not wholly deſpair.

4. There is, I apprehend, no ſhadow of reaſon, for ſuppoſing, that, had the great and good Mr. Edwards "lived a little longer, he would have been ſenſible, that his philoſophy was much more nearly allied to Socinianiſm, than to Calviniſm." That deep and maſterly reaſoner would, rather, have rejoiced, at ſeeing ſo important a branch of the Calviniſtic philoſophy, (viz. the doctrine of neceſſity) ſo warmly adopted by a Socinian divine.

Seriouſly, I think you have admitted a Trojan horſe into your gates; whoſe concealed force will, probably, at the long run, diſplay the banner of

John

John Calvin on your walls, and maſter your capital, though at preſent garriſoned by the confederate forces of Pelagius, Sozzo, and Van Harmin.

5. Nor was it any "piece of artifice, in Mr. Edwards, to repreſent the doctrine of philoſophical neceſſity, as being the ſame thing with Calviniſm; and the doctrine of philoſophical liberty, as the ſame thing with Arminianiſm." This ſuggeſtion, ſir, (which, by the way, is more than a little ungenerous, when we conſider how upright and valuable a man Mr. Edwards, by all accounts, proved himſelf, in every part of his conduct) ſeems to have been ſtarted, merely, as a ſalvo for yourſelf. You are, on the article of neceſſity, the reverſe of an Arminian. And you are terribly afraid of being dubbed a Calviniſt. I muſt own you are in ſome little danger. But, chear up. Your caſe is not yet deſperate. Poor Janſſenius was in a ſituation, ſomewhat ſimilar to your's. He, indeed, ſwam farther into the Geneva lake, than you have ventured to do: and, to elude the name of heretic, aſſured as many good people, as would believe him, that he was, all the while, bathing in the Tiber.

So far as I can judge, Mr. Edwards gave the naked and genuine ſentiments of his heart to the public. And I am, likewiſe, of opinion, that the fact ſtands, ſimply and literally, juſt as he repreſents it. Arminianiſm, when ſtripped of its ſophiſtical trappings, contends for ſuch an abſolute and inviolable freedom, ἢ ἀμφίρροπον, as is independent, in its exerciſe, on any thing but the will itſelf. Conſequently, the Arminian ſcheme is no leſs incompatible with the religion of reaſon, than with the religion of the Bible: and directly contravenes the whole current, both of natural and of revealed truth.

6. It is, certainly, a very unguarded aſſertion, that "the modern queſtion of liberty and neceſſity" is what the Calvinian divines, "never underſtood, nor, indeed, ſo much as heard of." The contrary is

evincible, from their writings. The queſtion, ſo far from being purely "modern," has exerciſed ſome of the ableſt Proteſtant pens, from the reformation, quite down to the preſent day. It has been agitated, with no little zeal, *pro & contra*, even among the Papiſts, long before, but more frequently ſince, the Proteſtant æra. And it was the ſubject of no ſmall debate, among ſome of the heathen philoſophers themſelves.

7. Mr. Edwards, therefore, was not the "firſt Calviniſt who ever hit upon the true philoſophic doctrine of neceſſity." A vaſt number of the greateſt reformed divines, both foreign and Engliſh, touched the ſelf-ſame key. And it is extremely evident, that Mr. Edwards, himſelf, received much light, from them, into the ſubject; and even availed himſelf, very frequently, of phraſes, diſtinctions, and arguments, which thoſe grand luminaries had, with ſucceſs, made uſe of, before him.

8. "Zealous Calviniſts," you tell us, "regard your writings with abhorrence." It would have been candid, ſir, to have expreſſed this, with more reſtriction, and with leſs vehemence. Many very "zealous Calviniſts" regard your writings, on ſome ſubjects, not only without "abhorrence," but with honour and admiration. Dark and "gloomy" as you have repreſented us; we ſtill have ſufficiency, both of eye-ſight and of day-light, to diſcern the luſtre of your genius, and the improvements which your equally profound and refined reſearches have added to the ſtock of philoſophic knowledge.

9. Nervous (and, I think, irrefragable) as Mr. Edwards's treatiſe is; you ſtill are much too ſanguine in aſſerting that the Calviniſts "boaſt of it, as the ſtrongeſt bulwark of their own gloomy faith." We never boaſted of it, under any ſuch character. We have, in my apprehenſion, ſome hundreds of "bulwarks," no leſs "ſtrong" than this American one, whoſe towers I concur with you in deſervedly admiring.

admiring. Excluſively of which numerous bulwarks, we have a citadel (the Bible,) againſt which, no weapon can poſſibly prevail. I paſs over your favourite epithet "gloomy," which you ſo repeatedly prefix to Calviniſtic "faith." When you have attended, as minutely, to the philoſophy of Scripture-viſion, as you have to that of animal optics; you will perceive the diſtrict of Calvin to be, not a Cimmerian region, but a very land of Goſhen.

10. You think proper, ſir, to ſuppoſe, that "zealous Calviniſts will be ſurpriſed to hear" (it is well we are not deaf and blind too) "you ſo full and earneſt in the recommendation of Mr. Edwards's book." I much queſtion, whether their wonder will mount to "ſurpriſe." There are ſo many weakneſſes, contradictions, and inconſiſtencies, in philoſophers, as well as in ordinary men, that few people, who know much of the world, and of human nature, will be greatly "ſurpriſed" at any thing.

11. You, however, are of a different opinion. Perhaps, becauſe "zealous Calviniſts," like moles and bats, live in a thick and perpetual gloom, with hardly a ſingle ray of truth, or of common ſenſe, to gild their midnight darkneſs. People, in ſo melancholy a ſituation, are, doubtleſsly, very apt to take fright. If your charity will not pour day-light on our gloomy abodes, it would at leaſt be compaſſionate in you, to mitigate the woeful "ſurpriſe," with which you think your treatiſe calculated to impreſs us.

No! You will no more deign to alleviate our "ſurpriſe," than to diſſipate our gloom. It is rather cruel, though, firſt to ſhut us up in the dark; and, then, to ſcare us. It ſeems, we "muſt ſtill continue to wonder." Wherefore? Becauſe "It would be to no purpoſe for you to explain, to" the zealous Calviniſts, "Why they ought not to wonder at the matter. What I ſhould ſay on that ſubject," adds the high and mighty doctor, "would not

be intelligible to them." Inexpreſſibly candid and polite! The plain Engliſh of the compliment is this:

"Every zealous Calviniſt is a fool; or a dunce, at beſt. I will therefore waſte no time on ſuch incurable aſſes. All my philoſophic apparatus itſelf would not afford them a gleam of knowledge: nor all my conſummate ſkill in language and in reaſoning make them comprehend the loweſt of my ſublime ideas. I therefore leave them, to ſtumble on, in their impenetrable gloom: and to knock their blockiſh heads againſt tables, doors, walls, and poſts, amid the tremor of their ſurpriſe."

Our caſe is pitiable indeed. But why will not the illuminated and illuminating doctor direct a few of his rays, by way of experiment, toward our dark and dreary habitations? Be honeſt, good ſir: and fairly tell us, that your reaſon, for huddling the matter up, and for not deſcending to particulars, was not our ſtupidity, but your fear of the conſequences that would reſult to yourſelf, had you gone to the bottom of the ſubject, and unfolded all that was in your heart. To ſcreen yourſelf, you affect to give us over, as incurable, before you have ſo much as tried what you can make of us. If you ſet about it, who can tell, but, ſtupid as we are, ſome of us may recover our ſight and ſenſe, and be emancipated from our gloom and from our ſurpriſe together? Electricity, under your auſpices, may work miracles.

However lightly I may, occaſionally, have expreſſed myſelf; I aſſure you, on the word of an honeſt man, that I have the honour to be, with ſeriouſneſs and truth,

Reverend ſir,

your admirer,

and very humble ſervant,

Auguſtus Montague Toplady.

P. S. On

P. S. On reviewing this letter, I deem myſelf obliged, in ſome meaſure, to apologize for that vein of freedom, into which, the ſupreme and inſulting contempt, you expreſs of the Calviniſts, has, unwarily, betrayed me. Your laſt-quoted paragraph, ſir, appears to carry an implication of extreme prejudice, and of ſovereign pride. Nothing can be more ſupercilious, more rude, and more unjuſt, than the letter and the ſpirit of that whole paſſage. I would willingly, if I were able, frame an excuſe for you: by ſuppoſing, that it eſcaped you, *volante calamo*; and that it is to be imputed, not ſo much to malice, to haughtineſs, or even to your unacquaintedneſs with the people you traduce; as to the hurry and precipitation, with which your treatiſe was apparently written.

Believe me to be, ſir,
moſt reſpectfully, your's.

LETTER LI.

To Mr. * * * * *.

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 29, 1774.

NO congratulations wait on my ever dear friend, from Broad-Hembury, on account of his new connection. The reaſon is, becauſe no change of ſtate, on his part, can make me love and wiſh him better, than I did before. Nor do I tranſmit you thoſe compliments, which uſually reverberate, from friend to friend, at this particular ſeaſon of the year: becauſe you have my very beſt wiſhes, without intermiſſion, all the year round. And ſo, I doubt not, will the new partner of your heart, when I have the honour and the pleaſure of knowing her. In the

mean while, I requeſt you to inform her, that ſhe has my reſpectful ſalutations.

I take the liberty to trouble you with the incloſed pacquet, for Mr. M. It contains only the ſermon on Pſalm cxv. 1; which owes its tranſmiſſion to the preſs, entirely, to your condeſcending deſire, ſignified when I was laſt in London. You ſee, I am not all diſobedience to your commands; though I muſt, for once, run counter to ſome of them: I mean, ſo far as concerns the principal ſubject of your laſt kind and obliging letter. Some nephritic complaints, to which I have long perceived myſelf liable, warn me, to ply my pen no more than neceſſity may require.

I am, with great affection and reſpect, &c.

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. I loſt poor Mr. Lane, about a fortnight ago: who, at the age of ſeventy-ſix, preſerved all the ſtrength and gaiety of a boy at ſixteen, until within a few days of his deceaſe. He was the ſecond of my domeſtics, whom God has removed by death, in the compaſs of two months. Mrs. Lane (who, by the way, continues as lively at ſeventy-ſeven, as ſhe could be at thirty) ſtill keeps my houſe; and ſupports the loſs of her huſband, not only philoſophically, but heroically. An eſtate, however, of twenty-five pounds *per annum*, which died with him, is, I believe, very ſincerely, though not inconſolably, regretted. Mr. Lane had not been dead a quarter of an hour, when his relict addreſſed me thus: "Sir, I have been thinking, that it will be to no purpoſe to lay out money for a fine ſhroud, to be hid in a coffin; nor for a fine coffin, to be hid under the earth." This was natural philoſophy, litérally ſo called. It is, really, an happineſs, on irremediable occaſions, to have little or no feeling. I envy inſenſible people; becauſe they are ignorant of mental pain, the keeneſt ſpecies of any. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LII.

To the Rev. Mr. RYLAND.

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 29, 1774.

WHEN my dear friend's letter (whoſe date I am quite aſhamed to recollect) arrived, our valuable Mrs. Macaulay was preſent. Her countenance brightened, at learning from whom it came. She, on all occaſions, teſtifies a ſingular eſteem of you: which is, in other words, ſaying, that ſhe really has you in very great eſtimation; for ſhe is too magnanimous, and too upright, to diſſemble. She gives your name, as a favourite toaſt of your's and mine, in public and mixed companies. And ſhe has, moreover, ſo high an opinion of your judgement, in phyſic, no leſs than in metaphyſic, that ſhe makes it a conſtant rule, and did ſo, during the whole of her three months ſtay in Devonſhire, to retire to her chamber at ten o'clock.

Though I love and reſpect you, as much as that extraordinary lady can do; ſtill, I cannot ſay, that I have carefully followed your advice, relating to that early hour of repoſe, with the ſame implicit obedience. We often regard the phyſician, and yet tranſgreſs his preſcriptions. I am, however, reforming, very faſt, in this particular. As a proof of which, I muſt tell you, that, if I prolong my ſtudies, at any time, until two or three in the morning, I begin to think I am ſetting up late. For the moſt part, I rarely exceed twelve or one.

Had the Northamptonſhire living fallen to my lot, I ſhould have been a very troubleſome neighbour to you. Not a ſixpenny pamphlet would I have ſent to the preſs, without previouſly ſoliciting your corrections and amendments. You may be

thankful, that I am only your friend, and not your neighbour. Let me, in a religious view, ſeriouſly add, that I myſelf am thankful, and very thankful, that I continue where I am. And I ſay this, not becauſe I ſhould not have preferred your county to this; but becauſe it was the will of God, as the event has clearly proved, that I ſhould remain in this county, and not be tranſplanted to your's.

Your thoughts, concerning the "Directions to young Divinity Students," are ſo juſt, ſo forcible, and ſo vivid, that I muſt, abſolutely, lay aſide all view, of engaging in ſuch a book, myſelf. The department is eminently, and excluſively, your's. Let Homer, therefore, write his own Iliad. As to me, I feel my incompetence to ſo difficult and important a taſk; and muſt follow the old, ſenſible advice: *Conſule, quid ſaleant*, &c.

My beſt thanks attend you, for that valuable paper, tranſmitted to me, ſome time ago, from Wells, under Mr. Tudway's encloſure; enumerating the paſſages, in the Old Teſtament, wherein Chriſt is ſtiled Jehovah. You may judge how poorly qualified I am, to accommodate young divines with rules for ſtudy; when I aſſure you, that I did not know, until you informed me, that the bleſſed Mediator, between God and man, is called Jehovah, almoſt two hundred times, in the courſe of the firſt Teſtament.

If you wiſh your letters to Mr. S—— may arrive free of poſtage, you muſt incloſe them to ———. Mr. S—— is one of the moſt learned, moſt devout, and moſt valuable men I know. With all his choir of reſpectable and of amiable qualities, he poſſeſſes this crowning one, viz. an heart, like your's, capable of friendſhip.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Eſq.

Broad-Hembury, Jan. 25, 1775.

EVER DEAR SIR,

I Write, to requeſt, that you will condeſcend to preſent Mr. M. with my thanks, for his pacquet, lately ſent: and to inform him, that, though I was by no means well, when it arrived; yet, the peruſal of Mr. Weſley's "Thoughts upon Neceſſity" (which were part of the pacquet's contents) put my ſpirits into ſuch a pleaſing flow, that I inſtantly reſolved to attack thoſe thoughts, and, in half an hour afterwards, actually ſet about it. I have, at three ſittings (or, rather, ſtandings; for I generally write upon my feet), got mid-way through my intended pamphlet; which will, if Providence pleaſe to continue health and leiſure, be a Defence of Chriſtian and Philoſophical Neceſſity.

I deſign writing to Mr. M. myſelf, ſo ſoon as I have finiſhed my tract: and thanking him for the kind conveyances, with which he has favoured me. But, to ſay the truth, I am, at preſent, ſo abſorbed in the ſubject on the tapis, that I am willing to purſue it, while my ideas are warm; and warm ideas, if not ſpeedily ſeized and arreſted, are very fugitive.

Every happineſs be your's,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

To Mrs. MACAULAY.

Broad-Hembury, Feb. 10, 1775.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR favour, of Jan. 27, arrived in due courſe. Had you defered penning it, but three days longer, it would have borne the date of a certain anniverſary, on which no perſon living is ſo well qualified to write as yourſelf.

I have had too much ill health, this winter, to be, as you ſuppoſe me to have been, very aſſiduouſly engaged "in deep reſearches after philoſophical and religious truth." The principal reſult of my few reſearches in that way, has been a tract (begun and finiſhed within a fortnight) in explication and defence of Chriſtian and philoſophic neceſſity. But, I believe, I ſhall not commit it to the preſs, until I go to London: the printers being a very teaſing ſet of people, to be concerned with at ſo great a diſtance from the ſcene of action.

As I know not how much longer my ſuppoſed "reſearches" may be impeded, by want of health; I muſt beg, that you will not, in time to come, forbear writing hither, from an imaginary fear of "interrupting" reſearches which have little or no exiſtence.

I will reduce you to a dilemma, on the occaſion. Either I am, or I am not, engaged in the ſaid reſearches. If the former, then do you write by all means; and the oftener, the better: for I know no pen, more capable of aſſiſting a philoſophic enquirer, than your own. If the latter, ſtill write: for, in that caſe, the very reaſon, under which you ſhelter yourſelf, ceaſes to exiſt.

To tell you the truth, I am quite of opinion, that by your polite apology for being ſo bad a correſpondent,

dent, you have only wedged yourſelf faſt in a cleft ſtick: from which, nothing can extricate you, but your directing as many letters to Broad-Hembury as poſſible.

I have not been at Honiton, ſince I took leave of you there. But your hoſt, Mr. N. I have ſeen twice; once at my own houſe, and once at Mr. Drewe's.

Many thanks to you, dear madam, for the purſe, which, you tell me, you have condeſcended to knit for me. I would rather, however, defer receiving it, until I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you at Bath: which I hope will be within theſe two months; either in my way to, or in my return from, London.

I have a very extraordinary letter to ſhew you; ſent me by my reſpectable friend, Dr. Baker, vicar of St. Martin's, in Saliſbury: relative to Bradſhaw's interment in Jamaica. I own, I am partly ſtaggered, though not proſelyted, as to that matter. I ſet it down under the claſs of "Hiſtoric doubts."

But, without any ſhadow of doubt at all, I have the honour to be,

madam,

your much obliged

and very obedient ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. Compliments to Miſs Macaulay.——— I obſerve, you do not ſay a ſyllable, concerning our common favourite, Mr. Lytton.——On ſecond thoughts, I will not (as I at firſt deſigned) defer ſhewing you Dr. B's letter until we meet: but ſhall incloſe it in this. The circumſtance, of double poſtage, is not to be conſidered. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

To Mr. L. C——.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Feb.* 13, 1775.

IT is Dr. Samuel Johnſon, whom lord Cheſterfield terms "a reſpectable Hottentot:" and whom his lordſhip, by a caricature abundantly too ſevere and over-charged, repreſents as the living eſſence of aukwardneſs, and ill-breeding. I can teſtify, upon my own knowledge, that the ſhades are too deepened, and the lines too diſtorted. But the doctor is pretty even, it ſeems, with the noble defamer: and ſtyles thoſe letters, "A ſyſtem of morals for a whore, and a ſyſtem of manners for a dancing-maſter." I totally agree with the doctor, as to the morals: and partly agree with him, as to the manners. Seriouſly, poor Mr. Phil. Stanhope was greatly to be pitied, for falling under the management of ſuch a father: a father, who was at once capable of guiding a ſon into the ruinous paths of vice; and of pretending, at other times, to give him a few ſqueamiſh cautions againſt it. Like ſome hypocritical proſtitute, who entices with an air of affected modeſty; and aſſumes that air of modeſty, only to render her enticements the more effectual. Moreover, after all his lordſhip's attention to the "graces" of his diſciple; the poor young gentleman lived and died almoſt as great a ſtranger to the graces of politeneſs, as to thoſe of the Holy Spirit. So that the diſappointed father had the mortification of perceiving, that he had only been raining upon a rock. Few men of education and high connection were ever more clumſy and ungainly in their devoir, than Mr. Stanhope.

I take the true original of lord Cheſterfield's diſguſt againſt Dr. J—— to have been, the doctor's having

having too much Chriſtianity for his lordſhip's taſte. Not but what Johnſon has, on ſome occaſions, a great deal of poſitiveneſs about him: and lord C——— was ſo much of the fine gentleman, as to think, that nothing, either in religion or philoſophy, was worth contending for, in oppoſition to whatever genteel company a perſon might happen to be with. It would be committing an act of hoſtility "on the graces," were a man not to ſwim implicitly with the current, whether good or bad. Johnſon, I believe, was never guilty, ſo much as once in his life, of ſuch mean, cowardly diſſimulation. And I honour him for it. If he likes his company, no man is more affable and communicative. If he meets with a coxcomb, he is ſure of taking him down without mercy. Or, if people of ſenſe affront him, he diſcovers very great and quick ſenſibility, and generally makes them pay dear for their temerity: for his reproofs are weighty with ſentiment, and his repartees cuttingly ſmart. It muſt have been pleaſant, to have ſeen him and lord Cheſterfield together.

The ſmooth diſſimulation of the latter, extended, in ſome meaſure, even to me. The year after I was in orders (viz. 1763), I aſked his lordſhip for a ſcarf. "I am extremely ſorry, ſir," replied he, "that you did not mention it early enough, Had you aſked me two days ſooner a ſcarf ſhould have been at your ſervice: but, no longer ago than yeſterday, I gave away my only vacant one." I anſwered, that I ſhould be glad to hope for the honour of the next that fell. He replied, "The very next is already promiſed: but you ſhall certainly have the next after that." You can diſcern, without my pointing it out, the flat ſelf-contradiction of theſe two plauſible ſpeeches.—I never aſked him again: but looked upon him, as a finiſhed courtier, from that day forward. When I was a boy, he uſed to give me a guinea now and then: and generally prefaced his donation (which to me, was then a capital

pital ſum) with ſome ſuch proper advice as this? "Now, do not buy too many apples, or nuts, or oranges, to make yourſelf ſick." He certainly had a great fund of good nature, at bottom: though it was half ſmothered and corrupted by art and fineſſe.

Have you read Mrs. Macaulay's Addreſs to the People? I am greatly pleaſed with the ſtrength of ſenſe, which appears in that conciſe, but ſolid performance. Alas, too ſolid! Would to God, that the facts, which it cenſures, were ill-founded. But his Providence governs and orders all. No thanks to them, that they are, involuntarily and unknowingly, accompliſhing the decree of heaven. "Leaches," as a good man ſomewhere obſerves, "when they draw blood of a patient, do it to gratify themſelves: they know nothing of the wiſe end, for which the phyſician ordered them to be applied."

The mention of my valuable friend, Mrs. Macaulay, reminds me of the aforeſaid Dr. Johnſon: whoſe high principles, both political and eccleſiaſtical, are very different from thoſe of the fair hiſtorian. A few years ago, Mrs. M. and the doctor (who never had a very cordial eſteem for each other) met at the houſe of a third perſon, who had invited them to ſpend the day. Before dinner, the converſation turned on the nature of civil government. Johnſon, as uſual, declared, in very ſtrong terms, for monarchy. Mrs. M. for a republic. Some ſparring paſt on both ſides: and Johnſon happening to cite ſome paſſage of Scripture, which he thought ſpoke in favour of his own ſyſtem; Mrs. M. undertook him on the ſcriptural ſcore, and (as I was told, for I was not preſent) was rather more potent and pertinent, in her quotations, than he. Johnſon, who does not eaſily digeſt contradiction, grew rather ſour: and he well knows, that he acquits himſelf better in a political, an hiſtoric, or a philoſophic war, than in an holy one. The annunciation of dinner

dinner occaſioned a truce to debate. But the doctor, with more ill manners than I ever heard authentically placed to his account, except in this inſtance, took occaſion, when the company were all ſeated at table, to renew hoſtilities with his amiable antagoniſt. Mrs. M's. footman was ſtanding, according to cuſtom, at the back of his lady's chair; when Johnſon addreſſed him thus: "Henry, what makes you ſtand? Sit down. Sit down. Take your place at table with the beſt of us. We are all Republicans, Henry. There's no diſtinction here. The rights of human nature are equal. Your miſtreſs will not be angry, at your aſſerting your privilege of peerage. We are all on a level. Do, take your chair, and ſit down." This was very indelicate, and rude. Nor was it arguing fairly: for a maſter or miſtreſs (let the natural rights of mankind be, originally, ever ſo equal) has not only a juſt claim to ſuperiority, but a title to the ſervices of every perſon, who, by voluntary ſtipulation, engages to render thoſe ſervices for a conſideration agreed upon. Mrs. Macaulay, it ſeems, coloured a little, and drew up her head, but made no anſwer. If I had been there, I ſhould not have let the doctor off ſo eaſily, for this ſavage piece of ſpurious wit. It is true, his great parts are entitled to proper reſpect: but, as Mrs. Macaulay was obſerving to me, when ſhe was laſt in Devonſhire, with reference to this very doctor Johnſon, "A learned man is not ſo miraculous a phenomenon in this kingdom, that he ſhould expect to be honoured with divine worſhip." Though, it muſt be owned, there are very few Johnſon's, in any kingdom, or in any age.

It is, however, this great man's foible, to look for more homage and attention, than every body will give him. How little he brooks oppoſition, may be inferred from the droll (but which might have been a very ſerious) adventure, between him and Oſborne, the Lincoln's Inn bookſeller. Oſborne called upon him

him one morning, ſoon after the publication of his Dictionary. The particulars of the converſation I have forgot: but, in the courſe of it, ſome reference was had to a paſſage in that work. The doctor was for conſulting the particular place itſelf: and, aſcending a ſet of moveable ſteps, reaching down his Dictionary from one of the higher-moſt ſhelves, while Johnſon was thus mounted, and holding the Dictionary in his hands, Oſborne, who was ſtanding beneath, happened to ſay ſome ſaucy thing that the doctor did not reliſh: on which, without farther ceremony, he hurled the maſſy folio at the poor bookſeller's head, who fell to the floor with the blow, but ſoon recovered his feet again. "An impertinent puppy;" ſaid Johnſon to him, "I will teach you to behave with inſolence to me; I will." But, ſurely, this was not acting very philoſophically.

One more anecdote, while my hand is in: and then I will releaſe you. I knew this Oſborne; and, by the way, a very reſpectable man he was. In the ſpring of 1762, a month or two before I took deacon's orders, I was cheapening ſome books of him. After that buſineſs was over, he took me to the fartheſt end of his long ſhop, and, in a low voice, ſaid thus: "Sir, you will ſoon be ordained. I ſuppoſe, you have not laid in a very great ſtock of Sermons. I can ſupply you with as many ſetts as you pleaſe. All originals: very excellent ones: and they will come for a trifle." My anſwer was, "I certainly ſhall never be a cuſtomer to you, in that way: for I am of opinion, that the man, who cannot or will not make his own Sermons, is quite unfit to wear the gown. How could you think of my buying ready made Sermons? I would much ſooner, if I muſt do one or the other, buy ready-made cloaths." His anſwer ſhocked me: "Nay, young gentleman, do not be ſurpriſed at my offering you ready-made Sermons: for, I aſſure you, I have ſold ready-made Sermons to many a biſhop in my time." My reply was:

was: "Good Mr. Oſborne, if you have any concern for the credit of the Church of England, never tell that news to any body elſe, from henceforward, forever."

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER LVI.

To FRANCIS TOPLADY, Eſq.

Broad-Hembury, March 19, 1775.

VERY DEAR SIR,

YOU are one of the laſt perſons on earth, in whoſe breaſt I would wiſh to occaſion pain. Conſequently, it gives me much concern to find, from your favour of *Feb.* 21, that the ſubject, mentioned in my laſt, "touched you to the quick." Let it reſemble a drawn ſtake, on each ſide; and let both of us conſider the matter, as if it had never been ſtarted.

Your kind ſolicitude for my health, merits my affectionate acknowledgements. Though I cannot entirely agree with you, in ſuppoſing that intenſe ſtudy has been the cauſe of my late indiſpoſitions; I muſt yet confeſs, that the hill of ſcience, like that of virtue, is in ſome inſtances, climbed with labour. But, when we get a little way up, the lovely proſpects, which open to the eye, make infinite amends for the ſteepneſs of the aſcent. In ſhort, I am wedded to thoſe purſuits, as a man ſtipulates to take his wife: viz. for better for worſe, until death us do part. My thirſt for knowledge is, literally inextinguiſhable. And, if I thus drink myſelf into a ſuperior world, I cannot help it: but muſt ſay, as

ſome report Ariſtotle to have ſaid, when he threw himſelf into the ſea (if it be true that he did ſo throw himſelf,) *quod non capere poſſum, me capiet.*

Since I wrote to you laſt, my complaints have been crowned, or rather ſhod, with a ſhort, but ſmart, touch of the gout. On this occaſion, I have been congratulated, until I have loſt all patience. Therefore I do, by theſe preſents, enter an expreſs caveat againſt your wiſhing me joy.—I am glad, however, that I know at laſt, what is the matter with me: for I have not been right well theſe two years; and was unable, until ſeized by the foot, to aſcertain the radical cauſe. It is really one of the laſt diſorders, to which I ſhould have ſuſpected myſelf liable. If the ſtricteſt temperance could have ſaved me from the gout, I moſt certainly had been exempted: for I never knew what it was to be the reverſe of ſober, ſo much as once, in my whole life.

On a review, I am quite aſhamed to perceive, that I have made myſelf the ſole hero of my letter. But, notwithſtanding the ſelf-important pronoun I, has already occurred too often, I muſt yet repeat it again; by aſſuring you, that I am, with tender and reſpectful compliments to yourſelf, to my aunt, and to my couſin Charlotte,

Dear ſir, your affectionate nephew,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER LVII.

To the Rev. Mr. ———.

Broad-Hembury, April 5, 1775.

VERY DEAR SIR,

I AM, both literally and figuratively, your debtor, for the welcome packet, with which you favoured me toward the cloſe of laſt January.

Friendſhip

Friendſhip and politeneſs, leſs indulgent and extenſive than your own, would tell me, that I ought to bluſh, for having delayed my acknowledgements ſo long.—The truth is, I had been extremely ill, for ſeveral weeks, before the parcel arrived; and continued ſo, for ſome weeks afterwards: which, added to the numerous avocations, that have, ſince, demanded my attention, obliged me to poſtpone, until now, the pleaſure of tendering my affectionate thanks to your condeſcending acceptance.

I have not been able to devote many hours to the peruſal of Lilly's Aſtrology. But I muſt frankly own, that I have read enough, to deter me from falling very deeply in love with that real or ſuppoſed ſcience. Judge, my dear ſir, how exalted an idea, I muſt needs entertain, of your candour, ere I could preſume to teſtify, in ſuch blunt terms as theſe, my opinion of a ſtudy, which, in the eyes of your ſuperior eſtimation, appears to be recommended by ſo many ſolid and alluring charms.

Among others, two obſervations, in particular, ſtrike me, with great force, on this occaſion.

1. Either we can, or we cannot, learn, from the ſtars, the train of future events.—If we cannot, the whole buſineſs evaporates, at once, into a laborious deluſion and an ingenious nothing.—If we can, it ſeems unwarrantable to pry into "the times and ſeaſons, which the Father hath put in his own power," and which, the higheſt authority aſſures us, "are not for us to know." The leaſt that can be ſaid, is, that it is more humble, and more ſafe, to leave the evolution of futurity to Providence: to pray, inſtead of erecting a planetary figure: and, inſtead of conſulting the ſtars, to caſt all our care on him that made them.

2. Without doubt, many different infants are born into the world, at the ſame preciſe point of time; and, conſequently, under the ſelf-ſame aſpects of the heavenly orbs. From which leading

circumſtance, it would follow, on aſtrological principles, that the caſt of mind, the actions, the felicities, the adverſities, and, in ſhort, the whole lives and deaths, of perſons ſo born, ſhould, exactly, in every punctilio, reſemble thoſe of each other. Their nativities being common, their fates would be the ſame.—But are there any two men upon the ſtage of the earth, though they entered it at the ſame inſtance, whoſe minds and fates are perfectly ſimilar and uniformly correſpondent throughout?

Notwithſtanding theſe free, ſceptical remarks, I value Lilly's Book, as a very curious one: and ſhall, with many thanks, reimburſe my dear friend for its coſt.

Though you have not ſet me to work, as an aſtrologer; you have as a polemic. Mr. Weſley's Thoughts on Neceſſity, which made a part of your obliging pacquet, determined me to repreſent that grand theological and philoſophic article in its true point of view. Though I was then ſo ill, that I could ſcarcely hold my pen, Providence enabled me to begin my Eſſay almoſt immediately on my receiving Mr. John's Tract, and to finiſh it within a fortnight. I ſhould not, however, have made ſuch haſte; had I not apprehended, that, if I did not avail myſelf of the preſent hour, I might, probably, be in another world, before my treatiſe was compleated.—But God has extended my reprieve. May I live, and ſpeak, and act, to his glory!

May I congratulate you, on your ſucceſs, as candidate for the lectureſhip of St. * * * * * *? If not, I ſhall ſtill wiſh you joy. You, and all your concerns, are in the hand of him, whoſe will is wiſdom, whoſe heart is love, and whoſe providence is omnipotence itſelf.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

To the Rev. Dr. GIFFARD.

Broad-Hembury, April 6, 1775.

Dear and Rev. SIR,

IN obedience to your wiſh, I ſhall, conciſely, preſent you with my extemporaneous thoughts, concerning the Arminian cavil, againſt perſonal election and reprobation, drawn from that relationſhip of God to men, by which he is denominated and conſidered as the Father of the whole human race.

Properly ſpeaking, paternity and filiation are correlates, reſulting from the production of a ſimilar intelligent being, *ex eſſentiâ productoris*. Where this agency and effect obtain, the producer is, ſtrictly, ſtyled, a Father; and the produced is, ſtrictly, ſtyled, the offſpring of that Father.

Conſequently, when any of mankind, or when all of them together, are termed ſons, or children of God, the phraſe is, neceſſarily and apparently, figurative. For, no being, leſs divine than God himſelf, can, according to the preciſe ideas of paternity and filiation, be literally, termed his Son.

Hence, when this predicate, ſons of God, is affirmed, concerning angels or men; the affirmation neither is, nor can be, philoſophically ſtrict. Becauſe, there is no communicated ſameneſs of eſſence, from the producing party, to the party produced.

Over and above which metaphyſical obſervation, holy Scripture explicitly aſcertains the ſenſe, in which God is repreſented as the Father of men.—Have we not, all, one Father? Hath not one God created us.

Mr. Toulmin therefore, in his controverſy with Mr. Rooker (a controverſy, by the way, whoſe merits I have not looked into,) ſhould have ſtared

his objection thus: "Can the common maker of mankind put an arbitrary difference between the men he has made, conſiſtently with infinite goodneſs and juſtice?"

However, we will let Mr. Toulmin have his own way, and cloath his argument in his own terms.

He obſerves,

1. That "Our Lord has taught us to argue from the paternal character" of God.—True. And that paternal character is neither leſs nor more, than the creative character. The paſſage, Matt. vii. 11. to which Mr. Toulmin refers, plainly eſtabliſhes this remark: for it is tantamount to ſaying, How much more ſhall your Maker, who is in heaven, &c. [Let me digreſs, *en paſſant*, by obſerving, that, in the 21ſt verſe of the above chapter, Chriſt uſes the word, Father, in its true and abſolute ſignification. For the firſt perſon in the Godhead is, properly, literally, and phyſically, the Father and the immediate ſource of the ſecond, *per communicationem eſſentiæ*.]

2. Mr. T. aſks Mr. R. "Would you, ſir, who are a parent, ſecretly reſolve, before your children were born, and could have done either good or evil, to diſinherit any of your children?"

On which I obſerve,

(1.) That Mr. Rooker may, in his turn, aſk Mr. Toulmin, And would you, ſir, after your children are born, actually permit any of them to be very wicked and very miſerable, if it was in your power, by a ſingle nod of your will to make them good and to render them happy? Now, God certainly is able to endue all mankind, and the very devils themſelves, with holineſs and felicity. He could both have ſaved them from falling; and can ſtill reclaim them, though fallen. And yet he, knowingly and willingly, permits many of the former, and the whole number of the latter, to be the ſubjects of ſin and pain. And, if the real, poſitive, continued permiſſion of this be not inconſiſtent with the "paternal character;"

ter;" why ſhould that "character" be ſuppoſed to reſtrain God from ſecretly reſolving, beforehand, on that permiſſion? For, ſurely, the reſolution to do, or to permit, a thing; can no more claſh with the "paternal character," than the actual doing, or the actual permitting, of the thing itſelf.—But, after all,

(2.) God, and an earthly parent, are not parallels, in any one reſpect whatever. When an human father becomes poſſeſſed of the ſame numerical nature and attributes as God is, in all their infinity and perfection; it will then (but, until then, it cannot) be an admiſſible poſition, that the Deity is and muſt be ſuch an one as ourſelves, and ought to regulate his conduct, by the example we ſet him.—I remember, in the year 1759, while I was a ſtudent at college, a gentleman aſked me (with reference to this very doctrine which Mr. T. oppoſes,) would you, if you was God, create any being to miſery? My anſwer was, when I am God I will tell you.—Surely, Arminians muſt be at a diſmal loſs, ere they could thus think of ſetting up the human paſſions, and parental affection in particular (which is, uſually, the blindeſt affection of any,) as the ſtandard, and model, and archetype, from which God himſelf muſt form his eſtimate of right and wrong, and in conformity to which he his bound, (for the plea ſuppoſes this, if it ſuppoſes any thing) to accommodate his purpoſes and ſhape his moral conduct! As if his ways were not higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts!

(3.) The cavil is very unhappily ſtated. For, the moſt material part of it is phraſed in the very words of Scripture. With this eſſential difference, however: that the ſaid Scripture phraſes poſitively affirm the identical propoſition, which the cavil is framed to deny. So directly and totally contrary is the judgement of Mr. T. to that of St. Paul!

(4.) It is monſtrouſly inaccurate, to inſinuate, that God has "Secretly reſolved to diſinherit ſome

of his children." We utterly reject the very ſhadow of ſuch an idea, as involving in it both a religious and a philoſophical impoſſibility. To diſinherit is, to cut off, from ſucceſſion to a patrimony or other property, one, who, before, was actual heir. Men may do this: becauſe men are liable to change, and to miſtake, and to be chagrined or diſguſted by unforeſeen incidents. But this can never be the caſe with God. Conſequently, he cannot be ſaid to diſinherit the reprobate, who never were heirs. And, for the elect, he will never diſinherit them: ſeeing, nothing ſhall be able to ſeparate them from that unchangeable love, which hath graciouſly made them heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Chriſt himſelf.

(5.) I ſuppoſe, Mr. Toulmin meant to aſk; "Would God reſolve, not to inveſt ſome of his creatures with a title to the heavenly inheritance?" To which I anſwer, Yes. God not only juſtly might, but he actually has ſo reſolved: unleſs the Bible is falſe from end to end. But, as to diſinheriting, the Bible knows nothing of that. It is Arminianiſm, which repreſents the immutable God as the capricious diſinheritor of his children; not we, who believe, that whom he did predeſtinate,—them he alſo glorified.

(6.) To make the objection ſquare with the thing objected to, the objection ſhould run thus: "Would you, Mr. Rooker, who are a creator, ſecretly reſolve, before your creatures were formed, to exclude any of them from felicity, for wiſe and juſt reaſons beſt known to yourſelf?"——But this phraſeology, which alone comes up to the point in debate, would not ſuit Mr. Toulmin's fallacious views. It would not ſuffice to raiſe a ſophiſtical miſt before the eyes of the unwary, which are apt to be caught by ſuperficial appearances, and to be dazzled by the trappings of undue metaphor artfully put on. To make a ſtrait ſtick ſeem crooked, you muſt look at it, through a denſer medium than air: i. e. hold it

ſlantingly

ſtantingly under water, and the buſineſs is done. Unguarded ſpectators may be ſeduced by the ſtratagem: but careful obſervers perceive the trick.

In one word: the queſtion, as ſtated and phraſed by Mr. Toulmin, argues *à diverſo ad diverſum:* and, conſequently, is totally illogical, and proves nothing.

I am, with great eſteem, &c.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER LIX.

To Meſſieurs VALLANCE and SIMMONS.

Plymouth, July 7, 1775.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM here, on a ſhort viſit, previouſly to my ſetting out for Bath and London: and now write to you, on occaſion of a report, which prevails here, that Mr. J. W —— died, lately, in Ireland.

You, who dwell at the mart of intelligence, know, probably, the real ſtate of that matter, with more certainty, than I can yet attain to at this diſtance. But, ſhould my information be true, I muſt ſignify to you my hearty wiſhes, that my Eſſay on Neceſſity, if not yet actually publiſhed, may be ſuppreſſed for the preſent: until I can throw it into a new form, by cancelling all the paſſages, which have any perſonal reference to my old antagoniſt; and by retaining only ſo much of the Treatiſe, as relates to the naked argument itſelf.

I hope, this intimation will reach you, time enough, to anſwer the deſired purpoſe. If it be too late, I cannot help it. But I do not wiſh to proſecute my war with that gentleman, if he be really ſummoned

ſummoned to the tribunal of God, and unable on earth to anſwer for himſelf. In that caſe, let my remembrance of his miſdemeanors die and be buried with him.

Direct your anſwer, to me, at Mr. D——'s, in G—— ſtreet, Bath. I have only time to add, that I am, with eſteem,

Gentlemen, yours, &c.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER LX.

To Lady HUNTINGDON.

Brighthelmſtone, Sept. 22, 1775.

MADAM,

BEST thanks to your dear ladyſhip for the honour of your much eſteemed letter from Briſtol, of the 8th inſtant. You was ſo ill when I left you there, that the receipt of a letter which carries in it the evident traits of your recovery, was peculiarly welcome, and furniſhed me with additional matter of thankſgiving to that God, who, in mercy to his Church, has been graciouſly pleaſed to protract a life ſo tranſcendently uſeful and valuable. It would be far better for your ladyſhip to be diſſolved and to be with Chriſt: but it is more needful for his people below that you remain in the body. On their account, may it be very long ere you exchange your coronet for a crown.

It would have given me much joy, to have been preſent, on a late happy occaſion, at Briſtol; our friends Mr. and Mrs. ——, when they had the honour of waiting on your ladyſhip there, preſented my meſſage, I ſuppoſe, and aſſigned the reaſon; I bleſs the Father of mercies, that the power of the ſpirit was experienced,

perienced, and that he continues to ſpeed your goſpel plough.

I have been at this place a week to day; and mean, if the Lord pleaſe, to overſtay the 1ſt Sunday in October: here is a very conſiderable gathering of people to the ſtandard of the croſs. I have found much union with them, and the unction of the Holy One has given me much comfort and enlargement among them hitherto, in our public approaches to God. By a letter from dear Mr. P——, who is now at Chicheſter, I find that a new chapel at Petworth, and another at Guildford, are to be opened the 1ſt of October. May they receive that true conſecration which ariſes from the preſence and power of the Great Shepherd and Biſhop of ſouls. I truſt God will enable me and the people here, who are now of the moſt clearly enlightened, moſt judicious, moſt harmoniouſly united, and moſt lively congregations I ever was with, to pour out our ſouls in prayer on that day, for a bleſſing on your ladyſhip's labour of love in general, and on thoſe two new encampments in particular.

I am informed, that lady M——'s zeal for God, has been conſiderably bleſt to many of her neighbours at or near Ealing. She has frequent preaching in her houſe; and it ſeems there is good hope, that lord R—— himſelf begins to have the hearing ear and the feeling heart.

Has your ladyſhip ſeen the corrected copy of dear Mr. R——'s Treatiſe on Pſalmody? If you have, you muſt have perceived that the very exceptionable paſſages, which laid that great and good man open to ſuch juſt reprehenſion, are happily expunged. I aſked him for a copy, ſoon after my arrival in London. He anſwered, that in its preſent ſtate, he did not acknowledge it for his: but, I ſhould have one as ſoon as publiſhed. He was as good as his word, and ſhortly after gave me his book. I examined it very carefully; and find that the faulty pages

pages have been cancelled. We now no longer read of Watts's Hymns being Watts's whims, nor of the Holy Spirit's being always preſent where the Pſalms are ſung, and never being preſent where hymns are ſung. I am glad that my valuable friend was under a neceſſity of ſtriking out theſe and ſuch like violent and unguarded poſitions. I never met with ſo much as one ſpiritual perſon who did not cenſure them moſt ſeverely; but as he has been ſo humble, and ſo juſt to truth, as to diſplace them from his Eſſay, I hope he will meet with no farther ſlight and mortification on their account.

God go with your ladyſhip into Cornwall, and ſhine on all your efforts for the glory of his name, and for the transfuſion of his ſalvation into the hearts of ſinners. Open your trenches, and ply the goſpel artillery. And may it prove mighty, through God, to the demolition of every thought and every error, and every work, which exalts itſelf againſt the knowledge, the love, and the obedience of Chriſt!

Your affectionate ſervant in him,

A. M. Toplady.

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. L——,

Brighthelmſtone, Sept. 25, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

PERMIT me to condole with you, and with dear Mrs. ——, on the loſs of our valuable and valued friend, Mrs. ——: the oldeſt, and one of the moſt eſteemed acquaintance, I had on earth. I rejoice, however, that, through the precious blood and *the imputed* righteouſneſs of Chriſt, ſhe is exalted to

to that place of glory and of reſt, where the inhabitants ſhall no more ſay, I am ſick.

Let me give you the true apology, for my having no ſooner acknowledged the receipt of your obliging letter, which you will not wonder at, when I inform you, that I was five or ſix weeks in travelling from Broad-Hembury to London, occaſioned by the many interjacent friends I had to viſit: and by their condeſcending importunities, which detained me much longer with each of them, than I expected or deſigned.

On my arrival in town, I found your letter, and would have anſwered it while there, but for the multiplicity of engagements, in which the affection of my London friends involved me. I had not been long in the capital, when I received a preſſing invitation to this place, where I have ſtayed near a fortnight, and from whence I return to London next week.

May the late affecting breach, which Providence has made in your domeſtic connections, be ſanctified to you both, and excite you to ſeek an intereſt in that Saviour, who is the certain and only deliverer of his people, from the wrath to come.

In him I remain, dear ſir, your and Mrs. ——'s, very ſincere friend and ſervant,

A. M. Teplady.

LETTER LXII.

To Mr. N——,

Brighthelmſtone, Sept. 26, 1775.

IF you ſhould ever ſtand in peculiar need of very violent exerciſe, come down hither, by way of Ryegate and Cuckfield; and before the preſent ſtage

ſtage coach is worn out. The road, from the former of theſe towns to this, is the roughest; the country, the coarſeſt, and the vehicle the uneaſieſt, that can well be imagined. I never yet had ſo complete a ſhaking: and, though much uſed to travelling, was literally ſore from head to foot, for twenty-four hours after my arrival here; occaſioned by ſuch a ſeries of concuſſions, (I had almoſt ſaid contuſions), as I really thought it impoſſible for any carriage to impart. But I have had ample amends, at my journey's end. For though, in my opinion, our weſtern ſea-ports have generally, many local charms, greatly ſuperior to thoſe of this; yet, the inhabitants here, ſeem to have received a much higher poliſh, from their intercourſe with ſtrangers. But, above all, the ſerious people of Brighthelmſtone, are, ſo far as I can hitherto judge, peculiarly amiable and eſtimable; extremely judicious, and well informed in things of God; and all alive to him. In ſhort, I know of no congregation, any where, who ſeem to be more entirely after my own heart. Their union, likewiſe, and fellowſhip with each other, are uncommon, conſidering their number. The great maſter of our aſſemblies, God the Holy Spirit, has given us ſome comfortable opportunities in public; and deigned, I truſt, ſeveral times, to be eminently preſent. To free and covenant grace, be all the praiſe.

I am as well, as I uſually find myſelf, when implunged in a ſea air. The ſalts, I apprehend, with which theſe kind of atmoſpheres are charged; together with the large quantity of vapour, exhaled by ſo great an expanſe of water; by conſiderably increaſing the weight of the element we breathe, make it, at once, more externally compreſſive, and require a ſtronger force of interior effort and reſiſtance, to reſpire with due vigour.

Laſt Wedneſday we were ſaluted by a continued ſeries of lightening, from eight at night until one in the morning. Not a moment's interval obtained between

between the flaſhes; which formed abſolute ſheets of the moſt vivid flame, ſucceeding each other with a rapidity I never was witneſs to before. As it played on the ſea (for I ſpent the evening at a gentleman's, who lives on the Eaſt Clift) it reſembled a grand, regular caſcade of fire, falling on a vaſt reflecting mirror. There was rain, during a ſmall part of the time; and ſome audible thunder. I have heard louder claps; but never ſuch long extended peals. How happy is it, to feel, that the God of nature is alſo the God of all!

I am,
your affectionate ſervant in him,

A. M. Toplady.

LETTER LXIII.

To Dr. WILLIAM DODD.

REV. SIR,

BELIEVE me, when I aſſure you, that the liberty, which I now take, reſults neither from want of tenderneſs, nor of reſpect; but from an humble wiſh of being ſerviceable to a perſon, who is recommended to me, as a very deſerving individual; and whoſe circumſtances are, it ſeems, conſiderably narrowed and embarraſſed, through the unſuſpecting confidence, which ſhe repoſed on your veracity, juſtice, and honour.

The lady, to whom I allude, is Mrs. G——, I need not ſtate the merits of a caſe, with which you, ſir, are ſo thoroughly acquainted. Only, permit me to conjure you, by every ſacred and moral conſideration, and by all your feelings, as a man of ſenſibility, not to depart this world, without repaying as much of that iniquitous debt, as you poſſibly can.

I ſay,

I ſay, before you depart this world. For it is but too indubitable, that there is not a ſingle ray of hope, from any one quarter whatſoever, of your avoiding the utmoſt effect of the terrible ſentence which impends. Let me, therefore, importune you, for God's ſake, and for your own, to devote the remainder of your time to more important employ, than that of writing notes on Shakeſpeare. Indeed, and indeed, your ſituation is ſuch, as ſhould confine your attention to objects of infinitely greater moment. The Searcher of hearts knows, that I thus plainly addreſs you, from motives of abſolute humanity, and from an anxious ſolicitude for your everlaſting welfare.

I am, with undiſſembled ſympathy and reſpect,

SIR,

your well-wiſher in time, and eternity,

New-ſtreet,
March 17, 1777. *Auguſtus Toplady.*

You will oblige me, ſir, if you favour me with a line (by the gentleman who delivers this to your hands) relative to the buſineſs reſpecting Mrs. G———.

LETTER LXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. BERRIDGE.

DEAR SIR, *New-ſtreet, March* 19, 1776.

THE paper, to which you refer, in your favour of to day, is, I apprehend, the Public Ledger, of the 5th inſtant. As you inform me, that you have not ſeen it, I incloſe it to you, for your

your perusal, under the present cover: together with a subsequent ledger, of the 9th, containing my answer. When you have read them, I request you to return them, so soon as convenient: for I reserve every thing, of this kind; lest it may prove necessary, to appeal to them in future.

If I was not certain, that the glorious and gracious Head of the Church orders all things for the good of his mystic body; and that not an hair can fall, without his leave; I should deeply lament the continuance of your cough. But, when I recollect, who it is that sits at the helm; I can, in a spirit of prayer and of faith, commit you, and all that relates to you, to the unerring disposal of infinite wisdom, love, and power. In whose covenant-bonds I remain,

dear and rev. sir, &c.

Augustus Toplady.

LETTER LXV.

To Mr. T——.

London, April 4, 1776.

SIR,

IT gives me unspeakable pleasure, to find, that you design to republish the Abridgment of Fox's Martyrology: which I consider as a faithful and judicious compendium of the most valuable ecclesiastical history extant in our language.

We live at a time, when the generality of professed Protestants appear to have lost sight of those grand and essential principles, to which the Church of England was reformed, and in defence of which her martyrs bled.

Religious ignorance, and a general unconcernedneſs about divine things, together with the moſt profuſe diſſipation, and a growing diſregard of moral virtue, are the reigning characteriſtics of the preſent age.

In a country thus circumſtanced, Popery (ever on the watch for advantages) will, and muſt, and does, gain continual ground. Ignorance, infidelity, and licentiouſneſs, naturally terminate in ſuperſtition, as their ultimate refuge: and Rome too often reaps, what profaneneſs and immorality have ſown.

To ſtem ſo dangerous a torrent, no means are more likely (under God), than the re-publication of ſuch a work as this: a work eminently calculated to diſplay, and to guard us againſt, the principles and the ſpirit of Popery; to perpetuate the holy lives, the faithful teſtimonies, and the triumphant deaths, of thoſe evangelical worthies, who reſiſted error, even unto blood; to exalt the ſtandard of Chriſt; to exhibit the loving-kindneſs of the Holy Ghoſt, who gave ſuch grace and power unto men; and to ſtand as the beſt commentary on thoſe ineſtimable truths, which (through the good hand of God upon us) ſtill continue to ſhine in the liturgy, articles, and homilies, of our eſtabliſhed Church.

I wiſh this performance much ſucceſs, in the name of the Lord. May its diffuſion be very extenſive, and its uſefulneſs very great. May it prove mighty, through God, to make the Proteſtant Churches in general, and our own national Church in particular, remember from whence they are fallen; ſtir them up to doctrinal and practical repentance; and bring them back to their firſt principles, and to their firſt works! With this prayer, breathed from the inmoſt of my heart,

I remain, ſir,

your affectionate well-wiſher,

Auguſtus Montague Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER LXVI.

To Mr. Hussey.

Broad-Hembury, Sept. 9, 1776.

Very dear Sir,

A Student of Lady Huntingdon's, whoſe name is Cottingham, and from whom I parted at Briſtol, on my return from Wales, promiſed me to wait on you and Mrs. Huſſey in London, to inform you, how gracious the Lord has been to me, ever ſince I ſaw you laſt.

The night I left town, the Worceſter coach, in which I went, broke down: but not one of us received the leaſt injury. I have a ſtill greater deliverance to acquaint you with: even ſuch as, I truſt, will never be blotted from my thankful remembrance. On the Anniverſary Day, in Wales, the congregation was ſo large, that the chapel would not have contained a fourth part of the people; who were ſuppoſed to amount to three thouſand. No fewer than one thouſand three hundred horſes were turned into one large field, adjoining the College; beſides what were ſtationed in the neighbouring villages. The carriages, alſo, were unuſually numerous. A ſcaffold was erected, at one end of the College-court, on which a book-ſtand was placed, by way of pulpit: and, from thence, ſix or ſeven of us preached, ſucceſſively, to one of the moſt attentive, and moſt lively congregations I ever beheld. When it came to my turn to preach, I advanced to the front; and had not gone more than half through my prayer before ſermon, when the ſcaffold ſuddenly fell in. As I ſtood very near the highermoſt ſtep (and the ſteps did not fall with the reſt,) Providence

enabled me to keep on my feet, through the aſſiſtance of Mr. Winkworth, who laid faſt hold on my arm. About forty miniſters were on the ſcaffold and ſteps when the former broke down. Dear Mr. Shirley fell undermoſt of all; but received no other hurt, than a very ſlight bruiſe on one of his thighs. A good woman, who, for the conveniency of hearing, had placed herſelf under the ſcaffold, received a trifling contuſion on her face. No other miſchief was done. The congregation, though greatly alarmed, had the prudence not to throw themſelves into outward diſorder: which, I believe, was chiefly owing to the powerful ſenſe of God's preſence, which was eminently felt by moſt of the aſſembly.

Such was the wonderful goodneſs of the Lord to me, that I was not in the leaſt diſconcerted on this dangerous occaſion: which I mention, to the praiſe of that grace and providence, without which, a much ſmaller incident would inevitably have ſhocked every nerve I have. About half a minute after the interruption had commenced, I had the ſatisfaction to inform the people, that no damage had enſued: and removing for ſecurity, to a lower ſtep, I thanked the Lord, with the rejoicing multitude, for having ſo undeniably given his angels charge concerning us. Prayer ended, I was enabled to preach: and great grace ſeemed to be upon us all.

If God permit, I hope to be with you, in London, ſoon after the middle of this month. I deem it one of the principal felicities of my life, that I have the happineſs and the honour to miniſter to a praying people. We ſhould not have had ſo much of the Lord's preſence in Orange-ſtreet, if he had not poured upon us the ſpirit of ſupplication. Go on to pray, and God will go on to bleſs. Remember me, moſt reſpectfully and moſt tenderly, to as many of our dear friends in Chriſt, as you are acquainted with. And, particularly, inform Mr. and Mrs. Willett, and Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, that I have

not

not forgot my promiſe to write to them; and that I will perform my promiſe, unleſs they are ſo kind as to diſpenſe with it: which, I am very ſure, they would moſt willingly do, if they knew how little time I have to myſelf.

Farewell. Grace be with you, and with dear Mrs. Huſſey. Grace comprehends all we want, in time, and in eternity.

I remain, my valuable friend, ever, ever your's,

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. I had the happineſs to ſee dear lady Huntingdon (who is the moſt precious ſaint of God I ever knew) well, both in body and ſoul.

The Lord, I truſt, ſtill continues with you at Orange-Chapel. I ſhall be much obliged to you, for informing me how things go on; by a line directed to me, at Mr. Derham's, in Green-ſtreet, Bath: for which place I intend to ſet out, from Devonſhire, on Monday next, the 16th inſtant.

I have the unutterable ſatisfaction to find ſeveral more awakened people at Broad-Hembury, than I formerly knew of. The Lord never ſends his goſpel to any place, in vain. He will call in his own people; and will accompliſh his own work. There is really a very precious remnant, in and about this pariſh. Thanks to free grace for all.

LETTER LXVII.

To Mr. ———.

MUCH LAMENTED SIR,

IN conſequence of your deſire, communicated to me by Mr. ——, I ſignified my intention of waiting on you: but, on reflection, I more than

fear, that I have not ſufficient firmneſs of nerves, to ſuſtain ſo trying an interview. My feelings are (unhappily for myſelf) ſo terribly keen, that I ſhould only receive material injury, without being able to render you the leaſt good. My tears can be of no ſervice to you. My prayers are frequently aſcending to God for you, both in public and in private. May the uncreated angel of the covenant take them, warm as they riſe from my unworthy heart and lips; and make them his own, by preſenting them with the much incenſe of his ever effectual interceſſion!

If I am rightly informed, you have, formerly, ſat under the ſound of the goſpel. Let me beſeech you, ſir, to cry mightily to him who is able to ſave, that the Holy Ghoſt may realize, to your departing ſoul, thoſe precious truths of grace, which have, it ſeems, been often brought to your ears. Nothing, ſhort of experimental religion, will ſtand you in any ſtead. The Lord Jeſus enable you, by the operation of his ſpirit, to come to him, as a loſt ſinner; throwing yourſelf on the righteouſneſs of his life, and on the atonement of his death, for your free pardon and full juſtification with God! In which caſe, though your tranſgreſſions be as ſcarlet, they ſhall be white as ſnow; and, though deep as crimſon, they ſhall be made as wool.

I have too much reaſon to apprehend, that all application in your behalf, to the powers of this world, will be, totally, without avail. Conſider yourſelf, therefore, dear ſir, as abſolutely a dying man.

My earneſt ſupplications ſhall not ceaſe to be poured out at the footſtool of the throne of grace, until death ſets you beyond the reach of prayer.—Several congregations of God's people bear you, deeply, on their hearts.

Jeſus bleſs you with the manifeſtations of his favour; and grant you to ſing his praiſes, for ever and ever, in concert with that innumerable aſſembly of

fallen

fallen ſinners, whom he has loved, and waſhed from their ſins in his own blood. So prays, with bended knees and weeping eyes, he who is, ſir,

Your unknown,
but not leſs affectionate well-wiſher,

Oct. 31, 1776. *Auguſtus Toplady.*

LETTER LXVIII.

To A. B——.

Knightſbridge, Aug. 12, 1777.

IF A. B's favour, of June 16, had not been miſ-laid, it would have been anſwered, long before. I hope, the polite and ingenious writer will pardon the delay.

In reply to the queſtion ſtated, I am moſt deeply and clearly convinced, that the ſaints in glory know each other: and more particularly, thoſe with whom they took ſweet counſel when on earth, and with whom they walked in the houſe of God as friends. Our Lord himſelf, I apprehend, gives us to underſtand as much, where he tells us, that the elect ſhall be, in the future ſtate, ισαγγελοι, or equal to the angels. Now, it ſeems impoſſible, that the unfallen angels, who have lived together, in heaven, or (at leaſt) very near 6000 years, ſhould not be perfectly acquainted with each other. And the ſame privilege is requiſite in order to our being, in every reſpect, on an equality with them.—The departed ſoul of the rich man knew Lazarus, when he beheld him afar off: and likewiſe, at ſight, knew Abraham, whom he could never have ſeen in the preſent life. Much more do Abraham and Lazarus, and all the glorified family

above, rejoice in that communion of ſaints, which obtains in their Father's houſe.—St. Paul, ſpeaking of the ſpiritual children whom God had given him among the Theſſalonians, ſays, that they would be his "glory and crown of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord Jeſus." But how could this be, and how could they mutually congratulate each other on the grace beſtowed upon them below, if all perſonal acquaintance was to ceaſe? Surely, there are no ſtrangers, in that land of light and love!

The three apoſtles, who attended our bleſſed Lord on the Mount of Transfiguration, knew Moſes and Elijah, when they appeared in glory.——To add no more: that remarkable text, I think, fully eſtabliſhes the point, where our adorable Saviour bids us make to ourſelves friends, by the mammon of unrighteouſneſs; that, when we fail, they may receive us into the everlaſting habitations. As if he had ſaid: "While you are on earth, take care to conciliate the affections of my indigent diſciples, by beſtowing on them a proper portion of the wealth which God has lent you, and, which is too often perverted to purpoſes of unrighteouſneſs, by them that know not me. So, when your bodies die, and when your ſouls aſcend to heaven, the ſouls of thoſe poor afflicted ſaints, whom your bounty relieved below, and who were got to glory before you, ſhall be among the firſt exulting ſpirits, who ſhall meet you on your arrival above, and congratulate you on your ſafe and triumphant entrance into the world of joy." But they could not do this, unleſs they knew us, and we them.

May the precious blood and righteouſneſs of our Incarnate God, and the faithful leadings of his eternal ſpirit, bring you and me to that general aſſembly and Church of the firſt-born! where we ſhall both ſee him, as he is; and likewiſe know each other, even as we ſhall then be known. With this prayer, and

in

in this hope, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, whoſoever you may be,

Your affectionate well-wiſher in Chriſt,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER LXIX.

To the Rev. Dr. B. of *Sarum.*

Knightſbridge, Auguſt 12, 1777.

YOU pay me a compliment I do not deſerve, in ſuppoſing, that I am induſtriouſly employed on ſome uſeful work. For a long while, I have been unuſually idle, both as a preacher, and as a writer. But my indolence was and is the reſult of obedience to medical preſcription. I have been, at beſt, in a moſt fluctuating ſtate of health for a year and half paſt: and, ſeveral times, was in a near view of landing on that coaſt, where the inhabitant ſhall not ſay, I am ſick. At theſe times, I bleſs God, my chearfulneſs never forſook me; and, which calls for ſtill infinitely greater thankfulneſs, my ſenſe of perſonal intereſt in his electing mercy, and in the great ſalvation of Jeſus, was never darkened by a ſingle cloud. For the laſt two months, I have been abundantly, and almoſt miraculouſly, better. Whether my remaining days be few or many, I only pray and wiſh that they may be conſecrated to the glory of the great Three-One.

And now to deſcend to the affairs of this world. The accounts of the extravagant and ridiculous manner, in which, as you obſerve, my friend Mrs. M——'s birth-day was celebrated at Bath, gave me extreme diſguſt; and have contributed to reduce my opinion of her magnanimity and good ſenſe. Such contemptible vanity, and ſuch childiſh affectation of mock-majeſty, would have diſgraced a much inferior underſtanding; and have ſunk even the meaneſt

meaneſt character lower, by many degrees. If I live to ſee her again, I will rally her handſomely.

I muſt agree with you, in feeling for the advancing miſeries of our unhappy country. We are already become the jeſt, and the contempt, of all Europe. Never, ſurely, was a great and important empire ſo wantonly thrown away; and never was nation ſo infatuated before! However, when we recollect who it is that preſides, inviſibly, at the helm of all human affairs (ſee Daniel iv. 32, 35.) we are reconciled to every appearance, melancholy as appearances may ſeem; and adore the infinite wiſdom, which, ſecretly, but irreſiſtibly, over-rules even the vices, and follies, and the madneſs of men, to the accompliſhment of its own deſigns.

I am happy, to hear that yourſelf and family are well; and, if you was not a very particular friend, I ſhould almoſt have grudged you the felicity you muſt have enjoyed, in your late excurſion to our much eſteemed friends at Freſhford.

More than compliments to you and your's, conclude me

your affectionate ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER LXX.

To Mrs. A. G———.

Knightſbridge, Lord's-Day Evening, Nov. 2, 1777.

MADAM,

YOUR letter quite diſtreſſes me: becauſe it places excellencies to my account, which I feel myſelf to be totally unpoſſeſſed of. Among all the weak and unworthy ſervants of Chriſt, I am the unworthieſt

unworthieſt and the weakeſt. If you knew me, as well as I know myſelf, you would be entirely of my mind.

For the Lord's ſake, let us look to Jeſus only, and learn to ceaſe from man. Chriſt is all in all. Every other perſon and thing are vile, and wretched, and hateful, but ſo far as he deigns to ſmile and bleſs. "Leſs than nothing and vanity;" is the only motto that belongs to me. If he vouchſafe to waſh me in his blood, and to ſave me by his infinitely free and glorious redemption; a more worthleſs and helpleſs ſinner will never ſing his praiſes in the land of glory.

Inſtead of commending me, pray for me; that I may be kept from evil, and devote my few days (in humble and earneſt attempt at leaſt) to the honour of his name.

If I wiſhed you to retain your exalted opinion of me, I ſhould, in my own defence, wave the honour of your acquaintance, which you ſo politely offer me. But, as I deſire to undeceive you, and to appear juſt what I am; I ſhall be extremely happy to ſee you here, any day, in the forenoon, after the preſent week is elapſed; which latter, viz. the remainder of the preſent week, I am to paſs at the houſe of a friend, who lives nine miles from hence.

God have you in his keeping, and make you a partaker of the graces and conſolations of his ſpirit.—I am, with much reſpect,

Madam, &c.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER LXXI.

To Mr. E. K——.

Knightſbridge, Nov. 22, 1777.

My Friend and Brother in Chriſt,

BY a letter, which I have this moment received from Mr. Lake, I am informed, that you are apprehenſive of the ſpeedy approach of death: and that you are particularly deſirous of ſeeing me; or, if that cannot be, of at leaſt hearing from me; before the great change comes.

As I am not certain of being able to wait on you, ſo ſoon as I could wiſh, conſidering the long extent of way that interpoſes between us; and being willing to loſe no time in aſſuring you how much I love you, and how earneſtly I commend you to God; I ſeize the immediate opportunity of writing to you. Nor ſhall I ceaſe to remember you in my worthleſs addreſs at the throne of grace, both publicly and in private.

The time, however, is perhaps arrived, which eminently calls upon you to ceaſe entirely from man. Forget me; forget even your family; forget all your earthly friends, ſo far as to loſe ſight of them: and look only to Jeſus, the glorious author and faithful finiſher of ſalvation. Repoſe your confidence on his alone blood, righteouſneſs, and interceſſion. He repreſented you, on the croſs; he bears your name, on his breaſt, and on the palms of his hands, in heaven; he ſympathizes with you, in all your pains and ſorrows; and will take care of you, unto death, through death, and to all eternity. May his comforting ſpirit make theſe bleſſings clear to your view, and powerfully ſeal upon your heart a ſenſe and enjoyment of your perſonal intereſt in them.

Leave

Leave Providence to take care of your wife and children. And leave the covenant-grace of Father, Son, and Spirit, to take charge of you. Nor do I doubt, that, whether we meet again, or not, in this valley of tears, we ſhall ſing together, for ever, in the Jeruſalem above. So believes, and ſo prays, your old friend and ranſomed fellow-ſinner,

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. I ſhall hold myſelf greatly indebted to Mr. Lake, for informing me, from time to time, how the Lord deals with you.

LETTER LXXII.

To Mr. F——.

Knightſbridge, Nov. 27, 1777.

DEAR SIR,

IF I rightly underſtood you yeſterday, the caſe of conſcience, propoſed by your friend, is this:

"He lives in a part of England, where the goſpel is not preached, by the clergy of the eſtabliſhed Church. But the goſpel is preached, in a neighbouring congregation of diſſenters. He is compelled therefore, either not to hear the goſpel preached at all; or to hear it at a diſſenting meeting-houſe. – Query: Is it his duty to communicate with the diſſenters, as well as to hear them? Or may he with a ſafe conſcience, continue only to hear them, and ſtill maintain his communion, with the Church of England?"

For my own part, I am moſt clearly of opinion,

(1.) That, if he cannot hear the Church of England doctrines preached in a pariſh-church (which

(which is terribly the caſe in ſome thouſands of places;) he is bound in conſcience to hear theſe truths, where they can be heard: was it in a barn, in a private houſe, in a field, or on a dung-hill.—— But,

(2.) I am no leſs clearly convinced, that he is not under the ſmalleſt neceſſity of breaking off from the communion of the Church eſtabliſhed.

Some of my reaſons are theſe:

1. Your friend's love to the Church-doctrines (i. e. to the goſpel of grace,) is the very thing that forces him to forſake the Church-walls, as an hearer. But this need not force him from communicating there. It ſhould rather bind him, more cloſely and firmly, to a Church whoſe doctrines and ſacraments are holy, harmleſs, and undefiled; and alike remote from error, ſuperſtition, and licentiouſneſs.

2. Our bleſſed Lord, himſelf, communicated with the eſtabliſhed Church of Judea; though its miniſters and people were as deeply degenerated from the purity and power of God's truths, as the preſent miniſters and people of the Church of England are, for the moſt part, now.—That our Lord actually did thus communicate in the Jewiſh church (fallen as its profeſſors were,) is evident, from his celebration of the Paſſover, antecedently to his inſtitution of the Holy Supper, in the evening of the very night wherein he was betrayed.

3. The goodneſs, or badneſs, of a pariſh miniſter, neither adds nor detracts from, the virtue and value of the ſacraments he diſpenſes. Judas appears to have preached the goſpel, and to have wrote miracles. Was the goſpel, or were thoſe miracles, at all the worſe on his account? No: in no wiſe.— "But the miniſter of my pariſh does not preach the goſpel." Be it ſo.—You do right, therefore, in not hearing him. Nevertheleſs, though (in this reſpect) he out-ſins Judas himſelf; why ſhould that unhappy circumſtance make you quarrel with, and abſent yourſelf

yourſelf from, the communion-ſervice of the Church?

4. I can ſet my own *probatum eſt*, to the conduct I am now recommending. For ſeveral years after I was made acquainted with the grace of God, I chiefly reſided in a place, where I was obliged, either to ſtarve my ſoul, by never ſitting under the miniſtry of the word; or to go for it, to a diſſenting meeting-houſe. I made not a moment's heſitation, in chuſing the latter; and would again purſue the ſame line, if Providence was again to place me in ſimilar circumſtances. But, though I heard the goſpel, conſtantly, at meeting (becauſe I could hear it no where elſe,) I, conſtantly and ſtrictly, communicated in the Church only. I know that this was pleaſing to God, by the many happy ſoul-ſeaſons I enjoyed, both at the Lord's table, and in the ſeparate aſſembly. And yet, (as you may judge from my leaving them as preachers,) the clergymen, at whoſe hands I received the memorials of Chriſt's dying love, knew no more of the goſpel, than ſo many ſtocks or ſtones.

5. Let a pariſh-miniſter be ever ſo ſpiritually blind and dead, the liturgy remains the ſame. Bleſſed be God, the clergy are forced to read it; and to adminiſter the Lord's ſupper, and other offices, according to its admirable and animating form of ſound words.

6. While your friend communicates in the Church of England, he is at full liberty to hear the goſpel elſewhere: But,

Should he communicate with a diſſenting-church, he muſt, firſt, ſo far become one of them, as to hear the goſpel, in great meaſure, if not entirely, among them only. Such a transfer of communion, therefore, would reſemble tying himſelf by the leg (or, rather, nailing himſelf by the ear) to a ſingle tree; in preference to enjoying the full range of God's garden. I have ſeen ſo very many inſtances of this, in

a courſe

courſe of more than two and twenty years obſervation, that no antecedent promiſes, profeſſions, or proteſtations, to the contrary (made to a new convert by any of thoſe religious aſſemblies,) would have the leaſt weight on my judgement of this matter.

Thus I have, agreeably to your deſire, ſignified a few of thoſe reaſons, which have long had great influence in determining my own mind. Influence ſo very great and deciſive, that I am thoroughly perſuaded, was the glorious company of apoſtles to live again on earth, at this very time, and to live in England; not one of them, I very believe, would be a diſſenter from our eſtabliſhed Church: though they would all deeply lament the dreadful ſtate of ſpiritual, of doctrinal, and of moral declenſion, to which the greateſt part of us are reduced.—May God inform and teach your friend, the way in which he ought to go; and, forever, guide him with his eye! With which prayer, for him, for you, and for myſelf, I remain,

Sir, your ſervant in Chriſt,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Mr. VALLANCE.

Knightſbridge, Dec. 1, 1777.

DEAR SIR,

ON the cover of laſt month's magazine, I read the following notice: "Thanks to Minimus, for his pious Meditation." Now, as I am the only perſon, who ever appeared, in your magazine, under

the

the ſignature of Minimus; and as I never ſent you any meditation, whether pious or impious, ſince I ſurrendered my editorſhip of the ſaid magazine [in July laſt], and as it is generally known, that the papers ſigned Minimus, were written by me:——It will be both uſing me extremely ill; and alſo look like a deſire, on your part, to palm a deception on your readers, if you permit any future paper, of which I am not the author, to bear the ſignature above-mentioned.

Not doubting, that, on further conſideration, you will ſee the juſtice and propriety of this hint, and act accordingly; I remain, ſir,

your affectionate friend and ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER LXXIV.

To J. W——, Eſq.

Knightſbridge, Dec. 30, 1777.

SIR,

I THROW myſelf on your candour and politeneſs, for your pardon of the preſent freedom, taken by a perſon who has not the honour of being known to you. The favour which I preſume to ſolicit, is, that you would be ſo obliging as to communicate to me ſuch leading particulars, as you may recollect, concerning a late friend of your's; who was one of the greateſt, and yet (by a fate peculiarly ſtrange) one of the obſcureſt men, whom this iſland ever produced: I mean, Mr. Baxter, the metaphyſician, who dedicated the 3d volume of his

chief work to you. I have a very cogent reaſon, for wiſhing to acquire authentic and exact information of the times and places of his birth and death; and of ſuch other principal circumſtances, as may merely ſuffice to perpetuate the out-lines of his perſonal hiſtory: which, in point of diffuſiveneſs, need not be more prolix, than is the letter I now addreſs to you. I am, &c.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER LXXV.

To the Rev. Dr. PRIESTLEY.

Knightſbridge, Jan. 20, 1778.

I AM much your debtor, ſir, for your late polite favour from Calne: but, eſpecially, for the obliging preſent of your Diſquiſitions concerning Matter and Spirit; and of the Appendix, concerning Neceſſity. I have read them, with great attention: and, as you condeſcend to requeſt my opinion of thoſe ingenious pieces; you ſhall have it, with the moſt tranſparent unreſerve.

I need not ſay any thing, as to the article of neceſſity: becauſe you well know, that I have the honour to coincide, almoſt entirely, with your own view of that great ſubject. Permit me, however, to aſk, *en paſſant*, in what part of any printed work of mine, I "ſeem to think that the torments of hell will not be eternal?" You yourſelf, dear ſir, I doubt not, will, on a calm review, be the firſt to condemn your own temerity, in having publicly advanced a conjecture totally unwarranted on my part: and I am equally diſpoſed to believe, that this will be the laſt liberty of the kind, which you will venture to take=

take either with me, or with any other man. You muſt be ſenſible, that not a word, on the nature or the duration of future puniſhment, ever paſt between you and me, either in writing, or in perſonal converſe. Conſequently, you muſt be entirely unacquainted with my ideas of that awful ſubject: and, as ſuch, was totally unqualified to advance the inſinuation, of which I have ſuch juſt reaſon to complain.

With regard to your "Diſquiſitions," &c. I would obſerve,

1. That I can ſubſcribe to no more than to one moiety of them. I ſtill conſider materialiſm, as equally abſurd in itſelf, and atheiſtical in its tendency.

But, 2. The peruſal of your book gave me no ſurpriſe; becauſe I have, for a conſiderable time paſt, viewed you as a ſecret materialiſt: whoſe favourite principle, like the workings of a ſubterraneous fire, would, at laſt, break forth into open birth.

3. Nor has this publication leſſened, in the ſmalleſt degree, my reſpect and eſteem for its author. You have a right, to think for yourſelf; and to publiſh the reſult of your thoughts, to the world. If my own brother was of a different judgment, as to this point, I ſhould ſet him down for an enemy to the indefeaſible prerogatives of human nature.

4. I revere and admire real probity, wherever I ſee it. Artifice, duplicity, and diſguiſe, I cannot away with. Tranſparency is, in my opinion, the firſt and the moſt valuable of all ſocial virtues. Let a man's principles be black as hell, it matters not to me, ſo he have but integrity to appear exactly what he is. Give me the perſon, whom I can hold up, as I can a piece of chryſtal, and ſee through him. For this, among many other excellencies, I regard and admire Dr. Prieſtley.

5. I muſt acknowledge, ſir, that, in the foregoing part of your "Diſquiſitions," you throw no ſmall

quantity of light on the nature of matter at large. My apprehenſions, concerning viſible ſubſtance, are, in ſeveral important reſpects, corrected and improved, by your maſterly obſervations on that ſubject. I wiſh you had ſtopt at matter, which you evidently do underſtand, and better, perhaps, than any other philoſopher on earth; and not meddled with ſpirit, whoſe acquaintance, it is very plain, you have not cultivated with equal aſſiduity.

6. Biſhop Berkeley tells me, that I am all ſpirit, without a ſingle particle of matter belonging to me. Dr. Prieſtley, on the other head, contends, that I am all body, untenanted and unanimated by any immaterial ſubſtance within. Put theſe two theories together, and what will be the product? That my ſum total, and that of every other man, amounts to juſt nothing at all, I have neither body, nor ſoul. I have no ſort of exiſtence whatever.—Here it may be alledged, "That the two ſyſtems cannot be thrown together, as being totally incompatible." I anſwer: Why may not biſhop Berkeley's word go as far as Dr. Prieſtley's; and the doctor's as far as the biſhop's? Though, when all is done, the beſt way, in my opinion, is, to ceaſe from both, and to believe neither.

7. The arguments, for abſolute and univerſal materialiſm, drawn (or, rather, pretendedly drawn) from rational and philoſophic ſources, appear, to me, prodigiouſly forced, lame, and inconcluſive. And, if we take Scripture into the account, not all the ſubtilty nor all the violence of criticiſm will ever be able to eſtabliſh your ſyſtem on that ground. What wretched work do you yourſelf make, with thoſe few texts, which you venture to quote and ſtrive to obviate, wherein *plenâ & primâ facie*, man is ſpoken of, as a being compounded of matter and ſpirit!

Can you bear this plain dealing? If you can, give me your hand. And I moſt heartily wiſh, that all, who differ from you, and eſpecially that all who may

may commence your public antagoniſts, may treat you, as I ever deſire to do, with the reſpect due to your virtues and your talents.

How is your health? Beware of too cloſe application, and of too intenſe exertions of mind. I, for my own part, can moſt heartily ſubſcribe to theſe remarks of the apocryphal writer: "The thoughts of mortal men are miſerable, and our devices are but uncertain. For the corruptible body preſſeth down the ſoul, and the earthy tabernacle weigheth down the mind that muſeth on many things. Hardly do we gueſs aright, at things that are upon earth; and with labour do we find the things that are before us: but the things which are in heaven, who hath ſearched out? And thy counſel who hath known, except thou give wiſdom, and ſend thy Holy Spirit from above?"—May that Holy Spirit, ſhining on his written word, and ſhining into our hearts, be a light to the paths of the much-eſteemed friend, to whom I am writing; and the paths of his

obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER LXXVI.

To Mrs. Fowler.

Knightſbridge, Feb. 20, 1778.

Dear Madam,

KNOWING that the officious zeal of numerous viſitants, however well-meant, occaſions more trouble than relief, during the firſt impreſſions that reſult from ſo trying a diſpenſation, as that, under which God is now exerciſing you; I, for this reaſon, wave preſenting you with my perſonal condolences,

and requeſt yourſelf and your amiable family to accept my written reſpects.

You and your's are deeply on my heart, before the mercy-ſeat. Has the Holy Spirit yet brought you to that point, whither faith invariably tends, and in which it will always ultimately reſt? viz. "It is the Lord. Let him do, as ſeemeth him good." That your huſband's God is and will be your God, even to the end, and without end, I believe, with the fulleſt aſſurance. May he likewiſe be the God of all your offspring! It is a great, an unſpeakably great thing, to be born again. How far that moſt momentous work has taken place on their ſouls, I know not. But may they ever tread in the religious footſteps of their deſervedly honoured father; and never forget, that the ſame bleſſed and triumphant conſolations which enlivened his laſt hours, will alſo felicitate their lives, and brighten their deaths, if effectual grace render them partakers of like precious faith, with him, in the righteouſneſs of our God and Saviour.

The preſence of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt be with you all. Remember, that "Your Maker is your huſband:" an huſband, who never dies, and who changes not.—My kindeſt and moſt ſympathiſing reſpects attend the two young ladies, and both the gentlemen. Adieu, until I have an opportunity of aſſuring you, by word of mouth, how much

I am, &c.

Auguſtus Toplady.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVII.

To Mr. Hussey.

Broad-Hembury, March 19, 1778.

Very Dear Sir,

THE hoſpitable kindneſs of my old friend at Saliſbury, detained me in that place, until Monday laſt; in the afternoon of which day I ſat forward for my own pariſh, and arrived here on Tueſday.

I cannot boaſt of any great effects, produced by the journey and by change of air. If my hoarſeneſs abates, my cough comes on, with redoubled violence; and, if my cough grows favourable, the hoarſeneſs returns. But welcome, ten thouſand times welcome, the whole will of God. I truſt, his ſpirit has begun to render me paſſive in his bleſſed hand, and to turn me as clay to the ſeal. I am enabled to be more than reſigned: I am thankful for his every diſpenſation, knowing them to be all ordered in faithfulneſs and love.

I was unable to preach, while at Saliſbury; and begin to apprehend, that I muſt not attempt to preach at my own Church, here, next Sunday. But though ſuch abſolute uſeleſſneſs is the moſt afflictive part of my preſent viſitation; yet, even this I can leave with God my Saviour, who is the governing head of his family, both in heaven and earth, and orders all things well.

It is ſtill my hope, and my intention, to return to town, in the courſe of next week. I am to have a ſale of my furniture in my houſe here on Monday and Tueſday next; and, I truſt, the whole of that buſineſs will be accompliſhed in thoſe two days, without detaining me longer. But, if otherwiſe, may I not venture to defer my return, until Monday the 30th, or Tueſday the 31ſt, of this preſent month? I

am never fond of worldly buſineſs, and am now particularly diſqualified for managing it well: but when once undertaken, I deem it my duty to go through with it, in the beſt manner I am able.

Dear Mrs. Huſſey, yourſelf, and all the flock of Chriſt who worſhip with us at Orange-ſtreet, are much and deeply on my heart. And if I, a ſinful dying worm, feel ſuch glowing affection for the people of God: oh, with what intenſeneſs muſt the Almighty Father love thoſe whom he ordained to eternal life, before all worlds; and whom he gave to his Son to ſave, and for whom he gave up the Son himſelf to the death of the croſs! How aſtoniſhingly, alſo, muſt Jeſus have loved his people, when he conſented to diſcharge their two-fold debt of perfect obedience and penal ſuffering! And how are they loved by the moſt holy and bleſſed ſpirit of grace, who converts, comforts, ſanctifies, and ſeals them to the day of redemption!

May that three-fold love, the three-fold cord that can never be broken, be the preſent and eternal rejoicing of my much valued Mr. and Mrs. Huſſey, and of their

Obliged and affectionate ſervant,

Auguſtus Toplady.

P. S. I hope you had my letter from Sarum, dated the 11th inſtant. It would rejoice me to have one from you.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To Mr. HUSSEY.

EVER DEAR SIR,

GOD's good providence brought me hither, yeſterday, early in the afternoon, quite unfatigued by my journey, and rejoicing in ſpirit before him. It

It can hardly be expected, that ſo ſhort a time ſhould have any very ſalutary effect, on complaints ſo fixed as mine: my voice, however, has been much better to-day, than for three weeks paſt.

My mind is quite at reſt. All my affairs, reſpecting both this world and a better, are completely ſettled. My ſalvation was provided for, in the covenant of grace, from all eternity, and ſealed by the finiſhed redemption of my adorable Saviour. My temporal buſineſs is all ſettled to my ſatisfaction, by the completion of my laſt will and teſtament, before I left London. So that I have, at preſent, nothing to do, but to ſing in the ways of the Lord, that great are the glory and the goodneſs of the Lord.

I am uncertain, whether I ſhall ſee Broad-Hembury, late in this week, or early in the next. When you favour and oblige me with a line, be ſo good as to direct to me, ſimply, at Broad-Hembury, Honiton.

As an old friend, whom I have not ſeen for many years, has, juſt now, called at Dr. Baker's, in order to ſee me, I am obliged to be very conciſe. I ſhall depend, if the Lord permit, on hearing from you, when I am in Devonſhire. And it gives me great happineſs, to be able to inform you, that I fully deſign, with the leave of my heavenly Father, to be in town again, before the laſt Sunday in this month. God only can tell, how deeply my Chriſtian friends, and the dear people at Orange-ſtreet, in particular, dwell upon my heart. May they pray for me, as I alſo for them. Remember me, moſt kindly and reſpectfully, to dear Mrs. Huſſey, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, of Weſtminſter, and all others who condeſcend to enquire after the meaneſt of my Lord's redeemed ſinners. I have not room to mention a quarter of the perſons, by name, whom I love in the Lord: but all our names are written on his breaſt.

Adieu, dear ſir,

I am, deeply and ever your's,

Auguſtus Toplady.

AN ANSWER

To the following Question.

"*Whether popular Applauſe can yield ſolid Satisfaction to a truly great Mind?*"

REAL greatneſs of mind includes whatever is noble, worthy, and exalted: of courſe, independency is eſſential to it. If the poſtulatum be granted (and I ſee not how it can be denied) the next inquiry will be, whether a perſon, whoſe ſatisfaction, in whole or in part, is ſuſpended on the applauſe of others, can be called an independent man? If he may, it would follow, that greedineſs of popularity does not infer dependence; if he cannot, it will follow, that a perſon, who drudges for popular applauſe, is not poſſeſſed of a truly great mind. Add to this, that all motives to public uſefulneſs, which ariſe from principles merely ſelfiſh, are very far from being indicatory of magnanimity. This exalted quality, ſoaring ſuperior to all the little arts of ſelf-recommendation and perſonal aggrandizement, ſhuts ſelf out of the queſtion: and regards only the welfare of others, not their praiſe. Thus, for inſtance, a truly patriotic ſtateſman, or a truly conſcientious miniſter of Chriſt, aims, not at the evanid applauſe, but at the ſolid benefit, of thoſe for whom he labours: nay; one, actuated by theſe elevated views, would, to ſerve mankind ſubſtantially, even run the riſque of doing good to them againſt their wills, though he was ſure of ſuffering in their eſtimation for doing it. Such diſintereſted benevolence, and ſuch heroic beneficence, are as ſhining and concluſive marks, as can be given, for a mind truly great.

Beſides,

Beſides, it puts a truly magnanimous man on too low and deſpicable a footing, to ſuppoſe him capable of ſinking into the meaneſt of all purſuits, by commencing an angler for fame, and building any part of his mental happineſs on the unſtable baſis of popular breath. A really great perſon, does not live, as the cameleon has been vulgarly ſuppoſed to do, on air: but on that which will yield ſure and ſolid ſupport, when every exterior happineſs fails. The ſenſe of divine favour; univerſal and diſintereſted love to mankind; uncorrupt intention; and integrity of action; in a word, the men's *conſcia recti*; are what conſtitute the felicity of one who deſerves the name of man. Add to this, that real magnanimity is abſolutely inconſiſtent with pride. Of all vices, pride is the meaneſt, and the moſt truly contemptible. But pride is the very baſis of that wretched ambition which terminates in the affectation of applauſe; conſequently, a mind truly great, cannot degenerate into this inverted ambition; unleſs meanneſs and magnanimity are terms ſynonymous. That juſt praiſe, which uſually attends characters and actions truly great and good, is a deſerved conſequence of thoſe actions, but ought not to be the motive to performing them. Depraved as mankind are, I yet hope and believe that we have many uſeful perſons, both in the learned, civil, and religious world, who diſdain ſo baſe a principle of action: and that the love of fame is a paſſion not quite ſo univerſal as a late ingenious ſatiriſt imagined. The love of truth, the love of beneficence, and the love of juſtice; or, in other words, the love of God, and the love of man; are the predominant and exciting principles, in every breaſt, which genuine greatneſs warms. I would mention one argument more.

The mind, whoſe ſatisfaction is at all founded on popular eclat, muſt be, in itſelf, extremely fickle; and a mere Proteus, ready, on every occaſion, to vary its determinations, and to ſhape its meaſures, according to the mutability of the multitude, in order

der to preſerve the applauſe already gained. A perſon under the unhappy influence of ſo baſe and paltry a paſſion, muſt alter with the times, and ſwim with the ſtream, right or wrong; and, like the cameleon juſt mentioned, aſſume any colour next him; for fear of loſing that eſtimation, which his paſt compliances had acquired him. Now, a truly great man can never be a voluntary ſlave: but the man whoſe leading paſſion is love of praiſe, makes himſelf a voluntary ſlave for life: therefore, it is impoſſible for one, under ſo deſpicable a bias, to be a truly great man. To deſcend from argument, to plain matter of fact. If any perſon doubts whether popular applauſe be that unſatisfactory thing which I have deſcribed it, he need only go a few miles out of town, to a place called Hayes: and there he will ſee, with his own eyes, that popular applauſe, however it may tickle a man's vanity for a while, will, if he has not ſomething more ſolid for his mind to feed on, leave him, ſooner or later, miſerable, contemptible, and unſatisfied. I know but of one truly great man, who was a profeſſed lover of popular applauſe; and that was the illuſtrious Cicero: but it ſhould be remembered, that that conſummate ſtateſman, patriot, and philoſopher, flouriſhed in the very dregs of the Roman commonwealth; when public virtue, and public liberty (which will always, at the long run, ſtand or fall together) were expiring. At ſuch a time, to love Cicero, and to love virtue, to love Cicero and to love liberty, were the ſame thing. Of this, that moſt accompliſhed man could not but be conſcious: and it may be, he was ambitious of popular eſtimation, at the critical time, in hopes of being able, by the credit he ſought and deſerved, to give an happy turn to the public affairs, and make the ſcale preponderate in favour of his ſinking country: all which, he well knew, it would be impoſſible for him to effect, by any counſels he could give, or any meaſures he could take, unleſs he could previouſly ſecure the approbation of the people he wiſh-

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ed to ſave: ſo that Cicero's unbounded thirſt of praiſe ſeems to have ariſen purely and ſolely from the love he bore to the nobleſt republic that ever ſubſiſted: and he coveted popularity, not for his own ſake, or for any ſolid ſatisfaction it yielded to himſelf as an individual; but, as matters then ſtood, he conſidered the acquiſition of univerſal eſteem, as the medium to his country's welfare, and the only poſſible expedient which could retrieve it from the ruin which then threatened, and with which it was ſoon after actually overwhelmed, notwithſtanding the manifold and almoſt ſupernatural efforts of that great man to avert the blow.—Or, even ſuppoſing that Cicero, with all his philoſophy and virtue, had ſome remains of vanity in him, which he ſought to gratify, by ſtanding a perpetual candidate for praiſe, (which, however, his character and conduct in all other reſpects, forbid us to believe); yet, even on this hypotheſis, it would not follow, that "popular applauſe can yield ſolid ſatisfaction to a truly great mind." For the gratification of vanity is one thing; ſatisfaction of mind is another. Vanity may be qualified, and yet the mind go unſatisfied: and *vice verſa*. Beſides, were it otherwiſe, we are not to adopt the foibles even of a great man, for they are ſoils and blemiſhes, in what character ſoever they are found. Though, for reaſons already hinted, I cannot perſuade myſelf, that Cicero's was mere love of praiſe: it had the nobleſt of motives, and was directed to the beſt of ends. It was founded on love to his country, and a paſſionate ardour for her preſervation. But, admitting the reverſe to be probable, it would not follow, that becauſe Cicero, the moſt ſhining perſon heathen antiquity has to boaſt of, deſerved, and, from conſciouſneſs of that deſert (which we could not juſtly wonder at, in one who had not the advantage of goſpel revelation to humble him) coveted applauſe; that therefore others have a right to claim the ſame privilege, ſince, Cicero was ſo tranſcendent and peculiar a character,

that

that what was lawful for him to conſpire to, would be inexcuſable in the reſt of mankind. For though ſucceeding ages will, without doubt, give many millions of men to the world; yet, poſſibly, no age nor country will ever produce a ſecond Cicero.

AN ANSWER

TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION.

"*Whether an Highwayman or a cheating Tradeſman, is the honeſter Perſon?*"

I Suppoſe, moſt perſons will allow, that plain dealing is one very important branch of honeſty. Taking this for granted, the next enquiry will be, who is the plain dealer? The highwayman, who openly avows his deſign, and ſays to you, frankly and above-board, your money or your life! Or the ſharking, ſhuffling tradeſman, who, in a ſly clandeſtine manner, abuſes the confidence you repoſe in him, and cheats you, under the fictitious appearance of a fair dealer? Is not ſuch a perſon, as much a robber, to all intents and purpoſes, as the man who privily ſteals any part of your property out of your dwelling-houſe, or takes it from you by force on the highway?

Mutual confidence, ſuch as is ſuppoſed to obtain between buyer and ſeller, is one main band of ſociety: and every illicit practice, that tends to render that confidence precarious, is a ſtep toward diſſolving thoſe ſocial connections, of which reciprocal confidence is the baſis. Here, again, I apprehend, the ſcale turns in favour of the highwayman. When he preſents his piſtol at the coach-window (or, it may be, ſomething that looks like one, merely to inſpire terror, without even a poſſibility

lity of doing real miſchief), he gives you your alternative; he lets you know what you have to expect, in caſe of refuſal. You are not betrayed under a pretext of honeſty, but expreſsly left to your own option, whether you will reſign your purſe, or ſtand to the conſequence. I grant this to be a breach of the peace, and a breach of integrity: but then it is an open, declared one; and you know what you have to do. And, let it be a breach of what it will beſide, it is plainly no breach of truſt: confidence is utterly diſavowed on both ſides: and therefore, though forced to part with ſome of your money, in order to ſecure your perſonal ſafety (and he, I think, is a fool who would not), yet you are not cheated of it. And though force of this kind, if univerſal, would be no leſs ſubverſive of ſociety, than fraud; yet, ſince, by the care of the legiſlature, inſtances of the former are infinitely fewer than inſtances of the latter; going on the highway is not, upon the whole, and as matters now ſtand, either ſo general an evil, or ſo pernicious to the community, as cheating behind a counter.

Add, to all this, that, when I exchange my money for ſome certain commodity in lieu of it, I juſtly expect, and my tradeſman profeſſes to let me have, an equitable equivalent for the money ſo paid. But, if, inſtead of ſuch an equivalent, there is, in reality, no due proportion between the price I pay, and the article I purchaſe; I am as much robbed by that inſidious ſaleſman, as if he was to ſtop me on Hounſlow Heath. I mean not to juſtify the gentlemen of the road. I am truly ſenſible, that before a perſon can take that deſperate and unlawful method of repairing his fortune, he muſt have bid adieu to virtue and be loſt to principle; we are not now exculpating villainy, but only weighing and comparing it.

In common life, it is uſual to diſtinguiſh between theft and robbery. But I apprehend, theſe, though nominally

nominally and circumſtantially different, are, in fact, one and the ſame.

The man, who unjuſtly deprives another of his property, robs him: and there are but two ways of doing this; either privately or publicly. But, in this caſe, the thing itſelf ſuffers very great alteration, from the mode of doing it. I therefore ſet down the unfair tradeſman, and the profeſt highwayman, for robbers. Only, one conducts his ſcheme in an open manner; the other adds treachery to diſhoneſty. Robbery is robbery, either way: if there is any difference, it ſeems to conſiſt in this: that robbery on the public road, is robbery barefaced; whereas, robbery in a ſhop, is robbery diſguiſed: which only makes it a worſe ſpecies of the ſame genus.

One thing more deſerves conſideration. There have been inſtances of men who have robbed others on the highway, and, ſome years after, ſent the perſons, they robbed, anonymous letters, including Bank bills to more than the amount of what they took: thus repaying, with intereſt, what they had formerly borrowed on the Heath. But I never yet heard of a cheating tradeſman who made the ſame return to the cuſtomers he had defrauded: and, indeed, if a tradeſman of that ſtamp was, afterwards, to act on this noble principle of recoiling integrity, he would have enough to do, and, after all his unjuſt gains, have little or nothing to bequeath to his own family. However, as the inſtances, of reimburſing the party robbed are rare; and as general concluſions cannot be formed from particular premiſes, I lay no great ſtreſs on the laſt obſervation: but for the reaſons alledged before, I muſt, and do give it as my opinion, that though the cheating tradeſman, and the highway robber are both rogues, and great ones; yet that, upon the whole, the highwayman is the honeſter rogue of the two. And as, of two evils, prudence bids us chuſe the leaſt; ſo, of two villains, juſtice tells us, that the leaſt is to be preferred.

POEMS

POEMS

ON

SACRED SUBJECTS,

WHEREIN THE

Fundamental Doctrines of Chriſtianity,

WITH

MANY OTHER INTERESTING POINTS,
are occaſionally introduced.

Written between Fifteen and Eighteen Years of Age.

En, ſanctos Manibus punſet ſumeret
Ignes Veſtatem ſe Muſa facit; bene libera
Curis Libera Deliciiſque, Jociſque & Amore profano.

The PREFACE.

THE following Pieces are not recommended to the patronage of the Public, on account of any excellency in themſelves, but merely for the importance of their ſubjects: for, however defective the ſuperſtructure may be, its foundation is unqueſtionably good. All the doctrines here advanced, deducing their authority from the Sacred Scriptures, and their faithful epitome, the Homilies, and Articles of the eſtabliſhed Church.

That the dignity of truths ſo momentous, might be impaired as little as poſſible by the manner of expreſſing them, they are often introduced in the very words of the inſpired Writers, and our venerable Reformers; as every reader, who is intimate with the invaluable Books juſt mentioned, cannot fail of obſerving.

Since all the eſſentials of religion are compriſed in theſe two, ſound faith, and a ſuitable courſe of obedience, every thing that may give offence to Chriſtians diſſenting from each other in points merely indifferent, is ſtudiouſly avoided, and no particular tenets any where ſtruck at, except one or two, which apparently tend to invalidate the authority of Revelation, and, by conſequence, to ſubvert the whole ſyſtem of Chriſtianity.

The Author wiſhes it was in his power to do juſtice to the ſublime doctrines here treated of; but, until death is ſwallowed up in victory, the glorious privileges and ineffable benefits redounding to believers from the manifeſtation of God in the fleſh, cannot be perfectly conceived, much leſs properly expreſſed.

Leſt a continued ſameneſs ſhould pall, and want of method confuſe the reader, the metre is occa-

ſionally varied, and the whole preſents itſelf to his view, digeſted as follows:

I. Petitionary Hymns.
II. Hymns of Praiſe.
III. Paraphraſes on ſome Select Portions of Holy Writ.
IV. A few Pieces occaſioned by the Death of Friends. And,

Laſtly, ſeveral Pieces, not properly referable to any of the preceding Heads, thrown together by way of Appendix.

PETITIONARY HYMNS.

Te Mente purâ & ſimplici
Te Voce te Cantu pio,
Rogare curvato genu,
Flendo & canendo diſcimus. PRUDENTIUS.

"Oratio eſt Oris Ratio, per quam intimæ Cordis
Noſtri manifeſtamus Deo."

POEM I.

1 REFINING Fuller, make me clean,
On me thy coſtly pearl beſtow:
Thou art thyſelf the pearl I prize,
The only joy I ſeek below.
2 Diſperſe the clouds that damp my ſoul,
And make my heart unfit for thee:
Caſt me not off, but ſeal me now
Thine own peculiar property.
3 Look on the wounds of Chriſt for me,
My ſentence graciouſly reprieve:
Extend thy peaceful ſceptre, Lord,
And bid the dying traitor live.
4 Tho' I've tranſgreſs'd the rules preſcrib'd,
And dar'd the juſtice I adore,
Yet let thy ſmiling mercy ſay,
Depart in peace, and ſin no more.

POEM II. *At entering into the Church.*

1 FATHER of love, to thee I bend
My heart, and lift mine eyes;
O let my pray'r and praiſe aſcend
As odours to the ſkies.
2 Thy pard'ning voice I come to hear,
To know thee as thou art:

Thy miniſters can reach the ear,
But thou muſt touch the heart.
3 O ſtamp me in thy heav'nly mould,
And grant thy word apply'd
May bring forth fruit an hundred fold
And ſpeak me juſtify'd.

POEM III. *When Service is ended.*

1 LORD, let me not thy courts depart,
Nor quit thy mercy-ſeat,
Before I feel thee in my heart,
And there the Saviour meet.
2 Water the ſeed in weakneſs ſown,
And ever more improve;
Make me a garden of thine own,
May ev'ry flow'r be love!
3 O ſend my ſoul in peace away;
For both my Lord hath bought:
And let my heart, exulting, ſay,
I've found the pearl I ſought!

POEM IV. *For the Morning.*

1 JESUS, by whoſe grace I live,
From the fear of evil kept,
Thou haſt lengthen'd my reprieve,
Held in being while I ſlept.
With the day my heart renew;
Let me wake thy will to do.
2 Since the laſt revolving dawn
Scatter'd the nocturnal cloud,
O how many ſouls have gone,
Unprepar'd, to meet their God!
Yet thou doſt prolong my breath,
Nor haſt ſeal'd my eyes in death.
3 O that I may keep thy word,
Taught by thee to watch and pray!
To thy ſervice, deareſt Lord,
Sanctify th' preſent day:

Swift it's fleeting moments haſte:
Doom'd, perhaps, to be my laſt.
4 Crucify'd to all below,
Earth ſhall never be my care;
Wealth and honour I forego,
This my only wiſh and care,
Thine in life and death to be,
Now and to eternity.

POEM V, *For the Evening.*

1 GOD of love, whoſe truth and grace
Reach unbounded as the ſkies,
Hear thy creature's feeble praiſe,
Let my ev'ning ſacrifice
Mount as incenſe to thy throne,
On the merits of thy Son.
2 Me thy Providence has led
Through another buſy day:
Over me thy wings were ſpread,
Chaſing ſin and death away:
Thou haſt been my faithful ſhield,
Thou my footſteps haſt upheld.
3 Tho' the ſable veil of night
Hides the cheering face of heav'n,
Let me triumph in the ſight
Of my guilt in thee forgiv'n.
In my heart the witneſs feel,
See the great inviſible.
4 I will lay me down to ſleep,
Sweetly take my reſt in thee,
Ev'ry moment brought a ſtep
Nearer to eternity:
I ſhall ſoon from earth aſcend,
Quickly reach my journey's end.
5 All my ſins imputed were
To my dear, incarnate God;
Bury'd in his grave they are,
Drown'd in his atoning blood;

Me thou wilt not now condemn,
Righteous and compleat in him.
6 In the Saviour's right I claim
All the bleſſings he hath bought;
For my ſoul the dying Lamb
Hath a full redemption wrought;
Heaven through his deſert is mine;
Chriſt's I am, and Chriſt is thine!

POEM VI. *There is Mercy with Thee.*

1 LORD, ſhould'ſt thou weigh my righteouſneſs,
Or mark what I have done amiſs,
How ſhould thy ſervant ſtand?
Tho' others might, yet ſurely I
Muſt hide my face, nor dare to cry
For mercy at thy hand.
2 But thou art loth thy bolts to ſhoot;
Backward and ſlow to execute
The vengeance due to me:
Thou doſt not willingly reprove,
For all the mild effects of love
Are center'd, Lord, in thee.
3 Shine, then, thou all ſubduing light,
The powers of darkneſs put to flight,
Nor from me ever part:
From earth to heaven be thou my guide,
And O, above each gift beſide,
Give me an upright heart.

POEM VII. *In Sickneſs.*

1 JESUS, ſince I with thee am one,
Confirm my ſoul in thee,
And ſtill continue to tread down
The man of ſin in me.
2 Let not the ſubtle foe prevail
In this my feeble hour:
Fruſtrate all the hopes of hell,
Redeem from Satan's pow'r.

3 Arm me, O Lord, from head to foot
With righteouſneſs divine;
My ſoul in Jeſus firmly root,
And ſeal the Saviour mine.

4 Proportion'd to my pains below,
O let my joys increaſe,
And mercy to my ſpirit flow
In healing ſtreams of peace.

5 In life and death be thou my God,
And I am more than ſafe:
Chaſtis'd by thy paternal rod,
Support me with thy ſtaff.

6 Lay on me, Saviour, what thou wilt,
But give me ſtrength to bear:
Thy gracious hand this croſs hath dealt,
Which cannot be ſevere.

7 As gold refin'd may I come out,
In ſorrow's furnace try'd;
Preſerv'd from faithleſſneſs and doubt,
And fully purify'd.

8 When, overwhelm'd with ſore diſtreſs,
Out of the pit I cry,
On Jeſus ſuffering in my place
Help me to fix mine eye.

9 When * marr'd with tears and blood and ſweat,
The glorious ſufferer lay,
And in my ſtead, ſuſtain'd the heat
And burthen of the day.

10 The pangs which my weak nature knows
Are ſwallow'd up in thine:
How numberleſs thy pond'rous woes!
How few, how light are mine!

11 O might I learn of thee to bear
Temptation, pain and loſs!
Give me an heart inur'd to prayer,
And fitted to the croſs.

* Referring to his Agony in the Garden.

12 Make

Make me, O Lord, thy patient ſon;
Thy language mine ſhall be:
"Father, thy gracious will be done,
I take the cup from thee."
3 While thus my ſoul is fixt on him
Once faſten'd to the wood,
Safe ſhall I paſs through Jordan's ſtream,
And reach the realms of God.
14 And when my ſoul mounts up to keep
With thee the marriage feaſt,
I ſhall not die, but fall aſleep
On my Redeemer's breaſt.

POEM VIII. *John* xiv. 17. *He dwelleth with you, and ſhall be in you.*

1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quick'ning ſpirit give,
The unction from above;
Shew me, Lord, how good thou art,
My ſoul with all thy fullneſs fill:
Send the witneſs, in my heart
The Holy Ghoſt reveal.
2 Dead in ſin 'till then I lie,
Bereft of pow'r, to riſe;
'Till thy ſpirit inwardly
Thy ſaving blood applies:
Now the mighty gift impart,
My ſin eraſe, my pardon ſeal;
Send the witneſs, in my heart
The Holy Ghoſt reveal.
3 Bleſſed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my ev'ry deed thine own,
In all things led by thee:
Bid my ev'ry luſt depart,
And with me O vouchſafe to dwell;
Faithful witneſs, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

4 Let me in thy love rejoice,
Thy ſhrine, thy pure abode;
Tell me, by thine inward voice,
That I'm a child of God:
Lord, I chuſe the better part,
Jeſus, I wait thy peace to feel;
Send the witneſs, in my heart
The Holy Ghoſt reveal.
5 Whom the world cannot receive,
O manifeſt in me:
Son of God, I ceaſe to live,
Unleſs I live in thee.
Now impute thy whole deſert,
Reſtore the joy from which I fell:
Breathe the witneſs, in my heart
The Holy Ghoſt reveal.

POEM IX. *On War.*

1 GREAT God, whom heav'n and earth and ſea,
With all their countleſs hoſts, obey,
Upheld by whom the nations ſtand,
And empires fall at thy command:
2 Beneath thy long ſuſpended ire
Let papal Antichriſt expire;
Thy knowledge ſpread from ſea to ſea,
'Till ev'ry nation bows to thee.
3 Then ſhew thyſelf the prince of peace,
Make ev'ry hoſtile efforts ceaſe;
All with thy ſacred love inſpire,
And burn their chariots in the fire.
4 In ſunder break each warlike ſpear;
Let all the Saviour's liv'ry wear;
The univerſal Sabbath prove,
The utmoſt reſt of Chriſtian love!
5 The world ſhall then no diſcord know,
But hand in hand to Canaan go,
Jeſus, the peaceful king ado
And learn the art of war no more.

POEM X.

POEM X. *Desiring to be given up to God.*

1 O THAT my heart was right with thee,
And lov'd thee with a perfect love!
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove!
Jesus remove th' impending load,
And set my soul on fire for God!

2 Thou seest I dwell in awful night
Until thou in my heart appear;
Kindle the flame, O Lord, and light
Thine everlasting candle there:
Thy presence puts the shadows by;
If thou art gone, how dark am I!

3 Ah! Lord, how should thy servant see,
Unless thou give me seeing eyes?
Well may I fall, if out of thee;
If out of thee, how should I rise?
I wander, Lord, without thy aid,
And lose my way in midnight's shade.

4 Thy bright, unerring light afford,
A light that gives the sinner hope;
And from the house of bondage, Lord,
O bring the weary captive up;
Thine hand alone can set me free,
And reach my pardon out to me.

5 O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down;
With eye-salve, Lord, anoint the blind,
And seal me thine adopted son:
A fallen, helpless creature take,
And heir of thy salvation make.

POEM XI. *Mat.* viii. 25. *Lord, save us, we perish.*

1 PILOT of the soul, awake,
Save us for thy mercies sake;
Now rebuke the angry deep,
Save, O save thy sinking ship!

2 Stand

Stand at the helm, our veſſel ſteer,
Mighty on our ſide appear;
Saviour, teach us to deſcry
Where the rocks and quickſands lie.
The waves ſhall impotently roll,
If thou'rt the anchor of the ſoul:
At thy word the winds ſhall ceaſe,
Storms be huſh'd to perfect peace.
Be thou our haven of retreat,
A rock to fix our wav'ring feet;
Teach us to own thy ſov'reign ſway,
Whom the winds and ſeas obey.

POEM XII. *O that my Ways were made ſo direct, &c.*

O THAT my ways were made ſo ſtrait,
And that the lamp of faith
Would, as a ſtar, direct my feet
Within the narrow path!
O that thy ſtrength might enter now,
And in my heart abide,
To make me as a faithful bow
That never ſtarts aſide!
O that I all to Chriſt were giv'n,
(From ſin and earth ſet free)
Who kindly laid aſide his heav'n,
And gave himſelf for me!
Not more the panting hart deſires
The cool refreſhing ſtream,
Than my dry, thirſty ſoul aſpires
At being one with him.
Set up thine image in my heart;
Thy temple let me be,
Bid every idol now depart
That fain would rival thee.
Still keep me in the heav'nly path;
Beſtow the inward light;
And lead me by the hand till faith
Is ripen'd into ſight.

POEM XIII.

POEM XIII.

1 FATHER, to thee in Chriſt I fly,
What tho' my ſins of crimſon dye
For thy reſentment call?
My crimes he did on Calv'ry bear,
The blood that flow'd for ſinners there
Shall cleanſe me from them all.

2 Spirit divine, thy pow'r bring in,
O raiſe me from this depth of ſin,
Take off my guilty load:
Now let me live through Jeſus's death,
And being juſtified by faith,
May I have peace with God!

3 Foul as I am, deſerving hell,
Thou can'ſt not from thy throne repel
A ſoul that leans on God:
My ſins, at thy command, ſhall be
Caſt as a ſtone into the ſea——
The ſea of Jeſu's blood.

POEM XIV.

1 SUPREME high prieſt, the pilgrim's light,
My heart for thee prepare,
Thine image ſtamp, and deeply write
Thy ſuperſcription there.

2 Ah! let my forehead bear thy ſeal,
My arm thy badge retain,
My heart the inward witneſs feel
That I am born again!

3 Thy peace, O Saviour, ſhed abroad,
That ev'ry want ſupplies:
Then from its guilt my ſoul, renew'd,
Shall, phœnix like, ariſe.

4 Into thy humble manſion come,
Set up thy dwelling here:
Poſſeſs my heart, and leave no room
For ſin to harbour there.

5 Ah,

5 Ah! give me, Lord, the ſingle eye,
Which aims at nought but thee:
I fain would live, and yet not I——
Let Jeſus live in me.
6 Like Noah's dove, no reſt I find
But in thy ark of peace:
Thy croſs the balance of my mind,
Thy wounds my hiding-place.
7 In vain the tempter ſpreads the ſnare,
If thou my keeper art:
Get thee behind me, God is near,
My Saviour takes my part!
8 On him my ſpirit I recline,
Who put my nature on;
His light ſhall in my darkneſs ſhine,
And guide me to his throne.
9 O that the penetrating ſight,
And eagle's eye were mine!
Undazzled at the boundleſs light,
I'd ſee his glory ſhine!
10 Ev'n now, by faith, I ſee him live
To crown the conqu'ring few;
Nor let me linger here, but ſtrive
To gain the prize in view.
11 Add, Saviour, to the eagle's eye,
The dove's aſpiring wing,
To bear me upwards to the ſky,
Thy praiſes there to ſing!

POEM XV. *Self Dedication.*

1 JESUS, my Saviour, fill my heart
With nothing elſe but thee;
Now thy ſaving pow'r exert,
And more than conquer me:
Each intruding rival kill,
That hinders or obſtructs thy reign;
All thy glorious might reveal,
And make me pure within.

2 Through

2 Through my ſoul in mercy ſhine,
Thine holy ſpirit give;
Let him witneſs, Lord, with mine,
That I in Jeſus live;
Set me free from Satan's load,
The gift of liberty diſpenſe;
In my heart O ſhed abroad
Thy quick'ning influence.
3 Let the gifts beſtow'd on me,
Live to thy praiſe alone;
Lord, the talents lent by thee
Are thine, and not my own:
May I in thy ſervice ſpend
All the graces thou haſt given;
Taken up, when time ſhall end,
To live and reign in heav'n.

POEM XVI. *In Temptation.*

1 COMPASS'D by the foe, on thee
Feebly I preſume to call;
Get thyſelf the victory,
Hold me and I ſhall not fall:
On thy creature mercy ſhew,
Thine I am by purchaſe too.
2 Guard of my defenceleſs heart,
Wherefore hideſt thou thy face?
Mercy's fountain head thou art,
Ever full of truth and grace:
Quell the roaring lion's pow'r,
Father, ſave me from this hour.
3 Sun of righteouſneſs ariſe,
Shed thy bliſsful rays on me;
Kindly liſten to my cries,
Try'd by him who tempted thee:
Thou my helpleſs ſoul defend,
Keep me blameleſs to the end.
4 Riſe in vengeance from thy ſeat,
Jeſus, Lord, make haſte to ſave;
Me, to ſift my ſoul as wheat,
Satan hath deſired to have:

Let

Let him not too far prevail,
Suffer not my faith to fail.
5 Try'd, afflicted, and diſtreſt
By temptation's ſearching flame,
Tho', beneath its load oppreſt,
Now in heavineſs I am;
I ſhall ſoon at freedom be,
More than conqueror in thee.
6 This affliction ſhall work out,
(Light and tranſient as it is)
When I am to Sion brought,
Everlaſting joy and peace:
Here but for a moment try'd,
There for ever glorified.

POEM XVII.

O MAY I never reſt
'Till I find reſt in thee;
'Till of my pardon here poſſeſt,
I feel thy love to me!
Unſeal my dark'ned eyes,
My fetter'd feet unbind;
The lame ſhall, when thou ſay'ſt "ariſe,"
Run ſwifter than the hind.
O draw the alien near,
Bend the obdurate neck,
O melt the flint into a tear,
And teach the dumb to ſpeak:
Turn not thy face away,
Thy look can make me clean;
Me in thy wedding robe array,
And cover all my ſin.
3 Tell me, my God, for whom
Thy precious blood was ſhed;
For ſinners? Lord as ſuch I come,
For ſuch the Saviour bled:
Then raiſe a fallen wretch,
Diſplay thy grace in me;
I am not out of mercy's reach,
Nor too far gone for thee.

4 Thou quickly wilt forgive,
My Lord will not delay;
Jeſus, to thee the time I leave,
And wait th' accepted day:
I now rejoice in hope
That I ſhall be made clean:
Thy grace ſhall ſurely lift me up
Above the reach of ſin.
5 Haſt thou not dy'd for me,
And call'd me from below?
O help me to lay hold on thee,
And ne'er to let thee go!
Though on the billows toſt
My Saviour I'll purſue:
A while ſubmit to bear his croſs,
Then ſhare his glory too.

POEM XVIII.

1 FROM Juſtice's conſuming flame,
Saviour, I fly to thee:
O look not on me as I am,
But as I fain would be.
2 Deſerted in the way I lie,
No cure for me is found;
Thou good Samaritan, paſs by,
And bind up ev'ry wound.
3 O may I, in the final day,
At thy right-hand appear!
Take thou my ſins out of the way,
Who did'ſt the burthen bear.
4 What though the fiery ſerpent's bite
Hath poiſon'd ev'ry vein——
I'll not deſpair, but keep in ſight
The wounds of Jeſus ſlain.
5 My ſoul thou wilt from death retrieve,
For ſorrow grant me joy;
Thy pow'r is mightier to ſave
Than Satan's to deſtroy.

POEM XIX. *After being ſurpriſed into Sin.*

AH! Give me Lord myſelf to ſee,
  Againſt myſelf to watch and pray,
How weak am I, when left by thee,
  How frail, how apt to fall away;
If but a moment thou withdraw,
That moment ſees me break thy law.
Jeſus, the ſinner's only truſt,
  Let me now feel thy grace infus'd;
Ah! raiſe a captive from the duſt,
  Nor break a reed already bruis'd!
Viſit me, Lord, in peace again,
Nor let me ſeek thy face in vain.
O gracious Lord, now let me find
  Peace and ſalvation in thy name;
Be thou the eye-ſight of the blind,
  The ſtaff and ancles of the lame;
My lifter up whene'er I fall,
My ſtrength, my portion, and my all.
Let thy meek mind deſcend on me,
  Thy holy ſpirit from above:
Aſſiſt me, Lord, to follow thee,
  Drawn by th' endearing cords of love;
Made perfect by thy cleanſing blood,
Completely ſav'd and born of God.

POEM XX. *Chriſt the Light of his People.*

I LIFT my heart and eyes to thee,
  Jeſus, thou unextinguiſh'd light:
My lanthorn, guide, and leader be,
  My cloud by day, my fire by night.
Glory of Iſrael, ſhine within,
  Unſhadow'd, uneclips'd appear;
O let thy beams diſpel my ſin,
  Direct me by a friendly ſtar.
The world a maze and lab'rinth is,
  Be thou my thread and faithful clue;
Thy kingdom and thy righteouſneſs
  The only objects I purſue.

4 Light of the gentiles thee I hail!
Eſſential light, thyſelf impart!
Spirit of light his face reveal;
And ſet thy ſignet on my heart.
5 Thy office is to enlighten man,
And point him to the heav'nly prize;
The hidden things of God t' explain,
And chaſe th' darkneſs from our eyes.
6 Shew me I have the better part,
The treaſure hid with Chriſt in God;
Give me a perfect peace of heart,
And pardon through my Saviour's blood.

POEM XXI.

1 CHAIN'D to the world, to ſin ty'd down,
In darkneſs ſtill I lie;
Lord, break my bonds, Lord, give me wings,
And teach me how to fly.
2 Inſtruct my feeble hands to war,
In me thy ſtrength reveal,
To put my ev'ry luſt to death,
And fight thy battles well.
3 Rend ev'ry veil that ſhades thy face,
Put on thine helmet, Lord;
My ſin ſhall fall, my guilt expire,
Beneath thy conqu'ring ſword.
4 Thou art the mighty God of hoſts,
Whoſe counſels never fail;
Be thou my glorious chief, and then
I cannot but prevail.

POEM XXII.

1 O WHEN will thou my Saviour be,
O when ſhall I be clean,
The true, eternal ſabbath ſee,
A perfect reſt from ſin!
Jeſus, the ſinners reſt thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art abſent from my heart
I look for reſt in vain.

2 The conſolations of thy word,
My ſoul hath long upheld,
The faithful promiſe of the Lord,
Shall ſurely be fulfill'd;
I look to my incarnate God,
'Till he his work begin;
And wait 'till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanſe me from all ſin.

3 His great ſalvation I ſhall know,
And perfect liberty:
Onward to ſin he cannot go,
Whoe'er abides in thee;
Added to the Redeemer's fold,
I ſhall in him rejoice:
I all his glory ſhall behold,
And hear my ſhepherd's voice.

4 O that I now the voice might hear,
That ſpeaks my ſins forgiv'n;
His word is paſt to give me here
The inward pledge of heav'n:
His blood ſhall over all prevail,
And ſanctify the unclean;
The grace that ſaves from future hell,
Shall ſave from preſent ſin.

POEM XXIII.

1 JESUS thy light impart
And lead me in thy path;
I have an unbelieving heart,
But thou can'ſt give me faith.

2 The work in me fulfil,
Which mercy hath begun;
I have a proud rebellious will,
But thou can'ſt melt it down.

3 Sin on my heart is wrote,
I am throughout impure;
But my diſeaſe, O Lord, is not
Too hard for thee to cure.

4 The darkneſs of my mind,
Lies open to thy ſight;
Jeſus, I am, by nature, blind,
But thou can'ſt give me light.
5 Send down thy Holy Ghoſt,
To cleanſe and fill with peace;
For O, mine inward parts thou know'ſt
Are very wickedneſs.
6 Thy love all power hath,
Its power in me exert;
And give me living active faith,
That purifies the heart.
7 Unrival'd reign within,
My only ſovereign be,
O crucify the man of ſin,
And form thyſelf in me.
8 Thy blood's renewing might,
Can make the fouleſt clean;
Can waſh the Ethiopian white,
And change the leopard's ſkin.
9 That, Lord, can bring me nigh,
And wipe my ſins away;
Can lift my abject ſoul on high,
And call me into day.
10 Fulfil thy gracious word,
And ſhew my guilt forgiv'n;
Bid me embrace my dying Lord,
And mount with him to heav'n.

POEM XXIV. *The Chriſtian's Wiſh.*

1 EMPTY'D of earth I fain would be,
The world, myſelf, and all but thee;
Only reſerv'd for Chriſt that dy'd,
Surrender'd to the crucify'd.
2 Sequeſter'd from the noiſe and ſtrife,
The luſt, the pomp, and pride of life;
For heav'n alone my heart prepare,
And have my converſation there.

3 O may

3 O may I the Redeemer trace,
Inveſted with his righteouſneſs!
This path, untir'd, I will purſue,
Nor ſlack while Jeſus is in view.
4 Nothing ſave Jeſus may I know,
My Father and companion thou!
Lord, take my heart, aſſert my right,
And put all other loves to flight.
5 My idols tread beneath thy feet,
And enter'd, once, maintain thy ſeat;
Let Dagon fall before thy face,
The ark remaining in its place.
6 O lend me now a two-edg'd ſword,
To ſlay my ſins before the Lord;
With Abraham's knife, before thine eyes,
Each favourite Iſaac ſacrifice.

POEM XXV. [*Before Meat*] 1 *Cor.* x. 31.

1 LORD, we invite thee here,
Vouchſafe to be our gueſt;
Jeſus, do thou appear
The maſter of the feaſt:
Thy quick'ning preſence let us prove,
And banquet on thy hidden love.
2 With manna from on high
Feed thine inheritance,
And come and ſanctify
Our outward ſuſtenance:
With it the inward food be giv'n,
The bread of life, the wine of heav'n.

POEM XXVI. *For the Morning.*

1 MY ſoul, can'ſt thou no higher riſe,
To meet thy God, than this?
Yet, Lord, accept my ſacrifice,
Defective as it is.
2 Tune all my organs to thy praiſe,
And pſalmiſt's muſe impart;
And, with thy penetrating rays,
O melt my frozen heart.

3 Give me thyſelf the only good,
And ever with me ſtay;
Whoſe faithful mercies are renew'd,
With each returning day.
4 Ah! guide me with a Father's eye,
Nor from my ſoul depart;
But let the day-ſtar from on high
Illuminate my heart
5 This day preſerve me without ſin,
Unſpotted in thy ways;
And hear me, while I uſher in
The welcome dawn with praiſe.
6 Far as the Eaſt from Weſt remove
Each earthly, vain deſire,
And raiſe me on the wings of love,
'Till I can mount no higher.

POEM XXVII. *For the Evening.*

1 THOU unexhauſted mine of bliſs,
From whence all comfort flows;
Inſpire me with that perfect peace,
Which only Chriſtians knows.
2 The curtains of thy love extend
Around my calm abode,
As I began, ſo may I end
My ev'ry day with God.
3 My life unhurt thine hand hath kept,
Accept the praiſe I pay;
For all the dangers I've eſcap'd,
And mercies of the day.
4 Far, far away the tempter chace,
My ſoul from terror keep;
Let angels fill this hallow'd place,
And guard me as I ſleep.
5 O waſh out ev'ry ſin whereby,
This day, I have tranſgreſs'd;
And ſeal my pardon ere I give
My ſlumb'ring eye-lids reſt.

6 Prepare me for the bed of death,
Be that my hourly thought,
That when I yield my lateſt breath,
I may be found with God.

POEM XXVIII. *He is the Propitiation of our Sins.*

1 O THOU that hear'ſt the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not ſave a ſoul from death
That caſts itſelf on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And ſuffer'd once for me.
2 Slain in the guilty ſinner's ſtead,
His ſpotleſs righteouſneſs I plead,
And his availing blood:
Thy merit, Lord, my robe ſhall be,
Thy merit ſhall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
3 Then ſnatch me from eternal death,
The ſpirit of adoption breathe,
His conſolations ſend;
By him ſome word of life impart,
And ſweetly whiſper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy friend."
4 The King of terrors then would be,
A welcome meſſenger to me,
That bids me come away;
Unclog'd by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount upon his ſable wings
To everlaſting day.

POEM XXIX. *Hab.* ii. 14. *For the Earth ſhall be filled, &c.*

1 BRING the kingdom, Lord, make haſte,
Bring on the glorious day,
From the greateſt to the leaſt,
When all ſhall own thy ſway:

When

When the convert world, with grief,
Shall ſee the error of their ways,
Lay aſide their unbelief,
And yield unto thy grace.

2 In thy goſpel-chariot, Lord,
Drive through earth's utmoſt bound;
Spread the odour of thy word
Through all the nations round:
Fill the darken'd earth with light,
Thine own victorious cauſe advance;
Take the heathen as the right
Of thine inheritance.

3 In our day expoſe to view,
The ſtandard of the Lamb;
Bid the nations flock thereto,
Who never knew thy name:
Let them quit the downward road,
Compell'd thy goſpel to receive;
Turn'd from Satan unto God,
With one conſent believe.

POEM XXX.

1 REDEEMER, whither ſhould I flee,
Or how eſcape the wrath to come?
The weary ſinner flies to thee
For ſhelter from impending doom:
Smile on me, gracious Lord, and ſhew
Thyſelf the friend of ſinners now.

2 Beneath the ſhadow of thy croſs,
The heavy-laden ſoul finds reſt:
Let me eſteem the world as droſs,
So I may be of Chriſt poſſeſs'd!
I borrow ev'ry joy from thee,
For thou art life and light to me.

3 Cloſe to my Saviour's bloody tree,
My ſoul, untir'd, ſhall ever cleave;
Both ſcourg'd and crucified with thee,
With Chriſt reſolved to die and live.
My pray'r, my grand ambition this,
Living and dying to be his.

4 O nail

4 O nail me to the ſacred wood,
There hold me by the ſpirit's chain,
There ſeal me with thy faſt'ning blood,
Nor ever let me looſe again:
There may I bow my ſuppliant knee,
And own no other Lord but thee!

POEM XXXI.

1 LORD, ſtand not off, come nearer ſtill,
Illuminate my darken'd ſoul,
Renew my heart, correct my will,
Make the polluted leper whole.
2 Behold my ſtruggles, Lord, and ſet
My ſin-bound ſoul at liberty:
Give me thine hand to break the net,
And bid the fetter'd ſlave be free.
3 My own deſert I cannot plead,
My pureſt ſilver is but droſs:
Let Jeſus' merits intercede,
O nail my errors to the croſs.
4 Fain would I mount to thee my crown,
And gain the realms of endleſs light;
But fett'ring earth ſtill keeps me down,
And ſin impediates my flight.
5 Father to me impart thy bread,
To me thine healing manna give;
On life eternal let me feed,
That my diſeaſed ſoul may live.
6 Unworthy to intreat thy grace,
Unworthier ſtill thy grace t' obtain,
I plead my ſurety's righteouſneſs,
Nor ſhall my plea be urg'd in vain.

POEM XXXII. *Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, &c.*

1 JESUS, God of love attend,
From thy glorious throne deſcend;
Anſwer now ſome waiting heart,
Now ſome harden'd ſoul convert:

To

To our advocate we fly,
Let us feel Emanuel nigh;
Manifeſt thy love abroad,
Make us now the ſons of God.

2 Hover round us, King of kings,
Riſe with healing in thy wings;
Melt our obſtinacy down,
Cauſe us to become thine own:
Set, O ſet the captives free,
Draw our backward ſouls to thee;
Let us all from thee receive
Light to ſee and life to live.

3 Proſtrate at thy mercy ſeat
Let us our beloved meet;
Give us in thyſelf a part,
Deep engraven on thine heart;
Let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
Bid the broken bones rejoice;
Condemnation do away,
O make this the happy day!

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Join to ſeek and ſave the loſt:
Raiſe ſome ſinner to thy throne,
Add a jewel to thy crown!
Are we not, without thy light,
Darken'd with Egyptian night?
Light of light, thy pow'r exert,
Lighten each benighted heart!

5 Prayer can mercy's door unlock;
Open, Lord, to us that knock!
Us the heirs of glory ſeal,
With thy benediction fill:
Holy Spirit, make us his,
Viſit ev'ry ſoul in peace;
Give our vanquiſh'd hearts to ſay,
Love divine has won the day!

6 Give the heavy-laden reſt,
Chriſt make known in ev'ry breaſt;
Void of thee we quickly die,
Turn our ſackcloth into joy:

Witneſs

Witneſs all our ſins forgiv'n,
Grant on earth a glimpſe of heav'n;
Bring the joyful tidings down,
Fit us for our future crown.

7 Let us chaunt melodious hymns,
Loud as thoſe of cherubims;
Join with heart and tongue to bleſs
Chriſt our ſtrength and righteouſneſs:
All our praiſe to him belongs,
Theme of our ſublimeſt ſongs;
Object of our choiceſt love,
Thee we laud with hoſts above.

8 Thee we hail with joint acclaim,
Shout the glories of thy name;
Ever may we feel thee thus,
Dear Immanuel, God with us!
Prince of peace, thy people ſee,
All our thanks we aim at thee;
Deign our tribute to receive,
Praiſe is all we have to give.

POEM XXXIII.

1 COME from on high, my King and God,
My confidence thou art;
Diſplay the virtue of thy blood,
And circumciſe my heart.

2 From heav'n, thy holy place, on me
Deſcend in mercy down;
Water of life, I thirſt for thee,
To know thee for my own.

3 Rend, O rend the guilty veil,
That keeps me from my God;
Remove the bar, and let me feel
That I am thine abode.

4 O might this worthleſs heart of mine
The Saviour's temple be!
Empty'd of ev'ry love but thine,
And ſhut to all but thee!

POEM XXXIV. *I know that in my Fleſh dwelleth no good Thing.*

1 LORD, is not all from thee?
Is not all fulneſs thine?
Whate'er of good there is in me,
O Lord, is none of mine.

2 Each holy tendency
Did not thy mercy give?
And what, O Saviour, what have I
That I did not receive?

3 I cannot ſpeak a word,
Or think a thought that's good,
But what proceedeth from the Lord;
And cometh forth from God.

4 Jeſus, I know full well,
What my beſt actions are;
They'd ſink my grievous ſoul to hell,
If unrefin'd they were.

5 Myſelf and all I do,
O ſprinkle with thy blood;
Renew me, Saviour, ere I go,
To ſtand before my God.

6 I of myſelf have nought,
That can his juſtice pleaſe;
Not one right word, nor act, nor thought,
But what I owe to grace.

POEM XXXV. *Refuge in the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt.*

1 FROM thy ſupreme tribunal, Lord,
Where juſtice ſits ſevere,
I to thy mercy ſeat appeal,
And beg forgiveneſs there.

2 Tho' I have ſinn'd before the throne,
My advocate I ſee:
Jeſus, be thou my Judge, and let
My ſentence come from thee.

3 Lo, weary to thy croſs I fly,
There let me ſhelter find:

Lord,

Lord, when thou call'ſt thy ranſom'd home,
O leave me not behind!

4 I joyfully embrace thy love
To fallen man reveal'd;
My hope of glory, deareſt Lord,
On thee alone I build.

5 The law was ſatisfy'd by him
Who fleſh for me was made:
Its penalty he underwent,
Its precepts he obey'd.

6 Deſert and all ſelf-righteouſneſs
I utterly forego;
My robe of everlaſting bliſs,
My wedding garment thou!

7 The ſpotleſs Saviour liv'd for me,
And dy'd upon the Mount:
Th' obedience of his life and death
Is plac'd to my account.

8 Can'ſt thou forget that awful hour,
That ſad, tremendous ſcene,
When thy dear blood on Calvary
Flow'd out at ev'ry vein?

9 No, Saviour, no; thy wounds are freſh,
Ev'n now they intercede;
Still, in effect, for guilty man
Inceſſantly they bleed.

10 Thine ears of mercy ſtill attend
A contrite ſinner's cries,
A broken heart, that groans for God,
Thou never wilt deſpiſe.

11 O love incomprehenſible,
That made thee bleed for me!
The Judge of all hath ſuffer'd death
To ſet his priſoner free!

POEM XXXVI. *For Pardon of Sin.*

1 JESUS, thy feet I will not leave,
Till I the precious gift receive,
The purchas'd pearl poſſeſs:

Impart

Impart it, gracious Lord, while I
With ſupplications humbleſt cry,
Inveſt the throne of grace.

2 Baptize me with the Holy Ghoſt;
Make this the day of Pentecoſt,
Wherein my ſoul may prove,
Thy ſpirit's ſweet renewing pow'r,
And ſhew me, in this happy hour,
The riches of thy love.

3 Thou canſt not always hide thy face,
Thou wilt at laſt my ſoul embrace,
Thou yet will make me clean:
My God, is there not room for me?
I'll wait with patience, Lord, on thee,
'Till thou ſhalt take me in.

4 Remember, Lord, that Jeſus bled,
That Jeſus bow'd his dying head,
And ſweated bloody ſweat:
He bore thy wrath and curſe for me
In his own body on the tree,
And more than paid my debt.

5 Surely he hath my pardon bought,
A perfect righteouſneſs wrought out
His people to redeem:
O that his righteouſneſs might be
By grace imputed now to me:
As were my ſins to him.

POEM XXXVII.

1 THOU Sun of righteouſneſs ariſe,
Shine glorious morning ſtar,
Enlighten my benighted ſoul,
And make the Ethiop fair.
Confus'd and blind tho' now I am,
And prone to go aſtray,
Bid me receive my ſight, and I
Shall clearly ſee my way.

2 The captive, at thy word, ſhall be
From ev'ry chain releas'd;

The

The broken heart, ſhall ſing for joy,
The troubled ſea ſhall reſt:
Enflame me with a ray of heav'n,
Pure, fervent love inſpire;
And let thy dove-like ſpirit aid
And fan the holy fire.

3 Be thou my light, for light thou art,
O crucify each doubt;
Sweep ev'ry corner of my heart,
And turn the tempter out:
Let not my hopes be over-caſt
With ſhadows of deſpair;
Dart through my ſoul thy quick'ning beams,
And build an altar there.

4 Redeem me from temptation's rage,
Break down the holds of ſin;
Give me to ſtand in crooked ways,
And keep my garments clean:
Tranſplant me, Saviour, from my ſelf,
And graft me into thee;
Then ſhall the grain of muſtard-ſeed
Spring up into a tree.

POEM XXXVIII. *Phil.* ii. 5. *Let this Mind be in you which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus.*

1 LORD I feel a carnal mind
That hangs about me ſtill,
Vainly tho' I ſtrive to bind
My own rebellious will;
Is not haughtineſs of heart
The gulf between my God and me?
Meek Redeemer now impart
Thine own humility.

2 Fain would I my Lord purſue,
Be all my Saviour taught,
Do as Jeſus bid me do,
And think as Jeſus thought:
But 'tis thou muſt change my heart,
The perfect gift muſt come from thee;

Meek Redeemer now impart
Thine own humility.

3 Lord, I cannot, muſt not reſt,
'Till I thy mind obtain,
Chaſe preſumption from my breaſt,
And all thy mildneſs gain;
Give me, Lord, thy gentle heart,
Thy lowly mind my portion be:
Meek Redeemer now impart
Thine own humility.

4 Let thy croſs my will controul;
Conform me to my guide;
In thine image mould my ſoul,
And crucify my pride;
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,
An heart that always looks to thee:
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

5 Tear away my ev'ry boaſt,
My ſtubborn mind abaſe;
Saviour, fix my only truſt
In thy redeeming grace:
Give me a ſubmiſſive heart,
From pride and ſelf dependance free;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

POEM XXXIX. *For all the Mind of Chriſt.*

1 HAIL, faultleſs model, ſinleſs guide,
In whom no blame was ſeen!
Able thou were, and none beſide,
To ranſom guilty men.

2 I want my happineſs below
In thee alone to find;
Surely thou wilt on me beſtow
Thy pure, thy heav'nly mind!

3 Active for God I fain would be,
And do my work aſſign'd:
Jeſus, look down, implant in me,
Thy zealous, fervent mind!

4 While

4 While here, it was thy conſtant aim
To benefit mankind:
O give me, dear redeeming Lamb,
Thy loving, gracious mind!
5 Stiff is my neck, and proud my heart,
Unbroken, unreſign'd:
When wilt thou, bleſſed Lord, impart
Thy patient, humble mind!
6 My ſins how ſlowly do I leave,
To earthly things inclin'd!
But wean me, Lord, and let me have
Thy ſelf denying mind!
7 O might I walk with faithful heed,
And look no more behind,
Poſſeſs'd of what I chiefly need,
Thy ſerious ſteady mind!
8 Still may my ev'ry grace increaſe,
'Till I in heaven appear:
On earth like thee in holineſs,
Like thee in glory there.

POEM XL. *For Pardon.*

1 NOW, Lord, the purchas'd pardon give,
Nor e'er the grant revoke,
But bend my ſtiff obdurate neck
Beneath thine eaſy yoke.
2 O might I, as a faithful ſheep,
My ſhepherd ne'er forſake!
O might I now for heav'n ſet out,
And never more turn back!
3 Chriſt, in his reſurrection's pow'r,
Within my heart reveal:
Forgive my deep revoltings, Lord,
And my forgiveneſs ſeal.
4 Thou only haſt the words of life,
My ſpirit upward draw,
Me to thy kingdom, Lord, inſtruct,
And teach me in thy law.

5 Apollo's water's but in vain,
Paul plants without ſucceſs;
The prophets labours fruitleſs are
Except thou give increaſe.

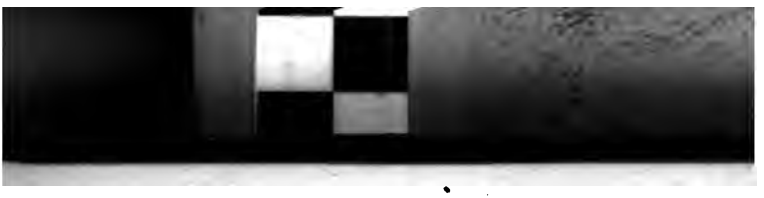
POEM XLI. *The Same.*

1 SHOULD'ST thou be ſtrict to mark our faults,
Who could acquitted be?
Who, unrenewed, could ſtand the ſearch,
Or bear the ſcrutiny?
2 Lord, at thy feet I meekly fall,
Held in contrition's chain:
Thy gracious hand that caſt me down,
Shall raiſe me up again.
3 O ſpeak the word, thy ſervant hears,
Pronounce me pardon'd now:
Lord, I believe, encreaſe my faith,
And let me know thee too.
4 Thou only, Saviour, haſt the key,
Unlock the priſon door!
Tho' yet I cannot fly to thee,
I'll ſend my heart before.
5 The blood of ſprinkling now apply,
And that ſhall make me clean;
Weigh not my worthleſs works, O Lord,
But O forgive my ſin!
6 Take now away whate'er obſtructs
Thine intercourſe with me:
And may I cheerfully leave all
I have, to follow thee!

POEM XLII.

1 JESUS, thy pow'r I fain wou'd feel,
Thy love is all I want:
O let thine ears conſider well
The voice of my complaint.
2 Thou ſeeſt me yet a ſlave to ſin,
And deſtitute of God;
O purify and make me clean
By thine all-cleanſing blood.

3 Far



3 Far off I ſtand, O bring me nigh,
And bid me ſit up high'r:
Immanuel, now in love paſs by,
And anſwer my deſire.
O Jeſus, undertake for me,
Thy peace to me be given:
For while I ſtand away from thee,
I ſtand away from heav'n.
I will not my offence conceal,
I will not hide my ſin,
But all my crimes with weeping tell,
And own how vile I've been.
Lord, will thy wrathful jealouſy
As fire for ever burn?
And wilt thou not a ſuccour be,
And comfort thoſe that mourn?
Reject not Lord my humble pray'rs,
Nor yet my ſoul deſtroy:
Thine only Son hath ſown in tears
That I might reap in joy.

EUCHARISTIC HYMNS.

"Immenſa Beneficia Laudibus immenſis celebranda."

PRIMAS.

——————O thou Patron God,
Thou God and Mortal, thence more God to Man,
Man's Theme eternal, Man's eternal Theme!
Thou canſt not 'ſcape injur'd from our Praiſe.

NIGHT THOUGHTS. NIGHT IX.

HYMNS OF THANKSGIVING.

HYMN I. *Praiſe for Converſion.*

1 NOT to myſelf I owe
That I, O Lord, am thine,
Free grace hath all the ſhades broke thro',
And caus'd the light to ſhine.
Me thou haſt willing made
Thy offers to receive;
Call'd by the voice that wakes the dead,
I come to thee and live.

2 Why am I made to ſee,
Who am by nature blind?
Why am I taken home to thee,
And others left behind?
Becauſe thy ſov'reign love
Was bent the worſt to ſave,
Jeſus, who reigns inthron'd above,
The free ſalvation gave.

3 Tho' once far off I ſtood,
Nor knew myſelf thy foe,
Brought nigh by the Redeemer's blood,
Myſelf and thee I know:

No

No more a child of wrath
Thy ſmiling face I ſee;
And praiſe thee for the work of faith
Which thou haſt wrought in me.
4 With me thy ſpirit ſtrove,
Almighty to retrieve;
Thou ſaw'ſt me in a time of love,
And ſaid unto me, live.
By thee made free indeed,
I felt thy gracious words;
Thy mantle over me was ſpread,
And I became the Lord's:
5 Jeſus, thy Son, by grace,
I to the end ſhall be;
Made perfect through thy comelineſs
Which I receiv'd from thee.
I drink the living ſtream
To all believers giv'n,
A fellow citizen with them,
Who dwell in yonder heav'n.
6 With all thy choſen band
I truſt to ſee thee there,
And, in thy righteouſneſs, to ſtand
Undaunted at thy bar.

HYMN II. *The Heavens declare the Glory of God.*

1 THE ſky's a veil, the outward ſcene
Proclaims the majeſty within;
Which boundleſs light, tho' hid behind,
Breaks out too great to be confin'd.
2 The heav'n thy glorious impreſs wears,
Thy image glitters in the ſtars:
The firmament, thine high abode,
Seems too the ſpangled robe of God.
3 Whene'er its beauty I admire,
It's radiant globes direct me high'r,
In ſilent praiſe they point to thee,
All light, all eye, all majeſty!
4 Glory to him who ſtuds the ſky,
(Earth's variegated canopy)

With lamps to guide us on our way,
Faint emblems of eternal day.
5 Yes, Lord, each ſhining orb declares
Thy name in dazzling characters;
As precious gems they dart their rays,
And ſeem to form a crown of praiſe.

HYMN III. *On Aſcenſion Day.*

1 LO! the Lord by whom ſalvation
Is to fallen man reſtor'd,
Now reſumes his bliſsful ſtation,
Shews himſelf th' Almighty Lord;
Slow aſcending,
Bids us, for a while, farewel.
2 Who his heav'nly ſtate ſuſpended,
And for man's atonement dy'd,
By unnumber'd hoſts attended,
Riſes to his Father's ſide;
Born by angels
Back to his eternal throne.
3 Seraphs, chaunt his endleſs praiſes,
Guard him to his ancient ſeat;
Open wide, ye heav'nly places,
Your returning God admit:
Heav'nly portals
Let the King of Glory in!
4 Chriſt his kingdom re-inherits,
His before the world began;
Myriads of admiring ſpirits
Hover round the ſon of man;
Wrapt in wonder
View the wounds he bore for us.
5 "Worthy thou of exaltation,"
Loſt in ſweet ſurpriſe they ſing;
"Mortals, with like acclamation,
Hail your great redeeming King:
Let your voices
Emulate th' angelic choir."

6 Yes,

6 Yes, O Chriſt, from ev'ry creature,
Praiſe ſhall to thy name be giv'n;
Worthy thou of more and greater,
King of ſaints and king of heav'n!
Kindling tranſports
Swell our hearts and tune our tongues!
7 Though our Lord is taken from us,
Preſent but in ſpirit now,
This his faithful word of promiſe
Made while ſojourning below;
"Where I enter
Thither ſhall my ſervant come."
8 Him we praiſe for his aſcenſion,
Conqueror of ſin and death;
Gone up to prepare a manſion
For his ranſom'd flock beneath:
They ſhall quickly
Reign with him in glory there.
9 There already is our treaſure,
There our heart, our hope, our crown;
Thence on ſublunary pleaſure,
We with holy ſcorn, look down:
Earth hath nothing,
Worth a moment's tranſient thought.
10. We ſhall ſoon in bliſs adore thee,
Gain the realms of endleſs day;
Soon be gather'd home to glory,
All our tears be wip'd away:
There, for ever,
Sing the Lamb's new ſong of love.

HYMN IV. *To the Trinity.*

1 GLORIOUS union, God unſought;
Three in name and one in thought,
All thy works thy goodneſs ſhow,
Center of perfection thou!
2 Praiſe we, with uplifted eyes,
Him that dwells above the ſkies:
God who reigns on Sion's hill,
Made redeem'd, and keeps us ſtill.

3 Join'th' angelic hoſts above
Praiſe the Father's matchleſs love,
Who for us his Son hath giv'n,
Sent him to regain our heav'n.
4 Glory to the Saviour's grace,
Help of Adam's helpleſs race;
Who, for our tranſgreſſions ſlain,
Makes us one with God again.
5 Next the Holy Ghoſt we bleſs;
He makes known and ſeals our peace,
Us he cleanſes and makes whole,
Quickens ev'ry dying ſoul.
6 Holy, bleſſed, glorious Three,
One from all eternity,
Make us veſſels of thy grace,
Ever running o'er with praiſe.
7 Thee we laud with grateful ſong,
Sever'd from the guilty throng,
Ranſom'd by the Son who dy'd,
By the ſpirit ſanctified.
8 All the perſons join to raiſe,
Sinners to a ſtate of grace;
All unite their bliſs t' inſure,
In the glorious work concur.
9 O that we his love might taſte!
Bleſs us and we ſhall be bleſt.
Cleanſe us, Lord, from ſins abuſe,
Fit us for the maſter's uſe!
10 In our hearts, thy temples dwell;
With the hope of glory fill:
Be on earth our gueſt divine,
Then let heav'n make us thine.

HYMN V. *Another.*

1 FATHER, Creator of mankind,
Thee we attempt to ſing;
With thy Son and Spirit join'd,
Our everlaſting king;

Us

Us thou doſt in Chriſt receive,
Cloth'd with Chriſt we come to thee:
Him thou did'ſt for ſinners give
Their ſubſtitute to be.

2 All our ſins, dear Lamb of God,
Are for thy ſake forgiv'n,
Jeſus, thy reſtoring blood
Entitles men to heav'n:
Self-exiſtent, Lord of all,
Uncreate, with God the ſame,
Bought by thee on thee we call,
Exulting in thy name.

3 Spirit of Jehovah write
Thy nature on our heart,
Us unto the Lord unite,
As thou united art;
Make us meet his face to ſee,
Jeſus' righteouſneſs apply:
Holy Ghoſt, our leader be,
And guide us to the ſky.

4 Three in One, before thy feet
Our inmoſt ſouls we bend,
Glorious myſtery, too great
For worms to comprehend:
We can ne'er, on this ſide death,
Bring the Deity to light;
Reaſon here muſt yield to faith,
'Till faith is loſt in ſight.

HYMN VI.

1 JESUS, thou try'd foundation ſtone,
From whoſe prevailing blood alone
Thy ſaints expect ſalvation,
My robe thou art, I feel thy grace,
And triumph in thy righteouſneſs,
Made mine by imputation.

2 Exulting in thy ſtrength I go,
My allotted work rejoice to do,

For

For love divine conſtrains me:
Supported inwardly by this,
Through ev'ry obſtacle I preſs
While thy great arm ſuſtains me.

3 By thy free grace 'till now upheld,
My future hopes on thee I build,
Nor are my hopes ill-grounded:
Thy promiſes are on my ſide,
And ſafe to glory, lo! I ride,
By countleſs deaths ſurrounded.

4 Before I from the body fly,
He who forgave ſhall ſanctify
And perfectly renew me;
Stronger than Satan Jeſus is;
Sin ſhall not always wound my peace,
Nor finally ſubdue me.

5 Who waſh'd me from its deadly ſtain,
Shall here cut ſhort its guilty reign,
And weaken its dominion;
From height to height my faith ſhall riſe,
Until I gain my native ſkies,
On love's ſeraphic pinion.

6 Unmov'd, till then, on Chriſt I ſtand,
And Satan from the Saviour's hand,
In vain attempts to ſtir me:
On Jeſus I for ſtrength depend;
My omnipotent redeeming friend,
Prepare my way before me.

HYMN VII.

1 PRAISE the Lord, my joyful heart,
With the elders bear thy part:
Stand with them around the throne,
Singing praiſes to the Son.

2 Strive with them in rapture loſt,
Who ſhall laud the Saviour moſt:
Join with angels to proclaim
All the mercies of the Lamb.

3 Praiſe his great humility,
Long as life remains in thee;
By thy pray'rs and praiſes given,
Make on earth, a little heav'n.
4 Jeſus, I the theme renew,
Endleſs praiſes are thy due:
Anthems equal to thy grace,
Saints and angels cannot raiſe.
5 I my worthleſs mite caſt in,
Here the ſong of heav'n begin:
I th' eternal chorus join,
Ecchoing the love divine.
6 Ever may I worſhip thee,
Praiſe my ſole employment be;
Sing the virtues of thy blood!
Every moment thank my God.

HYMN VIII.

1 MY ſoul with bleſſings unconfin'd,
Thy tender care ſupplies;
Thyſelf the fountain head from whence
Thoſe bleſſings firſt ariſe.
2 Let me thy gracious gifts receive,
With gratitude and joy,
And in thy juſt and ceaſeleſs praiſe,
Each thankful hour employ!

HYMN IX.

Rom. viii. 16. *The Spirit itſelf bears Witneſs with our Spirit, that we are the Children of Grace.*

1 EARNEST of future bliſs,
Thee, Holy Ghoſt, we hail;
Fountain of holineſs,
Whoſe comforts never fail,
The cleanſing gift on ſaints beſtow'd,
The witneſs of their peace with God.
2 With our perverſeneſs here,
How often haſt thou ſtrove,
And ſpar'd us year by year,
With never-ceaſing love!

O ſet

O ſet from ſin our ſpirits free,
And make us more and more like thee.

3 What wond'rous grace is this,
For God to dwell with men!
Through Jeſus' righteouſneſs,
His favour we regain.
And feeble worms, by nature loſt,
Are temples of the Holy Ghoſt!

4 Tho' Belial's ſons would prove
That thou no witneſs art,
Thanks to redeeming love,
We feel thee in our heart;
Continue gracious Lord to bear,
Thine inward teſtimony there!

5 By thee on earth we know,
Ourſelves in Chriſt renew'd,
Brought by thy grace into
The family of God:
Of his adopting love the ſeal,
And faithful teacher of his will.

6 Great Comforter, deſcend,
In gentle breathings, down,
Preſerve us to the end,
That no man take our crown:
Our guardian ſtill vouchſafe to be,
Nor ſuffer us to go from thee.

HYMN X. *Thankſgiving for the divine Thankfulneſs.*

1 IMMOVEABLE our hope remains,
Within the vail our anchor lies;
Jeſus, who waſh'd us from our ſtains,
Shall bear us ſafely to the ſkies.

2 Strong in his ſtrength, we boldly ſay,
For us Immanuel ſhed his blood;
Who then ſhall tear our ſhield away,
Or part us from the love of God?

3 Can tribulation or diſtreſs,
Or perſecution's fiery ſword?
Can Satan rob us of our peace,
Or prove too mighty for the Lord?

4 Founded

4 Founded on Chriſt, ſecure we ſtand,
Sealed with his ſpirit's inward ſeal;
We ſoon ſhall gain the promis'd land,
Triumphant o'er the pow'rs of hell.
5 The winds may roar, the floods may beat;
And rain, impetuous, deſcend;
Yet will he not his own forget,
But love and ſave them to the end.
6 Jeſus acquits, and who condemns?
Ceaſe, Satan, from thy fruitleſs ſtrife:
Thy malice cannot reach our names,
To blot them from the book of life.
7 This is eternal life to know,
God and the Lamb for ſinners giv'n;
Nor will the Saviour let us go,
His ranſom'd citizens of heav'n.
8 Us to redeem his life he paid,
And will he not his purchaſe have?
Who can behold Immanuel bleed,
And doubt his willingneſs to ſave?
9 Surely the Son hath made us free,
Who earth, and heav'n, and hell commands;
Our cauſe of triumph this—that we
Are graven on the Saviour's hands.
10 To him who waſhed us in his blood,
And lifts apoſtate man to heav'n,
Who reconciles his ſheep to God,
Be everlaſting glory giv'n.

HYMN XI. *On the Birth of Chriſt.*

1 AMPLEST grace in thee I find,
Friend and Saviour of mankind,
Richeſt merit to atone
For our ſins before the throne.
2 Born to ſave thy Church from hell,
Once thou didſt with ſinners dwell;
Was to earth a prophet giv'n,
Now our advocate in heaven.

3 Well might wond'ring angels cry,
" Glory be to God on high,
" Peace on earth, good will to men,
" Loſt mankind is found again."
4 Join my ſoul, their holy ſong,
Emulate the brighter throng,
Hail the everlaſting word,
Welcome thy deſcending Lord!
5 Grace unequall'd! Love unknown!
Jeſus lays aſide his crown,
Cloaths himſelf with fleſh and blood,
Takes the manhood into God.
6 Harden'd rebels tho' we are,
Lo, he comes to ſojourn here:
See him lie where oxen feed,
This his chamber, hay his bed!
7 God (O hear it with ſurpriſe!)
For a manger leaves the ſkies,
By aſſuming fleſh beneath,
Render'd capable of death.
8 From their maker turn'd aſide,
As in Adam all have dy'd,
So whoe'er his grace receive,
Shall in Chriſt be made alive.

HYMN XII. *Thankſgiving for general Mercies.*

1. GRACIOUS Creator, thy kind hand
In all thy works I ſee;
Reſiſtleſs pow'r and mildeſt love
Are blended, Lord, in thee.
2 When thou art wrath and hid'ſt thy face,
The whole creation mourns;
Thou art the attractive pole to which
Thy ranſom'd people turns.
3 O let my heart be wholly thine,
Thy property alone!
No longer let me think it mine,
Or call myſelf my own!

4 Without

4 Without reſerve I quit the claim,
And give up all to thee,
For thou, my all-ſufficient Lord,
Art more than all to me.
5 Only do thou refine my droſs,
And cleanſe me with thy blood,
To make th' imperfect ſacrifice
Acceptable to God.
6 Nor ſhall I fear, if Jeſus pleads,
Unworthy as I am,
Being excluded from the feaſt,
And ſupper of the Lamb.

HYMN XIII. *Thankſgiving for the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt.*

1 FOUNTAIN of never ceaſing grace,
Thy ſaint's exhauſtleſs theme,
Great object of immortal praiſe,
Eſſentially ſupreme;
We bleſs thee for the glorious fruits
Thy incarnation gives;
The righteouſneſs which grace imputes,
And faith alone receives.
2 Whom heaven's angelic hoſt adores,
Was ſlaughter'd for our ſin,
The guilt, O Lord, was wholly our's,
The puniſhment was thine:
Our God in fleſh, to ſet us free,
Was manifeſted here;
And meekly bare our ſins, that we,
His righteouſneſs might wear.
3 Imputatively guilty then
Our ſubſtitute was made,
That we the bleſſings might obtain
For which his blood was ſhed:
Himſelf he offer'd on the croſs,
Our ſorrows to remove;
And all he ſuffer'd was for us,
And all he did was love:

4 In him we have a righteouſneſs,
By God himſelf approv'd,
Our rock, our ſure foundation this,
Which never can be mov'd.
Our ranſom by his death he paid,
For all his people giv'n,
The law he perfectly obey'd,
That they might enter heav'n.
5 As all, when Adam ſinn'd alone,
In his tranſgreſſion dy'd,
So by the righteouſneſs of one,
Are ſinners juſtify'd.
We to thy merit, gracious Lord,
With humbleſt joy ſubmit,
Again to Paradiſe reſtor'd,
In thee alone complete.
6 Our ſouls his watchful love retrieves,
Nor lets them go aſtray,
His righteouſneſs to us he gives,
And takes our ſins away:
We claim ſalvation in his right,
Adopted and forgiv'n,
His merit is our robe of light,
His death the gate of heav'n.

HYMN XIV. *Thankſgiving for the Sufferings of Chriſt.*

1 O THOU who did'ſt thy glory leave,
Apoſtate ſinners to retrieve,
From nature's deadly fall;
Me thou haſt purchas'd with a price,
Nor ſhall my crimes in judgment riſe,
For thou haſt borne them all.
2 Jeſus was puniſh'd in my ſtead,
Without the gate my ſurety bled,
To expiate my ſtain;
On earth the Godhead deign'd to dwell,
And made of infinite avail,
The ſuff'rings of the man.

3 And was he for his rebels giv'n?
He was: th' incarnate King of heav'n
Did for his foes expire;
Amaz'd, O earth, the tidings hear;
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous ire.
4 Ye ſaints, the man of ſorrows bleſs,
The God for your unrighteouſneſs,
Deputed to atone:
Praiſe him 'till with the heav'nly throng,
Ye ſing the never-ending ſong,
And ſee him on his throne.

HYMN XV. *The General Thankſgiving in the Liturgy, paraphraſed.*

1 ETERNAL God, the thanks receive,
Which thine unworthy ſervants give;
Father of ev'ry mercy thou,
Almighty and all-gracious too!
2 In humble yet exulting ſongs,
Thy praiſes iſſue from our tongues,
For that inceſſant, boundleſs love,
Which we and all thy creatures prove.
3 Faſhion'd by thy creating hand,
And by thy providence ſuſtain'd,
We wiſh our gratitude to ſhew,
For all thy temp'ral bleſſings due.
4 But O! for this we chiefly raiſe
The incenſe of admiring praiſe—
Thy love unſpeakably we own
Which ſent the willing Saviour down.
5 For him, of all thy gifts the beſt,
Th' exceeding gift which crowns the reſt,
Chiefly for him thy name we laud,
And thank thee for a bleeding God.
6 Nor ſhould we fail our Lord to praiſe,
For all the aſſiſting means of grace;
Th' appointed channels which convey
Strength to ſupport us on our way.

7 To thee let all our thanks be giv'n,
For our well-grounded hope of heav'n,
Our glorious truſt that we ſhall reign,
And live with him who died for man.

8 And O! ſo deep a ſenſe impreſs
Of thy ſupreme unbounded grace,
That anthems in full choir may riſe,
And ſhake the earth and rend the ſkies!

9 Make us in deed, as well as word,
Shew forth the praiſes of the Lord,
And thank him ſtill for what he gives
Both with our lips, and in our lives!

10 O that, by ſin no more ſubdu'd,
We might devout ourſelves to God,
And only breathe to tell his praiſe,
And in his ſervice ſpend our days!

11 Hail, Father! Hail, eternal Son!
Hail, ſacred Spirit, three in one!
Bleſſing and thanks, and pow'r divine,
Thrice, holy Lord, be ever thine!

PARAPHRASES

ON SELECT PARTS OF

HOLY WRIT.

Sanctos auſus recludere Fontes.

PARA. I. *Pſalm* CXLVIII.

1 GEN'RAL praiſe to God be giv'n;
Praiſe him in the height of heav'n:
Him, ye glorious hoſts, proclaim,
Saints and angels, bleſs his name!
2 Sun, his lofty praiſe diſplay,
His who made thee king of day:
Moon, adore the god of light,
God, who made thee queen of night.
3 Stars, your tribute too be giv'n,
Spangles in the robe of heav'n:
God, your awful ſovereign, own,
Bright forerunner of the morn.
4 Praiſe thou curtain of the ſky,
(Hiding heav'n from mortal eye)
Him that ſpreads thy wat'ry clouds,
Celebrate the God of gods.
5 Higheſt heav'n, his dwelling place,
Lift thy voice, reſound his praiſe.
Hymn "the dweller ev'ry where,"
Preſent more ſupremely there.

6 Sun and moon, and ſtars and light,
Heav'n and ſky, and clouds unite:
Verbal creatures of the Lord,
Swift exiſting at his word.
7 'Stabliſh'd firm by his command,
Lo! immoveable, we ſtand;
Him, th' ineffable adore,
Own his regulating pow'r.
8 Womb and ſepulchre of man,
Join, O earth, the grateful train:
Praiſe, 'till, in the laſt great fire,
Thou and all thy works expire.
9 Ocean, with thy num'rous brood,
Swell to magnify thy God:
Roll his praiſe from ſhore to ſhore,
Lift his name and ſound his pow'r.
10 Praiſe him, fire and hail, and ſnow,
Praiſe him, all ye winds that blow:
Cold and heat—let each extreme
Join to render praiſe to him.
11 Storms diſpenſing waſte and death,
Dreadful meſſengers of wrath;
Spread his fear and praiſe abroad,
Weapons of an angry God.
12 Mountains, vales, and hills, and trees,
Tell how good your Maker is;
His exalted praiſe declare,
Feather'd ſongſters of the air.
13 Beaſts of prey, where'er ye prowl,
Join to make the concert full:
Cattle, low Jehovah's fame;
Meaneſt inſects, do the ſame.
14 Kings and people, rich and poor,
Celebrate creating pow'r;
Who are ranſom'd by the Lamb,
Join to praiſe the great I AM.
15 Female, male of ev'ry age,
From the ſuckling to the ſage,
All conſpire with one accord,
Chaunt the glories of the Lord.

16 Worth-

16 Worthy praiſe can ne'er be giv'n,
'Till his ſaints arrive at heav'n,
There, with all the glorious ones,
Sing his praiſe and caſt their crowns.

PARA. II. *Names of Chriſt, expreſſive of his Offices, taken from various Parts of Scripture.*

1 LOW at thy feet, O Chriſt, we fall,
Enabled to confeſs,
And call thee by the Holy Ghoſt,
The Lord our righteouſneſs.
2 God over all Immanuel reigns,
With his great Father one;
The brightneſs of his glory thou,
And partner of his throne.
3 Author and finiſher of faith,
In all that know thy name;
A lion to thy ſtubborn foes,
But to thy friends a lamb.
4 Sceptre of Iſrael, prince of peace,
Immortal king of kings:
The ſun of righteouſneſs that ſhines
With healing in his wings.
5 The gift of God to fallen man,
The Lord of quick and dead;
A well of life to fainting ſouls,
And their ſuſtaining bread.
6 Foundation of thy people's joy,
Their pardon and their reſt;
On earth our ſacrifice for ſin,
In heav'n our great high prieſt.
7 The Lord of life, who ſuffer'd death
That we might heav'n regain:
The ſource of bleſſing, who, on earth,
Was made a curſe for man.
8 Was poor that Adam's needy ſons
Treaſure in thee might find;
Repairer of the dreadful breach,
Reſtorer of mankind.

9 Through thy deſert a fallen race
To God may gain acceſs;
With thy fine linen deck our ſouls,
Thy perfect righteouſneſs.
10 With that celeſtial robe endued,
We ev'ry foe defy;
On earth it ſhall our armour be,
Our glory in the ſky.

PARA. III. *The Prayer of King Manaſſes paraphraſed.*

1 AUTHOR of all in earth and ſky,
From whom the ſtars derive their light,
When thou art wroth the planets die,
And melt as nothing in thy ſight.
2 Meaſur'd by thine almighty hand,
Unfathom'd ſeas of liquid glaſs,
Obedient, own thy high command,
And keep the bounds they cannot paſs.
3 Shut up by their reſtraining Lord,
They in their proper channels flow:
Obey Jehovah's ſovereign word,
"Here, and no farther, ſhall ye go."
4 Thy terrors as a blazing flame,
Devour and weigh the ſinner down:
The mighty tremble at thy name,
And nations quake beneath thy frown.
5 Tremendous as thy judgments are,
Thy pity too no limit knows;
Thine arm is ſtretch'd the meek to ſpare,
And terribly conſume thy foes.
6 With ſhame, great God, I own with me,
Thy waiting mercy long hath borne,
Yet would I not come back to thee,
Proudly refuſing to return.
7 When mercy call'd I ſtopp'd my ear,
How did I from the Saviour rove,
And, bent on death, refuſe to hear
The voice of thy inviting love!

8 Blind

8 Blind were my eyes, and hard my heart,
And proof againſt thy ſtriving grace:
I would from thee, my ſtrength, depart,
And ceaſe to walk in wiſdom's ways.
9 But lo! On thee I fix my hope;
Be thou my friend and advocate:
Gracious Redeemer, lift me up,
And raiſe me to my firſt eſtate.
10 Faith in thy merit is thy gift,
By which thou doſt backſliders heal:
Impart it, gracious Lord, to lift
My abject ſoul from whence I fell.
11 Deſtruction ſhall not ſeize the juſt,
Whoſe ſin already is forgiv'n,
Whom thou haſt reſcu'd from the loſt,
And number'd with the heirs of heav'n.
12 To ſinners, of whom I am chief,
Thy healing promiſes pertain;
Who fell from thee through unbelief,
By faith may be reſtor'd again.
13 Of boundleſs mercy I have need,
My ſins have took deep hold on me;
In number they the grains exceed,
That form the margin of the ſea.
14 Meek on the earth thy ſervant lies,
And humbly makes his ſorrows known;
Unworthy to lift up my eyes
To heav'n, my injur'd Maker's throne.
15 Bow'd with my ſenſe of ſin, I faint,
Beneath the complicated load;
Father, attend my deep complaint,
I am thy creature, thou my God!
16 Tho' I have broke thy righteous law,
Yet with me let thy ſpirit ſtay;
Thyſelf from me do not withdraw,
Nor take my ſpark of hope away.
17 Mercy unlimited is thine,
God of the penitent thou art;
The ſaving pow'r of blood divine,
Shall wipe the anguiſh from my heart.

18 Then let not ſin my ruin be,
Give me in thee my reſt to find:
Jeſus, the ſick have need of thee,
The great phyſician of mankind.
19 In my ſalvation, Lord, diſplay
The triumphs of abounding grace:
Tell me my guilt is done away,
And turn my mourning into praiſe.
20 Repriev'd ſo long from hell's abyſs,
Thou wilt not hurl me there at laſt,
But chear me with the ſmile of peace,
Nor look at my offences paſt.
21 Then ſhall I add my feeble ſong
To their's who chaunt thy praiſe on high,
And ſpread, with an immortal tongue,
Thy glory through the echoing ſky.

PARA. IV. *The* xx*th Pſalm.*

1 BELOV'D of God, may Jeſus hear
The ardent breathings of thy pray'r,
And cancel thy tranſgreſſions;
Be with thee in affliction's day,
Redeem thee from thy fears, and ſay
Amen to thy petitions!
2 Thy ev'ry need he will ſupply;
His ſaints ſhall ſurely find him nigh,
The God whom they rely on;
He will not turn away his face,
But ſave thee from his holy place,
And ſend thee help from Sion.
3 Thy feebleſt pray'r ſhall reach his throne,
Thy ev'ry pang is noted down,
And thou ſhall be forgiv'n;
He loves thee, troubled as thou art;
And all the pantings of thy heart
Are treaſured up in heav'n.
4 God is our triumph in diſtreſs;
His children's privilege it is
To ſmile at tribulation:

Jeſus,

Jeſus, to thee we lift our voice,
By grace enabled to rejoice,
In hope of thy ſalvation.
5 Ready to hear, O Lord, thou art,
Mighty to take thy people's part,
And help them in affliction:
Creation kneels to thy command,
The ſaving ſtrength of thy right-hand,
Shall be our ſure protection.
6 In chariots ſome repoſe their truſt,
Of horſes others make their boaſt,
But we in God are ſtronger:
Who on the arm of fleſh rely,
Trembling before our face ſhall fly,
When we ſhall more than conquer.
7 Still may the palm to us be giv'n,
Thy ſaints, O mighty king of heav'n,
Continue to deliver:
Support us with thy ſtrength'ning grace,
Till we, in yon celeſtial place,
Sit down with thee for ever.

PARA. V. *Pſalm* cxix, *Verſe* 169, *to the End.*

1 CONSIDER, Lord, my juſt complaint,
Wiſdon divine is what I want;
From lack of knowledge, Lord, I groan:
O when ſhall I my God put on?
2 O let my ſupplication riſe,
As fumes of incenſe to the ſkies,
Enter Jehovah's high abode,
The preſence chamber of my God.
3 When I am truly taught thy ways,
My lips ſhall only ſpeak thy praiſe;
My tongue ſhall ſing of thee alone,
And tell the wonders thou haſt done.
4 Aſſiſt me in thy love to ſtand,
And hold me by thy guardian hand:
Help me to chooſe the lot of grace,
The way of life, the path of peace.

5 Lord,

5 Lord, I have long'd thy will to know,
And, knowing, all thy will to do:
My meat and drink is thee to pleaſe,
And know the Saviour as he is.
6 Tho', as a ſheep, I went aſtray,
And wander'd from thy holy way:
The way that Chriſt my maſter trod,
The narrow way that leads to God:
7 Sought out by grace, brought back I am,
Sav'd by the merits of the Lamb;
And now, O Chriſt, myſelf I ſee,
In Adam loſt, reſtor'd to thee.

PARA. VI. *The* cxxiſt *Pſalm.*

1 MY heart, whene'er I lift my eyes
To heaven's exalted ſphere,
Wing'd with impetuous ardour flies,
To meet thee in the air.
2 Jeſus by faith I ever ſee,
Who for the ſinner pleads,
And ev'ry moment look to thee,
From whom my help proceeds.
3 The great artificer of heav'n,
My guard and keeper is,
Who, by his ſpirit inly giv'n,
Aſſures me I am his.
4 Where'er I go he guides my ſteps,
Nor ſuffers me to fall:
Iſrael's defence, who never ſleeps
Surrounds me as a wall.
5 In my Redeemer's watchful ſight,
Secure I ever ſtand;
My guard by day, my ſcreen by night,
My ſhield on either hand.
6 Knit to my condeſcending God,
I dwell with the Supreme;
Nor open force nor ſecret fraud,
Shall ſever me from him.

7 His

7 His light, his peace, his heav'n is mine,
And mine his mighty pow'r:
My faithful centinel divine,
Preſerves me ev'ry hour.

PARA. VII. *The* cxxxivth *Pſalm.*

1 YE friends and followers of God,
With robes made white in Jeſus' blood,
Approach the throne of grace:
His temple's hallow'd court draw nigh,
By day and night renew the cry,
And ſound the trump of praiſe.
2 With ardour lift your hearts and hands;
In yonder heav'n Immanuel ſtands
To offer up your pray'rs:
From Sion he your ſouls ſhall bleſs;
Builder of heav'n and earth he is,
And dwells above the ſtars.

PARA. VIII. *The* ivth *Chapter of Amos.*

1 YE Kine of Baſhan, who devour
The needy and oppreſs the poor,
Who drown in wine your every ſenſe,
And drink the ſpoil of violence.
2 God by his holineſs hath ſworn
(The awful God whoſe law ye ſcorn)
Your foes, whom more than him ye dread,
Your deſtin'd borders ſhall invade.
3 The Lord hath ratify'd your doom,
Yourſelves and your's he will conſume.
Aliens his inſtruments ſhall be,
To ſcourge your vile idolatry.
4 Your ſtately buildings then ſhall fall;
His vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.
Your palaces ſhall be a prey,
And ſtalls for oxen in that day.
5 Shall guilty hands and wanton eyes
Be lifted up in ſacrifice?
Ceaſe to tranſgreſs, and then my ear
Shall meet the incenſe of your pray'r.

6 In

6 In vain my judgments are abroad,
Tokens of an offended God;
Nor wrath nor mercies can prevail,
Nor love of heav'n, nor fear of hell.
7 I gave you, in your greateſt need,
Cleanneſs of teeth, through want of bread;
Each face was pale, and weak each knee,
Yet have ye not return'd to me.
8 Have I not marr'd the rip'ning grain,
With ſcorching heat and want of rain?
And fruſtrated your riſing hopes,
By wither'd trees and blaſted crops?
9 Your water fail'd, your wells were dry;
Your thirſt ye could not ſatisfy:
Your fainting cities yet ſinned on,
And drew my fiercer judgments down.
10 Your figs and olive trees I ſmote,
Your vineyards I conſumed with drought;
Mildew and palmer-worms bereft
The earth of what the drought had left.
11 Contagious ſickneſs next I ſent:
(Infatuate Egypt's puniſhment)
My fury next in blood I pour'd,
And gave your children to the ſword.
12 Horſes (the ruin who can tell?)
Promiſcuous with their riders fell:
Caus'd by their ſtench, the infectious air
Increas'd the havock of the war.
13 Obdurate, ſtill, ye felt mine ire
Reveal'd from heav'n in flames of fire;
The blazing ruin ſwept away
Men, towns and cities in a day:
14 Hear then the meſſage of the Lord,
The awful thunder of his word;
Since all my judgments ſtrive in vain,
To kindle fear in ſtubborn man.
15 Myſelf in judgment ſhall appear,
And call thee, Iſrael, to my bar:

As harden'd Pharaoh blind and proud,
Prepare to meet thy hoſtile God.
16 Prepare to meet your dreadful foe,
Omniſcient and Almighty too;
Whoſe terrors heav'n and earth proclaim,
The God of glory is his name.

PARA. IX. *Pſalm* cxix. *Verſes* 161, 162, 163, 164, *&c. to the* 169*th.*

1 PRINCES have perſecuted me,
But, Lord, my truſt is ſtill in thee;
Me from my hope they ſought to move,
But could not ſtir me from thy love.
2 I fly for refuge to my Lord,
For comfort to his healing word:
From Saul my ſafe retreat he is,
And all the troublers of my peace.
3 Each paſſing hour diſplays his care;
He ſaves me from the latent ſnare:
His love with wonder I ſurvey,
And praiſe him ſeven times a day.
4 Jeſus, my mind from earth withdraw;
Great peace have they that love thy law:
No precept there which thou haſt giv'n,
Is hard to them who ſtrive for heav'n.
5 I too have look'd thy health to ſee,
And taſte the peace that comes from thee;
Each inward luſt have ſtrove to kill,
And walk in all thy perfect will.
6 My ſoul hath lov'd thy ways and thee,
Thy word is life and health to me:
Exceedingly thy word I prize,
The fund where heav'nly treaſure lies.
7 Thy teſtimonies are my food,
The ſaving oracles of God:
Studious of them on earth I'll be,
And then fly up to reign with thee:

PARA.

PARA. X. *Salvation recovered for Man by Jeſus Chriſt; Iſaiah* lii. 1, 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, 15.

1 ZION, awake, put on thy ſtrength,
Reſume thy beautiful array;
The promis'd Saviour comes at length,
To chaſe thy guilt and grief away:
Thee for his purchaſe God ſhall own,
And ſave thee by his dying Son.

2 Jeruſalem, be holy now,
Satan no more ſhall dwell in thee;
Waſh'd from thy ſin, and white as ſnow,
Prepare thy God made man to ſee;
Prepare Immanuel to behold,
And hear his peaceful meſſage told.

3 Shake off the duſt, ariſe with ſpeed,
Too long haſt thou a captive been;
Redemption's near, lift up thine head,
And caſt away the chains of ſin;
Forth from thy priſon come, and ſhake
The yoke of bondage from thy neck.

4 Tho' ye have ſold yourſelves for nought,
And forfeited your claim to heav'n,
Accept the Saviour's love unbought;
Your treaſon now is all forgiv'n;
My blood the fallen race reſtores,
And ſaves without deſert of your's.

5 Ye deſart places, ſing for joy;
Loſt man, your hymns of wonder raiſe;
Let holy ſhouts invade the ſky,
And ev'ry altar flame with praiſe;
For I, Almighty to redeem,
Have comforted Jeruſalem.

6 My arm's made bare for your defence,
To ſave my Church from Satan's pow'r,
Depart, depart, come out from thence,
Defile yourſelves with ſin no more:
Be pure ye prieſts, who preach my word,
And bear the veſſels of the Lord.

7 Look

7 Look out and ſee Immanuel come,
Myriads to ſprinkle with his blood;
He many nations ſhall bring home,
And ſave them from the wrath of God:
And earth's remoteſt bounds ſhall ſee
The great ſalvation wrought by me.

PARA. XI. *The* viiith *Chapter of Hoſea.*

1 SET the loud trumpet to thy mouth,
Let all the final warning hear;
My everlaſting word of truth,
To high and low alike declare.
2 Swift, as the rav'nous eagle flies,
And darts, impetuous on her prey,
Shall their victorious enemies,
Fill Iſrael's land with pale diſmay.
3 Then ſhall they cry to me in vain;
Tho' aſk'd with tears, no aid I'll grant,
Becauſe they did my words diſdain,
And trample on my covenant.
4 Me for their God they will not have,
Therefore I give them to the ſword:
Your foes commiſſion ſhall receive,
T' avenge my quarrel, ſaith the Lord.
5 Sin is the God whom they adore,
And hell-born luſts their rulers are:
Th' apoſtate land ſhall feel my pow'r,
The fury of deſtructive war.
6 Go, to your gods, O Iſrael, go!
Samaria to thy calf apply!
Thy idols cannot help thee now,
Nor ſave thee when diſtreſs is nigh.
7 When wilt thou turn to me thy God?
When wilt thou ſeek my injur'd face?
'Till then my wrath ſhall drench in blood,
The harden'd, unbelieving race.
8 Ye fools and blind, conſider this,
Can they be gods which hands have made?
On you and on your images,
I'll hurl the ruin I have ſaid.

9 Who ſow in ſin ſhall reap in pain;
My word ſhall ſurely come to paſs:
Un-number'd miſchiefs yet remain,
For thoſe deſpiſers of my grace.
10 To puniſh their apoſtacy,
The corn ſhall periſh ere it riſe;
Or what comes up ſhall only be
A portion for their enemies.
11 For Iſrael waxes worſe and worſe,
Nor quakes at my tremendous frown,
Famine and war unite their force,
To bring a ſinful people down.
12 Before the heathen Iſrael flies,
His boaſted ſtrength is weakneſs found:
As when a broken veſſel lies,
Slighted and uſeleſs on the ground.
13 Ephraim is up to Syria gone,
In all the confidence of pride:
Alas, he goes to war alone,
Jehovah is not on his ſide.
14 Ephraim in vain the King of kings,
With condeſcending pity woo'd:
The fatal love of earthly things,
Has drawn him from the love of God.
15 The fierce invaders to repel,
Tho' they have foreign aid obtain'd,
Yet ſhall th' ungrateful nation feel,
The weight of my avenging hand.
16 Since Ephraim hath diſguiſed his ſin,
Beneath religion's ſpecious forms,
His very prayer ſhall be unclean,
And haſten to bring on the ſtorm.
17 In vain I gave my gracious law,
The treaſure of my written word;
No beauty there the worldlings ſaw,
Nor priz'd the meſſage of the Lord.
18 Wherefore their cry I will not hear,
Nor yet accept their ſacrifice;
Unpardon'd ſin pollutes their pray'r,
Nor lets it penetrate the ſkies.

19 I

19 In Egypt they again ſhall weep;
I'll viſit their iniquity:
Their ſins I will in mem'ry keep,
Becauſe they have forgotten me.
20 In vain they fence their cities round,
In forts and ramparts put their truſt:
Their lofty ſpires ſhall kiſs the ground,
By light'ning level'd with the duſt.

PARA. XII. *The* cxxvth *Pſalm.*

1 WHO, Lord, confide in thee,
And in thy faith endure,
Shall as Mount Sion be,
Immoveable and ſure:
As Chriſt their rock, unſhook, unmov'd;
Of God eternally belov'd.
2 The riſing mountains ſtand
Around Jeruſalem;
So God's almighty hand,
Guards us who truſt in him:
We never will of ſafety doubt,
While he ſhall compaſs us about.
3 Ye ſouls who ſtand in God,
Whom Jeſus' blood hath bought;
The guilty ſinner's rod
Shall never be your lot:
Ye ſhall not fall, upheld by grace,
Nor put your hands to wickedneſs.
4 The upright men in heart,
Jehovah will defend;
Will not from them depart,
But love them to the end:
He will do well, O ſaints, to you;
The Lord will never let you go.
5 But ſuch as will forſake,
The happy path of peace,
Deceivers, that turn back
To their own wickedneſs;

The double wrath of God ſhall feel,
And ſink unpardon'd into hell.
6 While they who hear his call,
And plead a Saviour's blood,
Shall reign in joy with all
The ranſom'd ones of God:
Peace upon Iſrael ſhall come,
To endleſs glory gather'd home.

PARA. XIII. *Lord's Prayer. Matthew* vi. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 OUR holy Father, all thy will
We fain would perfectly fulfil;
But each has left thy law undone,
Unworthy to be call'd thy Son.
2 Who art in heav'n, enthron'd on high,
Diffuſing glory through the ſky;
Reigning above, on earth rever'd,
By ſaints belov'd, by ſinners fear'd.
3 For ever hallow'd be thy name,
The Triune God, the bright I Am;
At which ſeraphic choirs and all
The hoſts of heav'n adoring fall.
4 Thy kingdom come, e'en now we wait
Thy glory to participate:
Rule in our hearts, unrival'd reign,
Nor e'er withdraw thyſelf again.
5 Thy will, thy law, thy precept giv'n,
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heav'n:
Faithful as angels, fain would we
With cover'd faces wait on thee.
6 Great God, on whom the ravens cry,
For ſuſtenance, our wants ſupply:
Give us this day, and evermore,
Our daily bread from hour to hour.
7 Forgive whate'er we do amiſs,
Our wilful ſins and treſpaſſes,
As we forgive (reward us thus)
All them that treſpaſs againſt us.

8 And

8 And lead us not by bounty's tide,
Into temptation, luſt or pride:
But what by mercy we obtain,
Let pow'r omnipotent reſtrain.
9 And O! deliver us thine own
From evil and the evil one,
Who fain his darts in us would ſheath,
And bind us with the chains of death.
10 Thou, Lord, can'ſt vanquiſh his deſign,
Thine is the kingdom, only thine;
The pow'r, th' eternal majeſty,
And glory, appertain to thee!

PARA. XIV. *The* lxiiid *Pſalm.*

1 O GOD, my God thou art,
My Father too by grace;
I dare not from my hope depart,
Or ceaſe to ſeek thy face;
My thirſty ſpirit pants
Thy plenitude to prove,
And comprehend with all thy ſaints,
The fulneſs of thy love.
2 In this dry, barren land,
Where water is not found,
I fain would fly to thy right hand,
Where living ſtreams abound:
Thee, thee, I long to know,
Athirſt for God I am,
And come to thee as needy now
As when at firſt I came.
3 Thy glory and thy pow'r
I long again to ſee,
To have again, as heretofore,
Sweet fellowſhip with thee;
Again to feel thy peace,
Again thy name to praiſe:
Better than life thy favour is,
To all that know thy grace.

4 With perſevering hope,
Thy mercy I'll proclaim,
My hands in ſteady faith lift up,
And magnify thy name.
Thy praiſes I'll reveal,
'Till I from earth remove,
My mouth with joyful lips ſhall tell
The wonders of thy love.

5 Surely I reaſon have
On thee, my God, to truſt;
My life thou lifteſt from the grave,
My ſpirit from the duſt:
Thy grace and boundleſs might
My theme by day ſhall be,
My glory in the ſilent night,
To meditate on thee.

6 My ſuccour thou haſt been
When ev'ry helper failed,
Or I, ere now, had fell by ſin,
And Satan had prevail'd;
My ſoul, redeem'd from death,
To thee her off'ring brings,
And hides her helpleſs head beneath
The covert of thy wings.

7 Thou keep'ſt my ſteady feet,
In thy appointed road;
By all the pow'rs of hell beſet,
I follow after God:
In Jeſus I am ſafe,
My caſtle of reſort;
His hand is both my ſhield and ſtaff,
My ſhelter and ſupport.

8 The men who ſeek to tread
Thy faithful people down,
And perſecute, in them, their Head,
And crucify their Son,
Thou, Lord, will ſurely foil
In thy avenging day,
And give their bodies for a ſpoil
To ev'ry beaſt of prey.

9 But me, and all who love
Thy worſhip and thy ways,
Thou far from danger wilt remove,
And hide us in thy place:
Who ſpeak the words of truth,
Thou, Lord, on them ſhall ſmile,
But thou wilt ſtop the liar's mouth,
And ſlay the ſons of guile.

PARA. XV. *Pſalm* cxix. *From the* 40th *Verſe to the* 49th.

1 LET thy loving mercy, Lord,
Come alſo unto me;
Now according to thy word,
My preſent Saviour be:
Unbelievers then no more
Shall againſt my hope blaſpheme;
Forc'd to own "the mighty pow'r
Of God hath reſcu'd him."
2 In thy word my truſt I place,
And humbly urge my claim,
'Till I of thy ſaving grace,
A living witneſs am:
Give me, Lord, thyſelf to know,
Then in me thy word fulfil,
To walk in all things here below,
According to thy will.
3 Seeking now in ſtedfaſt faith,
I wait a word from thee;
Bring my feet into the path
Of perfect liberty;
Then, when I the path have found,
Un-aſham'd thy truth I'll ſhew;
Kings ſhall hear the joyful ſound,
And ſeek ſalvation too.

4 My delight is in thy word
Which I have lov'd of old,
Dearer is thy promiſe, Lord,
To me than mines of gold:
Up to thee my hands I lift,
'Till I of thy grace receive;
Give the never changing gift,
Thy full redemption give.

OCCASIONAL

OCCASIONAL PIECES

ON THE

DEATH OF FRIENDS.

John xi. 26. *Whoſoever liveth and believeth in me ſhall never die.*

——— Quid ſibi Saxa cavata,
Quid pulchra volunt Monumenta,
Niſi quòd Res creditor illis
Non mortua, ſed data Sommo? PRUD.

EPITAPH I. On Mrs. E. B.

IF Candour, merit, ſenſe or virtue dies,
Reader, beneath thy feet dead virtue lies;
Yet ſtill ſhe lives, if worth can eternize.
Lives far above the reach of death: But where?
In heav'n, and ev'ry heart that knew her here.
Vain are encomiums; praiſe is idly ſpent
On them whoſe actions are their monument.
Thrice ſacred tomb, be loyal to thy truſt,
And guard, till Chriſt revives her hallow'd duſt:
Then, as a faithful ſteward, ſafe reſtore
The precious treaſure thou muſt keep no more.

EPITAPH II. On Mr. G. WALTON.

1 THE debt of nature I have paid,
Which thou muſt ſhortly pay:
To learn inſtruction from the dead,
Thou breathing taper, ſtay.

2 Swifter than thought thy years depart,
My verſe proclaims their haſte:
A moment nearer death thou art,
Than when you read the laſt.

3 Soon

3 Soon muſt thy earth to earth be giv'n,
Soon muſt thou diſappear:
Say, reader, is thy heart in heav'n,
And is thy treaſure there?
4 Like thee the proſtrate dead I view'd,
While in the fleſh detain'd:
How differ we? thou 'rt on the road,
I've reach'd my journey's end.

EPITAPH III. On the Death of Mrs. F. T. June 3, 1754. *Heb.* iv. 9. *There remaineth therefore a Reſt for the People of God.*

1 THE robes of light our ſiſter wears,
Which emulate the ſun,
Should cauſe us to ſuſpend our tears,
And make our anthems rival their's
Who ſtand before the throne.
2 Glory to him whoſe love conſtrains,
And ſaves us by his blood:
By virtue of his dying pains,
She finds the reſt that ſtill remains,
For ev'ry child of God.
3 In fiery trials day by day
Unſhaken did ſhe ſtand;
To glory ſweetly made her way,
Meek and reſign'd as paſſive clay,
In her great Potter's hand.
4 Her woes their period have found,
They cannot now enſlave,
Nor come where endleſs joys abound,
Nor haunt her peaceful ſoul beyond
The limit of the grave.
5 Victorious ſhe aſſumes the wreath,
For conquerors deſign'd,
The end of perſevering faith;
And leaves her cares, releas'd by death,
Eternally behind.

6 No more, by Satan's rage purſu'd,
Affliction ſhalt thou ſee;
Secure of heav'n for thine abode,
Bleſt with the preſence of thy God,
To all eternity.
7 The happy change that life deny'd,
Aſſiſting death affords;
Behold her at Immanuel's ſide,
Unutterably glorify'd,
Immutably the Lord's!
8 O may we too maintain our ground,
From faith to faith go on!
At the laſt day in Chriſt be found,
And form the circles that ſurround,
His everlaſting throne!

EPITAPH IV. On the death of Mr. ENOCH WILLIAMS, Auguſt, 1757.

Gen. v. 24. *And Enoch walked with God, he was not, for God took him.*

1 HEARKEN! the Saviour's voice at laſt
Invites his ſufferer home,
And tells thee all thy toil is paſt,
But thy reward is come.
2 Till meet for bliſs on earth detain'd,
The conqueſt thou haſt won;
Through much temptation thou haſt gain'd
The prize, and reach'd the crown:
3 While ſhouting angels chaunt their joys,
And tune their notes the higher,
And clap their wings, for O! thy voice,
Is added to the choir.
4 Of his inheritance above
They hail a ſaint poſſeſt:
Made meet, by his Redeemer's love,
To be Jehovah's gueſt.

5 Swift

5 Swift as an arrow through the air,
The tow'ring ſpirit flies,
Intruſted to a ſeraph's care,
And convoy'd to the ſkies:
6 On the expanded wings of love,
He ſeeks his high abode,
To meet the happy ſouls above,
That are brought home to God.
7 Him they ſalute with lifted cry,
As ſoon as enter'd there,
"But for thy favour'd miniſtry,
Or we had not been here:
8 From pain to glory ſummon'd forth,
Thrice welcome from below,
Our fellow-ſufferer on earth,
Our fellow angel now!"
9 While humbly he draws near the throne,
The Saviour's chryſtal ſeat;
Gives him the praiſe, and caſts his crown,
At his redeeming feet.
10 Lifted above the reach of pain,
We ſoon ſhall change our place;
And join Immanuel's ſhining train,
And ſee his bliſsful face:
11 Rejoicing in that glorious hope,
We bear his croſs below;
We quickly ſhall be taken up,
Sublimer joys to know.
12 For our arrival into bliſs,
Our friends in glory wait:
Cut ſhort thy work in righteouſneſs,
And make their joys compleat!
13 The happy ſoul whom Jeſus gives,
In him to live and die,
Its bleſt tranſition ſcarce perceives
Into eternity.
14 A ſight of him that conquer'd death,
In our laſt moments giv'n,
Shall elevate our languid faith,
And charm us into heav'n.

15 Chriſt

15 Chriſt when expiring Stephen view'd,
He ſcorn'd death's utmoſt pow'r,
And calmly fell aſleep in God,
Amidſt the ſtony ſhow'r.
16 Aſſiſt us, Lord, to walk and live,
In Sion's heavenly road,
And then our ſouls to thee receive,
When call'd to meet our God.
17 A little while and we ſhall ſoar
To yonder promis'd land,
And meet our brethren gone before,
Enthron'd at thy right hand:
18 Thy praiſe ſhall actuate each tongue,
Thy love our hearts enflame;
And we with them ſhall ſing the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

EPITAPH V. On Maſter EUSTACE BATEMAN.

1 HAIL, happy youth, ſo early taken home,
Caught up to Jeſus from the ill to come:
By thy Redeemer ſweetly order'd hence,
Ere vice had marr'd thy lovely innocence.
2 When twice ſix winters he had ſcarcely ſeen,
His heav'n-born ſoul diſdain'd to dwell with men:
Ardent the crown eternal to receive,
And ripe for heav'n, he only dy'd to live.

EPITAPH VI. On the Death of the Rev. Mr. R. B.

Numbers xxiii. 10. *Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my laſt End be like his.*

1 THRICE happy they who ſleep in God,
Securely wafted o'er the flood,
To Canaan's peaceful ſhore!
Whoſe lives were as a daily death,
Who walk'd with God, and liv'd by faith,
And now ſhall die no more!
2 Such, gracious Lord, we wiſh to be;
Such was our paſtor, now with thee,

Our

Our candleſtick below:
A burning and a ſhining light,
He liv'd a while to bleſs our ſight,
But ſhines in glory now.

3 A Prophet hallow'd from the womb,
To ſeek and bring the wand'rers home;
Anointed, ſet apart:
Enabled by the ſearching word,
To ſet the meſſage of the Lord,
Home to the ſinner's heart.

4 His ev'ry pow'r devoted was
To further his Redeemer's cauſe;
Nor did his talents hide:
A beacon ſet upon an hill,
He liv'd to do his Maſter's will,
He did his will, and dy'd.

5 A faithful meſſenger he ſtood,
The trumpet and the mouth of God,
To make his counſel known:
His life one conſtant voice hath been,
Inviting ſinners to come in,
And aſk th' eternal crown.

6 May I like him my hours employ,
Finiſh, like him, my courſe with joy,
And ſleep to wake in bliſs!
Like him be number'd with the bleſt!
Jeſus regard my one requeſt,
Make my laſt end like his.

EPITAPH VII. On the Death of Mr. R. V.

Heb. vi. 12. *Be not ſlothful, but Followers of them who, through Faith and Patience, inherit the Promiſes.*

1 THE crown of righteouſneſs is giv'n,
Our friend is landed ſafe in heav'n:
His warfare now accompliſh'd is,
And face to face his Lord he ſees.

2 Forever now redeem'd from pain,
He did not run nor ſtrive in vain;
With triumph from his clay releas'd,
Tranſlated to his place of reſt.

3 Ear

3 Ear hath not heard, nor eye beheld,
What to the ſaints is there reveal'd;
Bliſsful experience only knows,
The glories of the upper houſe.

4 Far, far from all diſtreſs remov'd,
They know the God whom here they lov'd:
Temptation, ſickneſs, grief and care,
Shall never gain admiſſion there.

5 Then let us ſeek, in ſtedfaſt faith,
A city that foundations hath:
Our bright, immoveable abode,
Whoſe glorious architect is God.

6 There we ſhall all our pain forget,
And only ſongs of praiſe repeat;
In knowledge, happineſs and love,
To all eternity improve.

7 There we ſhall as the angels ſhine,
The martyr's noble army join;
And ſee the Lamb (thrice bliſsful ſight!)
Encompaſs'd with his ſaints in light.

8 When ſhall we to our joy be giv'n;
O when exchange this earth for heav'n?
And caſt our crowns before the throne,
And worſhip him that ſits thereon?

9 When ſhall we hear th' inviting word,
And be for ever with the Lord?
A day with Chriſt in glory there,
Is better than a thouſand here.

10 Holy and true, call in thine own,
Accompliſh, Lord, their number ſoon:
Us to thy ſecond coming ſeal,
And with thyſelf for ever fill!

AN

APPENDIX.

Conſiſting of ſeveral Pieces, not properly reducible to any of the preceding Heads.

I.

1 LOOK back, my ſoul, and take a view,
Of Chriſt expiring on the tree:
Behold thy Saviour breathe his laſt,
To buy eternal life for thee!
Thy Jeſus faints—'Tis finiſh'd, cries,
Reclines his ſacred head, and dies.
2 Shadows and types are done away,
The temple's veil is rent in twain:
Vaniſh, ye emblematic rites,
The real victim now is ſlain;
Is ſlain for ſinners to atone,
The prieſt and ſacrifice in one.
3 Methinks I ſee the purpled earth,
Startle to feel its Maker's blood;
The ſun retires, and from their graves,
Saints riſe to hail their dying Lord:
Each ſympathiſing rock appears
More tender than his murderers.
4 And did the Saviour thus exchange
His throne of glory for a croſs?
Left he for this th' ethereal court,
To die a painful death for us?
For us he bled at ev'ry vein,
And, ſlain by man, for man was ſlain.

5 Obdurate

5 Obdurate heart, ſhall mountains heave,
And nature mourn her beſt belov'd,
Shall the rocks tremble at his voice,
And I alone abide unmov'd!
Shall I not weep his death to ſee,
Who wept in tears of blood for me?
5 O Prince of martyrs, touch my heart,
There at thy mighty ſtandard reſt;
Burn purifying incenſe there,
Fit it for ſo divine a gueſt:
There let thy pow'rful croſs reſide,
'Till ev'ry luſt is crucified.

II. *To a Friend who aſked what God is.*

1 IS there a man whoſe daring hand,
Can number ev'ry grain of ſand?
Can count the drops that fill the ſea,
Or tell how many ſtars there be?
2 Who, then, ſhall ſtrive to comprehend
Infinity that knows no end?
Who ſhall ſet bounds to boundleſs pow'r,
Reſtrain omnipotence, or low'r
Eternity to one poor hour?
3 Believe me, friend, thou can'ſt no more
The vaſt deſigns of God explore,
Than thy ſhort arm can touch the ſkies,
Or fathom ocean's deep abyſs.
4 Who ſhall diſcloſe his Maker's plan,
Or dare his ſecret will to ſcan?
Shall feeble, guilty, finite man?
5 None but perfection, ſuch as his,
Can know th' Almighty as he is;
His glory never can be brought
Adapted to a mortal's thought.
6 Conſider what thou art, and fear
This unſeen witneſs always near.
Dive not into his deep decree:
The object's too elate for thee,
Thou muſt not aſk, nor wiſh to ſee.

Caſt each preſumptuous doubt away;
Remember thou'rt, at beſt, but clay,
Whoſe only province is t' obey.

III. ISAIAH xlix. 16. *Behold, I have graven thee on the Palms of my Hands.*

1 REDEEM'D offender, hail the day
That ſees thy ſin forgiv'n:
Jeſus hath borne thy guilt away
And pleads for thee in heav'n.
2 Imprinted on his hands thou art
In characters of blood;
The ſtream that iſſu'd from his heart
Shall waft thee ſafe to God.
3 For me vouchſaf'd th' unſpotted Lamb,
His Father's wrath to bear:
I ſee his feet, and read my name
Engraven deeply there.
4 Forth from the Lord his guſhing blood
In purple currents ran:
And ev'ry wound proclaim'd aloud
His wond'rous love to man.
5 My faith looks back and ſees him bleed;
A thorny crown he wears,
To ſet upon the ſinner's head
A ſhining crown of ſtars.
6 Saviour, I fain would take the wreath,
To thee, my center, move,
In all the lowlineſs of faith,
In all the heights of love.
7 Thy righteouſneſs my robe ſhall be,
Thy bitter death my hope:
For my offence upon the tree
My Lord was lifted up.
8 For me the Saviour's blood avails,
Almighty to atone:
The hands he gave to piercing nails
Shall lead me to his throne.

IV. PHIL.

IV. PHIL. iv. 5. *Be careful for nothing.*

1 CAN my heav'n-born ſoul ſubmit
To care for things below!
Nay, but never from the feet
Of Jeſus may I go.
Anxious, Lord, for nothing here,
In ev'ry ſtraight I look to thee;
Humbly caſt my ev'ry care,
On him that cares for me.

2 Godlineſs is greateſt gain,
For that alone I pray;
Lord, I never would complain,
Give thou or take away:
Never would I grieve for ought,
So Chriſt is mine and I am his;
I would ne'er by taking thought,
Obſtruct my inward peace.

3 He ſhall dwell in perfect reſt
Whoſe mind is ſtay'd on thee,
Whom to keep within my breaſt,
My only care ſhall be;
View the lilies of the field,
They grow, but neither toil nor ſpin,
By their Maker's arm upheld,
Who cloaths the earth with green.

4 See the ravens, day by day,
Their Maker gives them food,
Lions, roaring for their prey,
Do ſeek their meat from God:
Lean thou on his faithful word,
Nor, by diſtruſt, provoke his wrath,
Caſt thy burden on the Lord,
O Thou of little faith.

5 Will the Saviour (who thy peace
At ſuch a price hath bought)
From his work of mercy ceaſe
And ſell thy life for nought?

Doubting ſoul, to him look up,
His ears are open to thy cry;
God ſhall recompence thy hope,
And all thy need ſupply.

6 Thou haſt promis'd help to thine,
And I believe the word;
I will never aſk a ſign,
Nor dare to tempt the Lord:
'Tis enough for God to ſay,
I'll feed my people with my hand;
Heav'n and earth ſhall paſs away,
But his decree ſhall ſtand.

V. *Judgement.*

1 BEHOLD, the awful day comes on,
When Jeſus on his righteous throne,
Shall in the clouds appear:
With ſolemn pomp ſhall bow the ſky,
And in the twinkling of an eye,
Arraign us at his bar.

2 But firſt th' archangels trump ſhall blow,
Our ſcatter'd duſt it's voice ſhall know,
And quicken at the ſound;
The ſea ſhall then give up her dead,
And nations, ſtarting from their bed,
Shall cleave the op'ning ground.

3 Who ſhall ſuſtain his righteous ire,
When Jeſus ſets the clouds on fire,
And makes the earth retreat?
In vain ſhall ſinners then repent,
When each expiring element,
Shall melt with fervent heat.

4 The dead in Chriſt ſhall firſt awake,
The faithful few, who for his ſake,
On earth were juſtify'd:
Guarded by a ſeraphic band,
Aloft they mount to his right-hand,
In whom they liv'd and dy'd.

5 See next the guilty crowd ariſe,
Beholding, with reluctant eyes,
The glories of the Lamb,
While taunting fiends impatient wait,
To hurl them from the judgment ſeat,
To hell's eternal flame.

6 Hark! as they mount, by devils borne,
To meet their judge, on earth their ſcorn,
Deſpairingly they cry,
" Fall on us rocks with all your load,
" And ſcreen us from the wrath of God,
" And hide us from his eye."

7 In vain on rocks and hills ye call,
The rocks ſhall from their baſis fall,
And know their place no more:
The hills ſhall melt when God comes down,
And mountains crumble at his frown,
And groan beneath his pow'r.

8 What thought can paint their black deſpair,
Who this tremendous ſentence hear,
Irrevocably giv'n,
" Depart ye curſed, into hell,
" With everlaſting burnings dwell,
" Remote from me and heav'n?"

9 But O thou Saviour of mankind,
Diſplay thy pow'r, and to the blind
Effectual light afford:
Snatch them from unbelief,
And now compel them to come in,
And tremble at thy word.

10 Methinks I hear thy mercy plead,
The voice of him that wakes the dead
Doth over ſinners mourn:
" Why do ye ſtill your God forget,
" And madly haſten to the pit
" From whence is no return?

11 " Ye reaſoners, make the wiſeſt choice;
" Liſten, in time, to reaſon's voice,
" Nor dare almighty ire:

" Turn, leſt my hotteſt wrath ye feel,
" And find, too late, the flames of hell
" No metaphoric fire."

VI. *Contempt of the World.*

1 CAN ought below engroſs my thought?
Or am I to the world confin'd?
Nay, let my pure affections ſoar
To objects of a nobler kind!
2 I know I'm but a pilgrim here,
That ſeeks a better, promis'd land:
Then may I run and never tire,
Till that celeſtial home's obtain'd.
3 Reſolv'd to tread the ſacred way
That Jeſus water'd with his blood,
I bend my fixed and chearful courſe
Through that rough path my maſter trod.
4 Contemptuous of the world I live,
A daily death rejoice to die:
And, while I move and walk below,
My abſent heart mounts up on high.
5 O light of life, ſtill guide my ſteps,
Without thy friendly aid I ſtray:
Lead me, my God, for I am blind,
Direct me, and point out my way.
6 Let the vain world applaud or frown,
Still may I heaven's path purſue:
Still may I ſtand unſhook, and keep
The center of my hopes in view!
7 Tho' Satan, earth and ſelf oppoſe,
Yet, thro' thy help, I'll perſevere;
To Canaan's hills my eyes lift up,
And chuſe my lot and portion there.
8 The way that leads to glory lies
Through ill-report, contempt and loſs:
Aſſiſt me to deny myſelf,
To follow thee and bear thy croſs.
9 Let Satan never come between,
Nor ſeparate my God from me;
But may my ſoul, in ev'ry ſtorm,
Find a ſure reſting place in thee.

VII.

1 DYING Redeemer, ſlaughter'd Lamb,
Thou pour'dſt out thy blood for me;
O may I, kindled by thy flame,
As freely give myſelf to thee!
My heart to thee I now reſign,
For, Lord, it coſt the blood of thine!
2 To ſave my falling ſoul from death,
Th' immaculate Redeemer dy'd;
Lord, my offences drove the nails,
The ſoldier I, that pierc'd thy ſide:
For this my reſtleſs eye runs o'er,
Becauſe I can lament no more.
3 How gladly ſhould my head have worn,
The crown of thorns to hinder thine!
Have ſuffer'd in my maſter's ſtead,
And made thy dying ſorrows mine!
Have ſtretch'd my arms upon the tree,
And dy'd myſelf to reſcue thee.
4 But O! no other ſacrifice,
The Father's juſtice could appeaſe;
Ten thouſand worlds had dy'd in vain,
Thy blood alone could buy our peace:
The God offended muſt be ſlain,
To expiate the offence of man.
5 And ſhall I not his croſs take up
Who dy'd upon a croſs for me?
Jeſus, through good and ill report,
I, in thy ſtrength, will follow thee.
My maſter liv'd deſpis'd, abhorr'd,
And I am not above my Lord.

VIII. *Life and Immortality brought to Light by the Goſpel.*

1 HOW bleſt am I! no ſnare I fear,
While Jeſus keeps his dwelling here:
His preſence chaces death away,
Enliv'ning with continual day.

2 By Satan's rage I ſtand unſhook,
My hopes are founded on a rock:
Chriſt is the ſtone on which I build,
My caſtle, guardian, helmet, ſhield!

IX. *To the Rev. Mr. E. W. March*, 1757.

1 SOLDIER of the living God,
Steward of the myſtic word;
Uſe the gifts on thee beſtow'd
To the honour of thy Lord.
Free thou didſt from him receive,
Man of God as freely give.
2 Clad with zeal as with a cloak,
Boldly urge thy rapid way;
Firmly grounded as a rock,
Faithful in the trying day:
Stand in Chriſt thy ſure abode,
Safely hid with him in God.
3 In Immanuel's ſtrength go forth,
Loud his dying love proclaim,
Dare the feeble ſons of earth,
Conquer in his ſaving name:
March with Jeſus for thy guide,
Go, for God is on thy ſide!
4 Bear the ſtandard of the Lord,
Fight thy captain's battles well;
With the ſpirit's two-edg'd ſword,
Put to flight the hoſts of hell:
Single thou thy foes ſhall chaſe,
Arm'd with all the ſtrength of grace.
5 Satan and the world may join,
Hell and death with thee engage;
Strong thou art, in ſtrength divine,
Safe amidſt their blackeſt rage:
Jeſus ſhall thy ſoul confirm,
Lift thee up above the ſtorm.
6 Vainly ſhall the blinded crew
Strive thy progreſs to withſtand;
Thee they never ſhall ſubdue,
Guarded by the Saviour's hand:

God

God hath ſaid concerning thee,
"As thy day thy ſtrength ſhall be."

7 But if Jeſus ſhou'd depart,
For a ſeaſon ceaſe to ſmile,
Proving what is in thine heart,
Leave thee to thyſelf a while,
He again thy ſtay will prove,
Bear thee in his arms of love.

8 When thou do'ſt in ſecret pray'r,
Find a ready, free acceſs,
When thou telleſt all thy care,
Sweetly at the throne of grace,
Me to Jeſus then commend,
Think upon thy diſtant friend!

9 Dauntleſs thou his word proclaim,
Tell his meſſage to mankind;
Bid them, in thy maſter's name,
Aſk the pearl for thoſe deſign'd:
Tell them, Jeſus will redeem
All that come to God by him.

10 Faithful to thy ſacred truſt,
Thus from ſtrength to ſtrength go on;
Stay the weak, bring back the loſt,
Labour 'till thy work is done:
Fight and conquer, end the ſtrife,
Enter on eternal life.

X. THESS. v. 24. *Faithful is he that calleth you, who alſo will do it.*

1 FICKLE and changeable man,
Terreſtrial joys are juſt as vain,
And periſh in the taſting;
But Jeſus' truth I cannot fear,
His gifts without repentance are,
His love is everlaſting.

2 Mercy unchangeable is his,
Eternal as himſelf it is,
Nor will his promiſe fail me:
I own the token he has given,
And ſteadily preſs on to heav'n,
Tho' fiends and men aſſail me.

3 He never will from me remove;
For me the Saviour pleads above,
Still making interceſſion:
I hear his pray'r, I feel his blood,
Kept by the mighty pow'r of God,
Through faith unto ſalvation.

4 His ſpirit for that end is giv'n,
To bear unhurt, unſtain'd, to heav'n,
The ſoul of each believer:
Deputed by the Lamb he is,
To comfort, guard, and ſtrengthen his,
And ſtay with them for ever.

5 Through him united to the Son,
Unalienably ſealed his own,
Nor earth, nor hell ſhall move me:
From conqu'ring I to conquer go;
Jeſus hath lov'd me hitherto,
And to the end will love me.

6 Bent to devour the ſerpent ſtands,
But Chriſt from his own mighty hands
Will never let him force me:
My Maker is my huſband now,
Nor heights above, nor depths below,
Shall from my Lord divorce me.

7 If, for a ſeaſon, Satan's chain
Be lengthen'd, Jeſus will ſuſtain
Me in the ſore temptation;
Will fruſtrate the accuſer's hope,
And bear my ranſom'd ſpirit up
Above the inundation.

8 His name aſſuredly I prove
Eſſential faithfulneſs and love;
Shall I, by doubting, grieve him?
My ſoul he with a price hath bought,
His law within my heart is wrote,
And I ſhall never leave him.

T. O.

TO THE

HOLY SPIRIT,

Modernized from the OFFICE for ORDINATION.

HYMN I. *To the Holy Spirit, &c.*

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt, our ſouls inſpire,
And warm with uncreated fire!
Thou the anointing ſpirit art,
Who doſt thy ſeven-fold gift impart:
Thy bleſſed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dullneſs of our blinded ſight;
Anoint and chear us, all our days,
With the abundance of thy grace;
Our foes convert, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee; a Trinity in one:
That, thro' the ages all along,
This may be our endleſs ſong;
Praiſe to thy eternal love,
Father, Son, and myſtic dove!

HYMN II. *A Contemplation, ſuggeſted by Rev.* vii. 9——17.

1 I SAW, and lo! a countleſs throng
Th' elect of ev'ry nation, name, and tongue,
Aſſembled round the everlaſting throne;

With

With robes of white endu'd
(The righteouſneſs of God);
And each a palm ſuſtain'd
In his victorious hand;
When thus the bright melodious choir begun:
" Salvation to thy name,
" Eternal God, and co-eternal Lamb,
" In pow'r, in glory, and in eſſence, one!"

So ſung the ſaints, th' angelic train,
Second the anthem with a loud Amen.
(Theſe in the outer circle ſtood,
The ſaints were neareſt God);
And proſtrate fall, with glory overpow'r'd,
And hide their faces with their wings,
And thus addreſs the King of kings:
" All hail, by thy triumphant Church ador'd!
" Bleſſing and thanks and honour too
" Are thy ſupreme, thy everlaſting due,
" Our tri-une, ſov'reign, our propitious Lord!"

While I beheld th' amazing ſight,
A ſeraph pointed to the ſaints in white,
And told me who they were, and whence they came:
" Theſe are they, whoſe lot below
Was perſecution, pain, and woe;
Theſe are the choſen purchas'd flock,
Who ne'er their Lord forſook;
Through his imputed merit, free from blame;
Redeem'd from ev'ry ſin;
And, as thou ſeeſt, whoſe garments were made clean,
Waſh'd in the blood of yon exalted Lamb.

Sav'd by his righteouſneſs alone,
Spotleſs they ſtand before the throne,
And in th' etherial temple chaunt his praiſe;
Himſelf among them deigns to dwell,
And face to face his light reveal:
Hunger and thirſt, as heretofore,
And pain, and heat, they know no more;

Nor

Nor need, as once, the ſun's prolific rays,
Immanuel, here, his people feeds,
To ſtreams of joy perennial leads,
And wipes, for ever wipes, the tears from ev'ry face."

Happy the ſouls releas'd from fear,
And ſafely landed there!
Some of the ſhining number, once, I knew,
And travell'd with them here:
Nay, ſome (my elder brethren now)
Sat later out for heav'n; my junior ſaints, below;
Long after me, they heard the call of grace,
Which wak'd them unto righteouſneſs.
How have they got beyond!
Converted laſt, yet firſt with glory crown'd!
Little, once, I thought that theſe
Would firſt the ſummit gain,
And leave me, far behind, ſlow journeying thro' the plain!

Lov'd, while on earth; nor leſs belov'd, tho' gone;
Think not I envy you your crown;
No; if I could, I would not, call you down.
Tho' ſlower is my pace,
To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on Jeſus all the way.
Who, now-and-then, lets fall a ray
Of comfort from his throne.
The ſhinings of his grace
Soften my paſſage thro' the wilderneſs,
And vines, nectareous, ſpring, where briers grew;
The ſweet unveilings of his face
Make me, at times, near half as bleſt as you.
O might his beauty feaſt my raviſh'd eyes,
His gladd'ning preſence ever ſtay,
And chear me all my journey thro'!
But ſoon the clouds return; my triumph dies;
Damp vapours from the valley riſe,
And hide the hill at Sion from my view.

Spirit

Spirit of light, thrice holy dove,
Brighten my ſenſe of int'reſt in that love
Which knew no birth, and never ſhall expire!
Electing goodneſs, firm and free,
My whole ſalvation hangs on thee,
Eldeſt and faireſt daughter of eternity.
Redemption, grace, and glory too,
Our bliſs above, and hopes below,
From her, their parent-fountain, flow;
Ah, tell me, Lord, that thou haſt choſen me!
Thou, who haſt kindled my intenſe deſire,
Fulfil the wiſh thy influence did inſpire,
And let me my election know!
Then, when thy ſummons bids me come up higher,
Well-pleaſed I ſhall from life retire,
And join the burning hoſts, beheld at diſtance now.

HYMN III. *Happineſs found.*

1 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
Where's thy ſeat, O tell me where?
Learning, pleaſure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, "It is not here:"
Not the wiſdom of the wiſe
Can inform me where it lies,
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliſs, I ſeek, create.

2 Object of my firſt deſire,
Jeſus, crucify'd for me!
All to happineſs aſpire,
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praiſe, and thee to know,
Conſtitute our bliſs below;
Thee to ſee, and thee to love,
Conſtitute our bliſs above.

3 Lord,

3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy preſence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy preſence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:
Source and giver of repoſe,
Singly from thy ſmile it flows;
Peace and happineſs are thine;
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

4 Whilſt I feel thy love to me,
Ev'ry object teems with joy;
Here O may I walk with thee,
Then into thy preſence die!
Let me but thyſelf poſſeſs,
Total ſum of happineſs!
Real bliſs I then ſhall prove;
Heav'n below, and heav'n above.

HYMN IV. *Affliction.*

1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of diſtreſs,
Juſt ready all hope to reſign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Diſhearten'd with waiting ſo long,
I ſink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my ſong,
And ſtretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror ſhall ceaſe,
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jeſus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour, for ſweet is thy voice,
Thy preſence is fair to behold;
I thirſt for thy ſpirit with cries
And groanings that cannot be told.

3 If ſometimes I ſtrive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promiſe to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep;

While

While harraſs'd, and caſt from thy ſight,
The tempter ſuggeſts, with a roar,
"The Lord hath forſaken thee quite,
Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath deſign'd
No covenant bleſſing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find,
Some ſweetneſs in waiting for thee?
Almighty to reſcue thou art;
Thy grace is my only reſource;
If e'er thou art Lord of my heart,
Thy ſpirit muſt take it by force.

HYMN V. *The Method of Salvation.*

1 THE Father we bleſs,
Whoſe diſtinguiſhing grace,
Selected a people to ſhew forth thy praiſe;
Nor is thy love known,
By election alone;
For, O thou haſt added the gift of thy Son.

2 The goodneſs in vain,
We attempt to explain,
Which found and accepted a ranſom for men;
Great ſurety of thine
Thou didſt not decline,
To concur with the Father's moſt gracious deſign.

3 To Jeſus our friend,
Our thanks ſhall aſcend,
Who ſaves to the utmoſt, and loves to the end;
Our ranſom he paid,
In his merit array'd
We attain to the glory for which we were made.

4 Sweet ſpirit of grace,
Thy mercy we bleſs,
For thy eminent ſhare in the council of peace;

Great

Great agent divine,
To reſtore us in thine,
And cauſe us afreſh in thy likeneſs to ſhine.

5 O God, 'tis thy part,
To convince and convert;
To give a new life, and create a new heart;
By thy preſence and grace,
We're upheld in our race;
And are kept in thy love to the end of our days.

6 Father, Spirit, and Son,
Agree thus in One,
The ſalvation of thoſe he has mark'd for his own;
Let us too agree,
To glorify thee,
Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three.

HYMN VI. *The evil Heart.*

1 ASTONISH'D and diſtreſs'd,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppreſt,
The ſeat of every ſin.

2 What crouds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Diſtruſt, preſumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, ſlaviſh fear.

3 Almighty King of ſaints,
Theſe tyrant luſts ſubdue;
Expel the darkneſs of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice,
Shall loud hoſannas raiſe;
My ſoul ſhall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praiſe.

HYMN VII. *Thy Kingdom come.*

1 O WHEN ſhall we, ſupremely bleſt,
Enter into our glorious reſt!

Partake the triumphs of the ſky,
And, holy, holy, holy, cry!

2 With all thy heav'nly hoſts, with all
Thy bleſſed ſaints, we then ſhall fall;
And ſing in extacy unknown,
And praiſe thee on thy dazzling throne.

3 Honour, and majeſty, and pow'r,
And thanks and bleſſings evermore;
Who doſt through endleſs ages live,
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive.

4 For thou haſt bid the creatures be,
And ſtill ſubſiſt to pleaſure thee;
From thee they came, to thee they tend,
Their gracious ſource, their glorious end!

HYMN VIII. *The Propitiation.*

THY anger, for what I have done,
The goſpel forbids me to fear:
My ſins thou haſt charg'd on thy Son;
Thy juſtice to him I refer:
Be mindful of Jeſus and me!
My pardon he ſuffer'd to buy;
And what he procur'd on the tree,
For me he demands in the ſky.

HYMN IX. *Aſſurance of Faith.*

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I ſing;
Nor fear with thy righteouſneſs on,
My perſon and off'rings to bring:
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood,
Hide all my tranſgreſſions from view.

2 The work which his goodneſs began,
The arm of his ſtrength will complete;
His promiſe is Yea, and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:

Things

Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpoſe forego,
Or ſever my ſoul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not eraſe:
Impreſt on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace;
Yes, I to the end ſhall endure,
As ſure as the earneſt is giv'n;
More happy but not more ſecure,
The glorified ſpirits in heav'n.

HYMN X. *To the Bleſſed Spirit.*

1 HOLY Ghoſt, diſpel our ſadneſs,
Pierce the clouds of ſinful night,
Come thou ſource of ſweeteſt gladneſs,
Breathe thy life, and ſpread thy light!
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great diſtributor of grace,
Reſt upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear our ſupplication.

2 From that height which knows no meaſure,
As a gracious ſhow'r deſcend;
Bringing down the richeſt treaſure,
Man can wiſh, or God can ſend;
O thou glory, ſhining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Reſt upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou beſt of all donations,
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy ſweet conſolations,
We need wiſh for nothing more:
Come with unction and with pow'r;
On our ſouls thy graces ſhow'r;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Known to thee are all receſſes
Of the earth, and ſpreading ſkies;
Every ſand the ſhore poſſeſſes,
Thy omniſcient mind deſcries:
Holy fountain, waſh us clean;
Both from error, and from ſin!
Let us fly what thou refuſeſt,
And delight in what thou chuſeſt.

5 Manifeſt thy love forever,
Fence us in on every ſide;
In diſtreſs be our reliever;
Guard, and teach, ſupport, and guide:
Let thy kind, effectual grace,
Turn our feet from evil ways;
Shew thyſelf our new creator,
And conform us to thy nature.

6 Be our friend on each occaſion;
God, omnipotent to ſave!
When we die, be our ſalvation;
When we're buried, be our grave:
And, when from the grave we riſe,
Take us up above the ſkies;
Seat us with thy ſaints in glory,
There forever to adore thee.

HYMN XI. *Divine Breathings.*

1 I GROAN from ſin to be ſet free,
From ſelf to be releas'd;
O take me, take me unto thee,
My everlaſting reſt!

2 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my ſoul deſcend:
No longer from thy creature ſtay;
My author, and my end!

3 The bliſs thou haſt for me prepar'd,
No longer be delay'd:
Come my exceeding great reward,
For whom I firſt was made.

4 Thou

4 Thou all our works in us haſt wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praiſe of ev'ry virtuous thought
And righteous work is thine.

5 'Tis not of him that wills or runs,
That labours or deſires;
In anſwer to my Saviour's groans,
Thy love my breaſt inſpires.

6 The meritorious cauſe I ſee,
That precious blood divine,
And I, ſince Jeſus dy'd for me,
Shall live forever thine.

HYMN XII. *Pſalm* cxlvii. 1.

'TIS pleaſant to ſing,
The ſweet praiſe of our King,
As here in the valley we move:
'Twill be pleaſanter ſtill,
When we ſtand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour above.

HYMN XIII. *Hebrews* x. 19th *verſe.*

We have Boldneſs to enter into the Holieſt by the Blood of Jeſus.

1 O PRECIOUS blood, O glorious death,
By which the ſinner lives!
When ſtung with ſin, this blood we view,
And all our joy revives.

2 We flouriſh as the water'd herb,
Who keep this blood in ſight,
The blood that chaſes our diſtreſs,
And makes our garments white.

3 The blood that purchas'd our releaſe,
And waſhes out our ſtains,
We challenge earth and hell to ſhew,
A ſin it cannot cleanſe.

4 Our ſcarlet crimes are made as wool,
And we brought nigh to God:
Thanks to that wrath appeaſing death;
That heav'n procuring blood.

5 The blood that makes his glorious Church
From ev'ry blemiſh free;
And, O the riches of his love!
He pour'd it out for me.

6 Guilty and worthleſs as I am,
It all for me was giv'n;
And boldneſs, thro' his blood, I have,
To enter into heav'n.

7 Thither, in my great ſurety's right,
I ſurely ſhall be brought!
He could not agonize in vain,
Nor ſpend his ſtrength for nought.

8 He wills that I and all his ſheep,
Should reign with him in bliſs;
And pow'r he has to execute,
Whate'er his will decrees.

9 The Father's everlaſting love,
And Jeſus' precious blood,
Shall be our endleſs themes of praiſe;
In yonder bleſt abode.

10 In patience let us then poſſeſs,
Our ſouls, 'till he appear:
Our head already is in heav'n,
And we ſhall ſoon be there.

HYMN XIV. *A propitious Gale longed for.*

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, ſweet ſpirit come,
Celeſtial breeze, no longer ſtay,
But ſwell my ſails, and ſpeed my way.

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And looſe my cable from below;
But I can only ſpread my ſail;
Thou, thou muſt breathe th' auſpicious gale.

HYMN XV. *All in All.*

1 COMPARED with Chriſt, in all beſide
No comelineſs I ſee:
The one thing needful, deareſt Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The ſenſe of our expiring love,
Into my ſoul convey;
Thyſelf beſtow; for thee alone,
My all in all I pray.

3 Leſs than thyſelf will not ſuffice,
My comfort to reſtore:
More than thyſelf I cannot crave;
And thou canſt give no more.

4 Love of my God, for him again,
With love intenſe I'll burn:
Choſen of thee ere time began,
I'll chuſe thee in return.

5 Whate'er conſiſts not with thy love,
O teach me to reſign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliſs,
If thou, O God, art mine.

HYMN XVI. *Weak Believers encouraged.*

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling ſaints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud, to the praiſe of love divine,
Bid ev'ry ſtring awake.

2 Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our houſe above,
We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter ſhine;
Nor preſent things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the ſpark divine.

4 Faſten'd within the vail,
Hope be your anchor ſtrong;
His loving ſpirit the ſweet gale,
That wafts you ſmooth along.

5 Or, ſhould the ſurges riſe,
And peace delay to come;
Bleſt is the ſorrow, kind the ſtorm,
That drives us nearer home.

6 The people of his choice,
He will not caſt away;
Yet do not always here expect,
On Tabor's Mount to ſtay.

7 When we in darkneſs walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame;
Then is the time to truſt our God,
And reſt upon his name.

8 Soon ſhall our doubts and fears,
Subſide at his controul;
His loving kindneſs ſhall break through
The midnight of the ſoul.

9 No wonder, when God's love,
Pervades your kindling breaſt,
You wiſh for ever to retain,
The heart tranſporting gueſt.

10 Yet learn, in ev'ry ſtate,
To make his will your own;
And when the joys of ſenſe depart,
To walk by faith alone.

11 By anxious fear depreſs'd,
When, from the deep ye mourn,
"Lord, why ſo haſty to depart,
So tedious in return!"

12 Still on his plighted love,
At all events rely:
The very hidings of his face,
Shall train thee up to joy.

13 Wait till the ſhadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour:
Wait, till the bridegroom of thy ſoul,
Reveals his love with pow'r.

14 The time of love will come,
When thou ſhalt clearly ſee,
Not only that he ſhed his blood,
But that it flowed for thee.

15 Tarry his leiſure then,
Altho' he ſeem to ſtay:
A moment's intercourſe with him,
Thy grief will overpay.

16 Bleſt is the man, O God,
That ſtays himſelf on thee!
Who wait for thy ſalvation, Lord,
Shall thy ſalvation ſee.

HYMN XVII. *Chriſt the Light of his People.*

1 I LIFT my heart and eyes to thee,
Jeſus, thou unextinguiſh'd light,
My guardian ſtay and leader be,
My cloud by day, my fire by night.

2 Glory of Iſrael, ſhine within;
Unſhadow'd, uneclips'd appear:
With beams of grace exhale my ſin;
Break forth thou bright and morning ſtar.

3 The earth a trackleſs lab'rinth is;
Be thou my thread and faithful clue!
Thy kingdom and thy righteouſneſs,
The only objects I purſue.

4 Light of the Gentiles thee I hail;
Eſſential truth, thyſelf impart!
Spirit of light, his face reveal,
And ſet thy ſignet on my heart.

5 Thy office 'tis t' enlighten man,
And point him to the heav'nly prize;
The hidden things of God t' explain,
And ſhine the darkneſs from our eyes.

6 Witneſs

6 Witneſs of Chriſt within my heart,
My int'reſt in his love diſplay;
My int'reſt in that better part,
Which never can be torn away.

7 In bondage 'till thou ſet me free,
Fain would I know my part in him:
The brightneſs of his riſing ſee,
And baſk in thy meridian beam.

8 Shine then thou uncreated ray!
If but a moment thou withdraw,
That moment ſees me go aſtray,
That moment ſees me break thy law.

9 The word and ſpirit both conſpire,
To tell thy Church ſhe is forgiv'n;
And lift her daily high'r and high'r,
'Till all her joys are crown'd with heav'n.

10 To that bleſs'd realm of bright repoſe,
Thou wilt conduct my weary feet;
Where peace no interruption knows,
And where my ſun ſhall never ſet.

HYMN XVIII. *Leaning on the Beloved.*

1 COURAGE my ſoul; Jehovah ſpeaks;
His promiſe is for thee:
"I never will forſake nor leave
The ſoul betroth'd to me."

2 The chearing word, as heav'nly dew,
My thirſty ſoul drinks in:
Jeſus commands me to rejoice,
Who bore away my ſin.

3 My Saviour's ever watchful eye,
Is over me for good:
What will he not on me beſtow,
Who hath himſelf beſtow'd?

4 Me to enrich, himſelf he made
Poor, and of no eſteem:
The ſource, the true foundation, this,
Of all my love to him.

5 Dear

5 Dear Lord, into thy faithful hands,
My welfare I commit;
And to thy righteouſneſs alone,
For ſafety I retreat.

6 Sorrows and agonies and death,
Thou didſt endure for me,
When all the ſins of God's elect,
Were made to meet on thee.

7 Tho' worthy, in myſelf, of hell,
And everlaſting ſhame;
I cannot dread the frown divine,
Accepted in the Lamb.

8 Still on thy merit, gracious Lord,
Enable me to lean:
Ever in thee may I be found,
My hiding-place from ſin!

9 Exult my ſoul; thy ſafety ſtands
Unſhaken as his throne:
His people's everlaſting life
Is founded on his own.

HYMN XIX. *Before Hearing.*

1 SOURCE of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to ſhine;
Lord, behold thy ſervant ſtands,
Lo, to thee he lifts his hands:
Satisfy his ſoul's deſire,
Touch his lip with holy fire!
Source of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to ſhine.

2 Breathe thy ſpirit, ſo ſhall fall
Unction ſweet upon us all;
'Till, by odours ſcatter'd round,
Chriſt himſelf be trac'd and found;
Then ſhall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace and joy depart:
Source of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to ſhine.

HYMN XX. *A Morning Hymn.*

1 CHRIST whoſe glory fills the ſkies,
Chriſt the true, the only light,
Son of righteouſneſs ariſe,
Triumph o'er the ſhades of night;
Day ſpring from on high be near,
Day ſtar in my heart appear.

2 Dark and chearleſs is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyleſs is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I ſee:
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Viſit then this ſoul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of ſin and grief,
Fill me, radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyſelf diſplay,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN XXI. *A Chamber Hymn.*

1 WHAT tho' my frail eye-lids refuſe,
Continual watching to keep,
And punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreſhment of ſleep;

A ſov'reign protector I have,
Unſeen, yet forever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to ſave;
Almighty to rule and command.

2 From evil ſecure and its dread,
I reſt if my Saviour is nigh,
And ſongs his kind preſence indeed
Shall in the night ſeaſon ſupply;
He ſmiles and my comforts abound,
His grace as the dew ſhall deſcend,
And walls of ſalvation ſurround,
The ſoul he delights to defend.

3 Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee, for my God I avow,
My glad Ebenezer ſet up,
And own thou haſt help'd me till now;
I muſe on the years that are paſt,
Wherein my defence thou haſt prov'd,
Nor wilt thou relinquiſh at laſt
A ſinner ſo ſignally lov'd.

4 Inſpirer and hearer of pray'r,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I ſleeping and waking reſign,
If thou art my ſhield and my ſun,
The night is no darkneſs to me,
And faſt as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

5 Thy miniſt'ring ſpirits deſcend,
To watch while thy ſaints are aſleep,
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of ſalvation to keep;
Bright ſeraphs, diſpatch'd from the throne,
Repair to the ſtations aſſign'd,
And angels elect are ſent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

6 Thy

6 Thy worſhip no interval knows,
Their fervour is ſtill on the wing;
And while they protect my repoſe,
They chaunt to the praiſe of my king.
I too, at the ſeaſon ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever ſhall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

HYMN XXII. *A Prayer, living and dying.*

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myſelf in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven ſide which flow'd,
Be of ſin the double cure,
Cleanſe me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labours of my hands,
Can fulfil thy laws demands:
Could my zeal no reſpite know,
Could my tears forever flow;
All for ſin could not atone,
Thou muſt ſave, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy croſs I cling;
Naked come to thee for dreſs,
Helpleſs look to thee for grace:
Foul I to the fountain fly,
Waſh me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-ſtrings break in death;
When I ſoar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myſelf in thee.

HYMN XXIII. *To the Trinity.*

1 ETERNAL hallelujahs,
Be to the Father giv'n,
Who lov'd his own
Ere time begun,
And mark'd them out for heav'n.

2 Anthems of equal glory,
Aſcribe we to the Saviour;
Who liv'd and dy'd,
That we his bride,
Might live with him forever.

3 Hail co-eternal Spirit,
Thy Church's new Creator!
The ſaints he ſeals
Their fear diſpels,
And ſanctifies their nature.

4 We laud the glorious triad,
The myſtic one in eſſence;
'Till call'd to join
The hoſts that ſhine
In his immediate preſence.

5 Faithful is he that promis'd,
And ſtands engag'd to ſave us:
The triune Lord
Has paſs'd his word,
That he will never leave us.

6 A kingdom he aſſign'd us,
Before the world's foundation:
Thou God of grace,
Be thine the praiſe,
And our's the conſolation.

HYMN XXIV. 2 *Tim.* i. 9. "*Who hath ſaved us and called us with an holy calling; not according to our works, but according to his own purpoſe, and grace, which was given us before the world began.*"

1 HOW vaſt the benefits divine,
Which we in Chriſt poſſeſs,
Sav'd from the guilt of ſin we are,
And call'd to holineſs.

2 But not for works which we have done,
Or ſhall hereafter do;
Hath God decreed on ſinful worms,
Salvation to beſtow.

3 The glory, Lord, from firſt to laſt,
Is due to thee alone;
Aught to ourſelves, we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.

4 Our glorious ſurety undertook
To ſatisfy for man,
And grace was given us in him,
Before the world began.

5 This is thy will, that in thy love
We ever ſhould abide,
And lo, we earth and hell defy,
To make thy counſel void.

6 Not one of all the choſen race,
But ſhall to heav'n attain;
Partake on earth the purpos'd grace,
And then with Jeſus reign.

7 Of Father, Son, and Spirit, we
Extol the three-fold care,
Whoſe love, whoſe merit, and whoſe pow'r,
Unite to lift us there.

HYMN

HYMN XXV. *He hath borne our Griefs, &c.*

1 SURELY Chriſt thy griefs hath borne,
Weeping ſoul no longer mourn:
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy ev'ry ſin he bore,
Weeping ſouls lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid,
See upon his blameleſs head;
Wrath its utmoſt vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Wounded in our ſtead, he is
Bruis'd for our iniquities.

3 Weary ſinner keep thine eyes,
On th' atoning ſacrifice:
There th' incarnate Deity,
Number'd with tranſgreſſors ſee;
There his Father's abſence mourns,
Nail'd and bruis'd, and crown'd with thorns.

4 See thy God, his head bow down,
Hear the man of ſorrows groan!
For thy ranſom, there condemn'd,
Stripp'd, derided, and blaſphem'd;
Bleed the guiltleſs for th' unclean,
Made an off'ring for thy ſin.

5 Caſt thy guilty ſoul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem:
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promiſe, truſt his grace.

6 Lord, thy arm muſt be reveal'd,
Ere I can by faith be heal'd!
Since I ſcarce can look to thee
Caſt a gracious eye on me;
At thy feet, myſelf I lay,
Shine, O ſhine, my fears away.

HYMN XXVI. *Faith in the Promiſes.*

1 WHAT in thy love poſſeſs I not,
My ſtar by night, my ſun by day;
My ſpring of life when parch'd with drought,
My wine to chear, my bread to ſtay;
My ſtrength, my ſhield, my ſafe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.

2 From all eternity with love
Unchangeable, thou haſt me view'd
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me purſu'd;
Ever with me may they abide,
And cloſe me in on ev'ry ſide.

3 In ſuff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakneſs be thy love my pow'r:
And when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
Jeſus in that important hour;
In death as life, be thou my guide,
And ſave me, who for me haſt dy'd.

HYMN XXVII. *Divine Aid.*

1 THE pow'r of hell, the ſtrength of ſin,
My Jeſus ſhall ſubdue:
His healing blood ſhall waſh me clean,
And make my ſpirit new.

2 He will perform the work begun,
Jeſus, the ſinners friend;
Jeſus, the lover of his own,
Will love me to the end.

3 No longer am I now afraid,
The promiſe ſhall take place,
Perfect his ſtrength in weakneſs made:
Sufficient is his grace.

4 When thou doſt in my heart appear,
And love erects its throne;
I then enjoy ſalvation here,
And heav'n on earth begun.

5 Lord,

5 Lord, I believe and reſt ſecure,
In confidence divine;
Thy promiſe ſtands for ever ſure,
And all thou art is mine.

HYMN XXVIII. *Almighty Power.*

1 WHAT tho' I cannot break my chain
Or e'er throw off my load;
The things impoſſible to men,
Are poſſible to God.

2 Who, who ſhall in thy preſence ſtand,
Or match Omnipotence;
Unfold the graſp of thy right-hand,
And pluck the ſinner thence.

3 Faith to be heal'd I fain wou'd have,
O might it now be giv'n;
Thou canſt, thou canſt the ſinner ſave,
And make me meet for heav'n.

4 Bound down with twice ten thouſand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call;
My ſoul in confidence ſhall riſe,
Shall riſe and break through all.

5 Thou canſt o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlaſting ſtrength is thine,
And everlaſting love.

HYMN XXIX. *Mercy experienced.*

1 JESUS, what haſt thou beſtow'd
On ſuch a worm as me;
What compaſſion haſt thou ſhew'd,
To draw me after thee:
Mindful of thy mercies paſt,
Still I truſt the ſame to prove,
Still my helpleſs ſoul I caſt,
On thy redeeming love.

2 Haſt thou not revers'd my doom,
Thou haſt, and I believe;
Yet I ſtill a ſinner come,
That thou may'ſt ſtill forgive;
Wretched, miſerable, blind,
Poor, and naked, and unclean,
Still that I may mercy find,
I bring thee nought but ſin.

3 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And make my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet ſpirit hear,
Thy comfortable voice:
Silent am I now and ſtill,
Dare not in thy preſence move;
To my waiting ſoul reveal
The ſecrets of thy love.

4 Chriſt hath the foundation laid,
And Chriſt will build me up;
I ſhall certainly be made,
Partaker of my hope;
Author of my faith he is,
He its finiſher ſhall be,
Sov'reign grace has ſealed me his,
To all eternity.

HYMN XXX. *Fervent Deſire.*

1 FATHER, I want a thankful heart,
I want to taſte how good thou art,
To plunge me in thy mercy's ſea,
And comprehend thy love to me;
The length and depth, and breadth and height,
Of love divinely infinite.

2 Jeſus, my great high prieſt above,
My friend before the throne of love;
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty advocate to thine.

3 O ſo-

3 O ſovereign love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyſelf, or elſe I die;
Save me from death, from hell ſet free,
Death, hell, are but the want of thee;
My life, my crown, my heav'n thou art,
O may I find thee in my heart!

HYMN XXXI. *Written in Illneſs* *, *Pſalm* civ. *Ver.* 34.

"*My meditation of him ſhall be ſweet.*"

1 WHEN languor and diſeaſe invade
This trembling houſe of clay;
'Tis ſweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whiſpers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jeſus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back and ſee my name
In life's fair book ſet down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My ſins on Jeſus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of ſufferings paid.

5 Sweet on his righteouſneſs to ſtand,
Which ſaves from ſecond death;
Sweet to experience day by day,
His ſpirits quick'ning breath.

* The late Counteſs of Huntingdon had the original of this melliſluous piece of poetry ſent her by the Author. The right honourable lady Ann Erſkine gave herſelf conſiderable trouble to procure it for the Editor, for which obliging politeneſs and condeſcenſion, he returns this public acknowledgement.

Not one object of his care
Ever ſuffer'd ſhipwreck there.
See the haven full in view!
Love divine ſhall bear thee through.
Truſt to that propitious gale:
Weigh thy anchor, ſpread thy ſail.

6 Saints, in glory perfect made,
Wait thy paſſage through the ſhade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the bliſsful ſhore.
Mount, their tranſports to improve:
Join the longing choir above:
Swiftly to their wiſh be giv'n:
Kindle higher joy in heav'n.
——Such the proſpects that ariſe,
To the dying Chriſtian's eyes!
Such the glorious viſta, Faith
Opens through the ſhades of death!

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